

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LIV. — NOVEMBER, 1884. — No. CCCXXV.

IN WAR TIME.

XXI.

WENDELL received Alice Westerley's letter with delight which a year before would have been without alloy. He loved her very deeply, and in the presence of a passion so profound, the first and the only one of his life, his self-appreciation faded into the most utter humility, and he wondered that he had ever dared to hope; while at times there arose in his mind an overwhelming feeling of triumph when he thought of what those who had criticised him so freely would say when this became known. To be justified before men socially and in all other ways by the preference of such a woman was sufficient return for anything the world of lesser beings might have said or done.

It was hard to have any drawback, hard indeed; and he cursed his folly as he thought of being no longer an upright man, clear of shame, worthy of a pure woman's love. It cannot be said that this sense of degradation was altogether the growth of honest hatred of his weakness and sin, nor yet even the healthy reaction from single acts of wrong and a return to the normal despotism of moral habits which were good and cleanly. It was rather the fact that he had become accustomed to test himself and his ways, and even his little social habits, by the exquisite refine-

ment of purity in Alice, which seemed to envelop him with a charmed atmosphere as his love for her deepened in intensity. It was more by his ideal of her conscience than his own standards that he tried himself, and it was therefore not enough that he still felt secure against exposure; for there was for him an ever present idea that, come what might, he brought to her a life which, in her eyes, would seem hopelessly defiled. There were hours in these days of waiting when he felt inclined to go away, and to write to her that he was a man unworthy of her love and trust. But then the impossibility of inflicting on himself this anguish rose with her smiling face before him, and by an easy effort he put away the impulse. That Ann had begun to guess the secret of his love he well knew, and feeling that he ought now to tell her he would surely have done so had there not been constantly with him this association of his love with the sense of shame. He felt, however, that he must clear himself of the risks of exposure, and then he could speak with less alloy of discomfort in regard to whatever of terrible the near future threatened. He would wait.

His distress was increased, however, by the fact that four days after Alice left, a new and unpleasant actor came suddenly upon the stage. Wendell had heard nothing more from Henry Gray,

but as he was daily expecting to do so he had been worrying himself sick in his effort to replace the money he had taken. At one time he would have gone to Edward for aid, but already much money had been almost forced upon him by that generous friend; and the doctor's dislike to ask anew was made greater by Edward's present condition, which was one of growing weakness, with rare intervals of entire freedom from pain. Here was certainly a still possible resource, but it must be a last one. In his trouble he would have turned even to Mrs. Morton, but he was well aware that he was out of favor at present; and he had not forgotten that Mrs. Morton had once or twice, out of her affluence of ready advice, given him some quite friendly counsel as to his need to be rather more economical. Where else to go he knew not, and all the refinement of the man's emotional nature protested against any recourse to the purse and kindness of the woman he loved. That for him was impossible. Meanwhile, poor Ann worried herself over his haggard face and questioned him in vain. Her conclusion was that his present inclination towards Alice Westerley had not been pleasantly returned, and with her regrets there was mingled in Ann's mind some trace of another feeling, which she made haste to put down with all the decision of her loving nature. Her feeling that he was troubled, and also her remembrance of the ridicule he had cast upon her grave theory of the relation of Colonel Morton to the rebel Gray, combined now to indispose her to discuss with her brother Hester's engagement, or the awful difficulty which she conceived of as forbidding it. Once or twice when the new alliance had been referred to before him, he had either left the room, or in some way shown a displeasure which Ann could not comprehend, and which at times inclined her to suspect that possibly he, too, disapproved of it.

Wendell was on his way home from the city, after a vain effort to sell his stock and to raise money in impossible ways, when he saw a gentleman standing on the steps of his house. The stranger was a man about fifty-five, and was dressed in a closely buttoned black morning coat, neat check pantaloons and a well-brushed hat that was *Piccadilly* all over, and wore a rose in his button-hole. The figure was such as one sees in Bond Street by hundreds of a morning, except that the feet were small, the boots delicate and thin as a girl's, and that their owner carried a large, shining cane with a huge gold head. Wendell, who noticed faces as doctors learn to do, observed only that the clean-shaven, sallow features were rather strong and gaunt, and that the stranger wore his straight dark hair so long as to excite attention. The incongruities of dress of course escaped Wendell's observation. The moment the stranger addressed him the doctor knew who he was.

"Pardon me," said the gentleman, seeing Wendell take out his pass-key, "are you not Dr. Wendell?"

"Yes, I am Dr. Wendell."

"My name is Henry Gray. I should apologize because I have not written, but now I am here in person, which saves explanations. Permit me, sir, before I enter your house, to thank you for your long and great kindness to my young relative."

He spoke with a little old-fashioned sense of saying a fine thing, and there were unexpected inflections in his speech. Also his final *r*'s were softened into broad *a*'s, but the voice was pleasant and the tones were refined.

"You will think us well rewarded when you see Hester. Come in. You are very welcome."

Henry Gray followed his host into the large, low-ceiled room, and sat down while Wendell went in search of Ann and Hester.

Ann was, as she said, awfully flurried,

and to Hester's amusement insisted on her changing her gown. But Ann was a wise woman in her way; she knew the value of first impressions, and was not without a just pride in the maiden to whom she had given a home. As she hastily arranged the girl's dress, the thought went through Ann's mind that if she proved to be right about the grave matter recently in dispute, here assuredly was an ally who would see things as they should be seen. She was therefore glad to welcome the new arrival.

Houses and rooms, Mr. Gray took small note of. He had lived in camps and ranches, and slept on the plains, or housed himself in the *tepe* of the Indian; but to him as to most of those who have dwelt much in wild border lands there had come a habit of scanning faces closely; for in such semi-barbarous existences the features lose the diplomatic masks of guarded social life, and to look sharply at a stranger is a needed safeguard for those who mean to illustrate the survival of the fittest. The Cape Cod spinster, in her simple serge dress, with no gay colors save those in her clear eyes and ruddy cheeks, seemed to him a curious personage. He began to wonder what kind of a lady she must have made of his young kinswoman. Certainly the Carolina gentleman, with his personal belief in the Grays, his patriotism limited by state boundaries, and his after years of turbulent border life, was a not less new and amazing type to Ann Wendell, who was now looking with a double interest at one who might be Hester's future guardian.

Ann came in, with her usual quick movement.

"I am glad to see you, — very glad," she said with unusual warmth; "and Hester will be down in a minute."

Mr. Gray took Ann's proffered hand, and bending over it spoke with a sort of stately courtesy, the secret of which is almost lost to the present generation.

"I have mentioned — but with too much brevity — to your brother how greatly I feel your considerate kindness to my cousin. Allow me to thank you also. We have been fortunate, Miss Wendell, — fortunate."

"It has pleased God in his goodness to give us a pleasant duty," replied Ann, "and I trust that our stewardship may be found in his eyes to have been wise."

"By all means — yes — quite so. Your observations appear to me to be grounded on justice," said Gray; "I have no doubt that I shall find my fair relative all that I might desire."

"I trust so," returned Ann. "Hester is a good girl, and as a rule acceptable to her elders, and, as far as I have been able to teach her, a good housewife. But here she is, to speak for herself!"

"Upon my soul," exclaimed her cousin, going forward with both hands extended, "a Champney from head to feet!"

Then he kissed her quite formally on the forehead, as she said, —

"You have given us a great surprise, sir. But when did you arrive? I think you are very, very kind to come to see me."

"Bless me, my dear," he returned, "I think if I had known what I was to see, I should have come before! It is astonishing how you favor the Champneys. You don't remember Elinor Champney, I suppose?"

"No," replied Hester, embarrassed by his undisguised admiration, "I cannot say I do. Was she very plain, sir?" she added, slyly.

"Plain! A woman, my dear, men fought about. There was poor Tom Manley — but, dear me, that was ages ago! How old are you, Hester?"

"Almost eighteen."

"Well, well, what awful mile-stones you children are!"

Then Wendell rose. "We will leave

you to your cousin, Hester," he remarked; "you must have a world of things to say," and so went out with Ann.

"And you and I, Hester," said Mr. Gray, "are all that are left of the good old stock."

"And have I really no relation but you?" returned Hester, with an odd sense of being socially shipwrecked.

"Not one, my dear child, not one! The last, I reckon, was Jack Champney. You know he was your fourth cousin, once removed, — no, I should say twice removed, — and he was killed by those damned Yankees. Excuse me, but the two words come together so naturally! Shot at Shiloh. He commanded a division, and I have heard it said that if he had not been killed we should have exterminated Grant's army."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Hester, endeavoring to get up a little affectionate grief for the cousin once, twice, but now permanently, removed.

"There was Archie Gray," continued her cousin, reflectively. "I forgot him; but most generally people did forget Archie. He moved up into North Carolina, and set all his slaves free, and just went down in the world. Was n't much above a cracker at last."

Hester somehow felt a larger interest in this degraded scion of her race.

"Cracker?" she queried.

"Cracker, my dear, is a sort of no-account white man; mostly North Carolina folk."

"Was he any nearer to me, Mr. Gray?" she asked.

"Cousin Henry," he replied, "or cousin Harry, if you please, child. Stick to the good old Carolina way of standing by your own people. But, your pardon, you asked" —

"Yes, I asked if he were any nearer relation; and is he dead, too? It seems so strange to me, cousin, to be just all alone in the world. I knew I must be, but to be told so brings it home to me."

"There is one man your devoted servant," returned Gray, with a courtier-like tone in his voice, as he surveyed with appreciative eye the cleanly cut nose and proudly carried head above the sloped shoulders.

Hester felt like making one of Mrs. Morton's room-occupying courtesies, but she only said, with a mental note for Arty's amusement, —

"I never can forget your kindness. How could I, indeed?" And then, as it seemed right to partake of his interest in their family, she added, "This Alexander Gray, you were saying" —

"Archie, my dear, — Archibald; a family name. Your great-grandfather was Archibald, and this was his second son Archibald's third son; all the rest dead, you know."

"And he is dead, too?" said Hester, still curious.

"Yes, he is dead;" and then he continued with some reluctance, "A poor devil. Married a Yankee school-mistress. When the war broke out he entered the Union army. I did hear he raised a nigger regiment, and was in that business at Fort Pillow."

"And was he killed?" asked Hester.

"Well, he hasn't been heard of since. I understood that he was killed. A — a — I beg pardon, a good riddance. Had too much of that Compton blood. You know those Edisto Comptons? No-account folks. Don't you ever marry a Yankee, cousin Hester."

Hester colored. "You forget, cousin," she said, "that I might have starved if it had not been for my Yankee friends. In fact, I fear you will think me only a lukewarm Southerner. I have tried to be as quiet as I could about the war. I do not yet understand why it came, or why, as they say, it had to come; but it has cost me my father, and given me the love and help of my friends here, and yours too, and — and — everything, you know," she added, disconnectedly, remembering with a full heart

that her misfortunes had not been without pleasant palliatives.

"Yes, yes, I understand," he returned; "excellent people, I should say. I shall not forget them. But I suppose the name went for something."

"My dear cousin!" exclaimed Hester, much amused, "nobody here knows anything about us, except Mrs. Morton."

"Oh!" said he, "I don't consider that can be quite correct. We were here very often in old times. However, time makes sad changes. And Mr. Morton, — is he at home? A very elegant gentleman, my dear; for a Northern man, quite remarkably so."

"He is still in Europe," replied Hester.

"And his family? I must do myself the honor of a call."

"They too have been good friends of mine," said Hester.

"Then the more reason for me to thank them," returned Mr. Gray. "I go to Baltimore to-morrow, but next week I shall return here, and then I must go South. A sad visit, Hester. But it is folly to lament, and you must try, my dear, to look forward with hope. When next this country has a foreign war, we shall try it over, and I hope with better fortune. Just now the foot of the North is on us, and they have another Poland to govern."

This was all rather perplexing to Hester, who had divided allegiances, and with whom Arthur's opinions had considerable force.

"It is sad enough. I trust we shall have no more wars. Arthur — Mr. Arthur Morton says that this way of manufacturing history is disagreeable."

"Arthur?" he said, suspiciously. "Who is Arthur? Oh, Arthur Morton, is it? I think I saw him in England. Quite an unpleasant young person. Not so well bred as his father. Left the table because I said Mr. Adams was a — a — Yankee; you can supply the ad-

jective. I perceive you will keep me in order!"

This was rather too much for Hester. "I meant to write to you, but it was not quite settled; and I think I ought to say that I have promised to marry Mr. Arthur Morton, — Captain Morton he is now."

Mr. Gray stood up, with a look of amazement on his face. "And you a woman of our crushed and bleeding Carolina! You have so far forgotten your home, and your blood, and your dead father? You, the last of the Grays! Hester, Hester! And a Yankee officer, too! I thought we were low enough before!"

The girl rose also, and stood grasping a chair-back. The quick blood of a masterful race was in her face, and the blue iris, dilating, darkened around the central depth it bounded. "I owe you much," she said hastily, — "more than I can ever repay; but you would respect me little if I were to let you, or any one, say such things as this to me. No obligation can make it right for me to hear such words about the man I love. I think if you had reflected a moment you would not have said them, — never!"

Gray cared little for the wrath of men. He was always, as he said calmly, "personally responsible, sir." But the anger of a woman was, as it is to all chivalrous men, difficult to deal with; and then Hester was so splendidly handsome in her wrath. It cooled his own rage a little; but he was an obstinate man, used to having his way.

"Oh, child," he said, assuming the quiet tone of an elder person, "you have not yet seen your ruined home; you have not yet seen where Sherman's bandits cut down your old oaks, and made targets of your ancestors' pictures! Oh, Hester, our desolated South — wait, wait till you see it!"

Somehow this business of her ancestors' portraits, as to which Gray felt a

fierce resentment, struck Hester as a small part of so large a calamity as the war.

"I may have lost a home," she replied, "but I have also found one; and war — war is all wicked, and there is no good in it. There may be cause for you, a man, a Southern man, to feel bitterly; but you cannot expect that, situated as I have been, befriended as I have been, I should share your feelings."

"Then you should be ashamed to confess it!" he cried, with momentary anger, yet still wondering as he saw how her features responded to the thoughts she uttered, while her strong, erect form carried unstirred the changing passion of her face. It was like a fair young tree, whose leaves tremble, shaken by the wrath of stormy winds, while the trunk scarce sways, held firmly by its anchoring roots.

"Ashamed!" she repeated, with a smile; "and you talk to me about the pictures of my dead ancestors! I dare say I shall be proud enough of my people when I come to know more about them; but there is something nearer to me now, and you have dared to ask me to be ashamed of that!" Her heart swelled beneath the wild unrest of her bosom as she thought of Edward and of the life and love Arthur had laid at the feet of an orphan girl, a stranger in a strange and hostile land. Cry she would not.

"I have no personal objection to Mr. Morton," said Gray, a little embarrassed.

"Nor have I," returned Hester, scornfully.

"But how you," he said, "a woman of the South, can bend" —

"Stop!" she exclaimed. "I repeat what I said. You have no right to use your relationship and my obligations to enable you to insult me. And I will not bear it. I will not bear it from you, or from any one!"

"Good gracious!" said Gray, sitting

down suddenly. "There is no doubt of what your breed is! I think Mr. Morton will have his hands full."

"Very likely; but at least he knows how to respect brave men who could risk their lives for their beliefs."

This was a little unpleasant to Gray, who had been abroad on Confederate business during the war, and who had a slight sense of having fallen below his own standard, because he had not followed his flag into battle. He looked keenly at Hester, and became convinced at once that she had meant no personal slight, which was true.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

"No. I prefer to stand," she replied.

"But you will oblige me by sitting down." She seated herself.

"Cousin Hester," he said, "I have hurt you. But you must not forget how natural it is for me to feel as I do."

"Of course," answered Hester, who was easily softened, "I know that; but there are things dearer than home or country, and if I have spoken too strongly you should remember that I am here a waif, an orphan, a dependent, and that — that — oh, it is not just like any every-day matter; it is not just like any girl's love affair. I" — She could not go on. There rose up within her consciousness a sense of what her lover was to her: how considerate he had been, how tender; how in this warmth of love he had known how to evolve and ripen all that was best in her. The thought of it brought the color to her cheeks, and the anger went out of her eyes, over which the lids drooped in tender concealment. It was a moment when more than ever before the strength of her love became clear to her. As white light turned by the prism's plane breaks into unimagined color, the simplicity of maidenhood flashed into the passion and hopes and multiple emotionalities of one whom Love has baptized a woman.

She could not trust herself in speech.

Henry Gray observed her keenly. He was beginning to see the power and tenacity of Hester's nature.

"And do you really love this young fellow so much?"

Hester opened her wide eyes in pure reproach for answer.

"Yes," she said, after a moment. Just then a laughing face appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, Arthur — Mr. Morton!" exclaimed Hester, hastily setting her moral house in order. "My cousin, Mr. Henry Gray; Mr. Arthur Morton, cousin."

The two men shook hands, and began to talk about indifferent matters, carefully avoiding the topics which were still very bitter in men's mouths. Arthur had come to see Hester, and after a few moments of this strained conversation felt that Mr. Gray ought to go; but such was not the latter's intention, and he sat calmly chatting, resolved to have yet further speech alone with Hester. Then he tried the little social stratagem of silence; but this failed, with so joyous and ready a tongue as Arthur's, till at last Mr. Gray rose, and saying to Hester, "I will see you next week; we have still much to talk about," bowed over her hand, said a cool good-morning to Arthur, and left the room.

Then Hester said, "I have told him, Arty."

"Oh, have you? What a plucky little woman! Wait a moment. I ought to say something to him myself;" and leaving her in spite of her protests, as she somewhat dreaded what might come of the interview, he overtook Mr. Gray.

"Let me show you the way to the station."

"Oh, thank you," returned Gray.

"Miss Gray has told you," said Arthur, "of our engagement. I owe you an appearance of need for apology, as you are her sole relative; but my mother, who does not disapprove, is unwilling that we should be publicly engaged

until my father is heard from. Of course he cannot be anything but pleased, and I had meant to write to you as soon as we received his answer."

Gray failed for a moment to reply.

"I hope I make myself clear," added Arthur.

"Perfectly," said Gray. "I perceive, sir, you have correct ideas. I perceive it, sir, with satisfaction."

"And I may presume," continued Arty, who, save for Hester's position and feelings, was blandly indifferent as to what Mr. Gray thought, — "I may presume," and he put on his finest manner, "that I have your approval?"

"To consider the matter with our Southern frankness," returned Gray, "I do not like it. I do not desire Hester to marry at all as yet; and you will pardon me if I say that it could not naturally be agreeable to me that she should marry a Northern man, or an officer of your army."

Arthur's inward reply was other than his speech; what he said was, "I dare say not;" and then he added, with a keen sense of the fun of it, "My father may have like objections. It did not occur to me before."

Gray saw well enough that he was being mildly chaffed. He did not relish it, and was unwise enough to reply.

"If your father's son, Mr. Morton, is as set in his ways as my cousin's daughter, the form of asking might very well be dispensed with."

"There are some things," Arthur answered, "which we do as mere ceremonies; but on my honor, if I had supposed I should be talked to after this fashion, neither your years nor Hester herself would have made me go even so far as the ceremony of asking."

Halting suddenly, Gray turned on him. "Mr. Morton, you are a young man, and I am well on in life. We can't quarrel like men, and when that decent course is impossible there is no use in scolding one another. A word

more. You have won, and we have lost. Make some allowance for sore bones, sir! There is my hand,—you shall hear no more of this matter from me; and by George, sir, I am glad you are a soldier. I said something foolish about that, I believe, but I did n't mean it."

Arthur shook his hand warmly.

"I dare say I have need to apologize myself," he declared. "Thank you. But here is your train. Hester will be pleased, I am sure."

Mr. Gray took off his hat, while Arthur touched his in soldier fashion, and then, seized by the contagion of Gray's ceremoniousness, made a salute as bountiful as that of the Southern gentleman, and went his way back to Hester, to condole with her over the pictures of her ancestors.

The interview was probably satisfactory, as Arthur was able to tell her that his mother had been very nice to him, and hoped it would all be well when the colonel was heard from, and also that Ned had sent his love. It was now Thursday, and by the next Thursday they would be sure to hear, because his father was to telegraph.

Meanwhile Ann Wendell was greatly dissatisfied with herself. The effect left upon her mind by the dying delirium of Hester's father had been profound, and Hester's engagement was to her as if a ghost had risen from the grave to chide her failure to perform a manifest duty, which she knew she had put aside, awaiting the hour when Hester should be old enough to hear so terrible a tale. It is impossible to estimate the force with which such grim events impress themselves on people of simple lives and limited range of experience. They are recalled as men recall their first sensation of the terrors of an earthquake. It was true that Dr. Lagrange and Ezra had smiled at it all; but they were both friends of the Mortons, and Ann knew but too well Ezra's tendency to put aside

unpleasant ideas, and that of course he would dislike to offend Mrs. Westerley. All this seemed clear; but to whom should she go in her deep and serious distress of mind? She had rashly promised not to speak to Hester,—not, at least, until she had heard what Colonel Morton would say; and if he too were again to pronounce what seemed to her so grave as but the dream of a dying man, what then? She had said it would satisfy her; but would it, or should it? Was not Hester the only competent judge? Had not she a right to hear this story? In vain the troubled and straightforward woman tried to see it as Edward saw it. Even if Hester's father had been, through pure accident, shot by a certain man, could Hester rightfully marry that man's son? In her worry Ann became singularly perplexed as to what was wrong and what right, grieving vainly over her promise of secrecy, until suddenly it came to her that this promise was limited to Hester. There was Mr. Gray, of whom already she had thought as an adviser,—of all persons the one on whose shoulders she could put her care, and rest content that it was where it should be. He should promise not to speak of it to Hester until they heard from Mr. Morton. The more she thought this over the clearer it seemed; for now, in Lagrange's silence,—and she had twice written to him,—it appeared to be her only resource, and something she felt sure she must do.

Hester had told her that Mr. Gray would call the next Friday afternoon, on his way to Newport, where he had landed property, which had been transferred to a Northern friend for security during the war. Meantime, he was to be moving about, and letters were uncertain; so that, much annoyed at the delay, Ann finally resolved to await the chance of a personal interview, and, having settled this, sought to put the whole matter aside for the time.

XXII.

Thursday was the earliest date at which Edward, who was now constantly in bed, could look for a reply by cable, and he was becoming anxious despite his own convictions. On Thursday afternoon he sent for Dr. Wendell. The doctor found him looking badly, and sat by his bedside a long while; liking to talk with him, and having it over and over again on his lips to mention that he himself was in debt, and needed large help. It seemed hard to do just then, and he decided that he would wait. Mr. Gray had spoken no word, and given him no chance to say anything of their business matters, and so he had yet a little time.

"Does my disease," asked Edward, "make you fear any sudden result? I mean, am I within the risk of dying suddenly? I have long meant to ask you."

"No. I do not think you are. The condition you are now in is common in these troubles, and will pass away. You may even be better than before."

"I am glad of that, for mother's sake. How strange it is that as life gets less and less worth having we should cling to it the more! I suppose this fierce clutch at what little is left of existence is really a feature of some diseases more than of others."

"Yes, it is so, I think," said Wendell.

"Well, for what has given to my life of late such sweetness as it has, I have to thank you, doctor. You see even now I can read." His bed was littered with books and scientific journals. "Do you remember giving me this little *Marcus Aurelius*? See how I have marked it! I sometimes wonder if in another world I shall be able to thank that grand heathen. Between pains, this morning, I have been worrying through Heine's *Philosophy and Religion*. It's hard reading, I can tell you, and I have done nothing but look in the dictionary at

every second line. It seems to me that Heine must have suffered a good deal as I do, and that has given me a more personal interest in what he wrote. But it is painful to see how his opinions shifted. Could n't you take it home and make out these three passages I have marked? I can't clear them up."

"I will try. I think I see your difficulty," answered Wendell, who read German well. "But I must go. When will you hear from the colonel?"

He was unaware of all that this telegram was to answer, as they had agreed that it was best to say nothing about the matter, and Alice, who very likely would have discussed it with him, was still away.

"We must hear to-morrow," replied Edward. "And by the way," he added, smiling, for he had for some time back suspected what was Alice's relation to Wendell, — "by the way, you will find our friend Mrs. Westerley here to-morrow afternoon. Don't fail to see me, please."

Then Wendell rose.

"One moment," said the sick man. "I have several times meant to ask you not to worry about our little debts, and to say also that when I am better I would like to talk to you about your money matters. I have a notion, from what Miss Ann let fall last week, that perhaps you need a little lift. It is a mere guess, but if I am right I trust that you will say so."

"It is only too true," assented Wendell, a great hope leaping up within him. "I have been very unfortunate in several ways."

"That is enough for me to know. Let us talk it all over to-morrow; but, by the way, give me some idea of what you need; how much, I mean, and don't hesitate about it, please."

"I scarcely dare to say how much. People don't pay my bills, and I — well, in fact, our little investments have all gone wrong, and" —

"Oh, but how much will set you fairly afoot, my dear doctor?"

"If I could borrow five thousand dollars" —

"If you could? You shall. Why not have told me before? Cannot you see that it is a great happiness to feel that I can help one who has so amply helped me? I shall be paying a debt, not making one. No mere money could pay what is due from me to you; just remember that, doctor, when we come to foot up our relative claims."

"I do not know how to thank you. You little know what it is you are doing for me. It is an inestimable obligation. I have been so wretched about my debts, — and — altogether" —

"Well, let us drop it now. You will hurt me if you make so much of it. What is money after all? Now, if it could buy me escape from pain for a month — or hire new legs" —

"Even if all you say be true, I too have been helped in turn, and I can never forget that whatever has been my fortune as a doctor in this place, you and yours have always stood by me."

"And with reason," exclaimed Edward. "We all of us owe you much, but my own little debts to you, doctor, are debts of the spirit, not to be counted; as Arty says, like the gold in the cloud banks of sunset."

"I don't think I deserve much praise for it," returned Wendell, smiling; "it was certainly for the most part unconscious benevolence, if that can be called benevolence at all."

"I rather fancy," said Ned, who was not to be talked out of his sense of gratitude, — "I rather fancy that what you call 'unconscious benevolence' is merely the outcome of habits of doing kind and fitting things. I can see that it must be a part of a physician's life to think of how he can teach the sick — I mean the crippled sick — to fill up the gaps which disease has made in their means of happiness."

"Yes; it may be so," remarked Wendell thoughtfully. He felt that perhaps he had not considered enough this side of his duties, except when, as in Ned's case, the patient had interested him. He was impressed now, as Edward talked on, with the manner in which by degrees the man of action had become the man of thought, as the shadows of pain and bodily disability had gathered about him; and the idea passed through Wendell's mind that it was like the thoughtfulness which comes at dusk of day, when the body is wearied, and the light which tempts to active ways is spent. "Yes, it may be so," he repeated. "I am afraid we do not always keep ourselves enough alive to the chances of such helpfulness."

"That may very well be; but the calls made upon a man by your work are so various that I can well imagine how hard it must be to give them all their just share of attention."

"You are right," returned Wendell, all of whose better nature was getting food for reflection out of the young man's sick-bed meditations. "A doctor's life has in it, however, a good deal to harm his moral growth, and needs watching. It is difficult not to become despotic from mere habit of control, and still harder to be tender and yet decided, and to keep good tempered amidst the unreasonableness of patients and their friends."

He was half consciously becoming morally autobiographic.

"I suppose," said Edward, "a doctor ought to be all of a man with the best of a woman. I think I should like to be a physician. The human nature he sees in its nakedness must be interesting, and a man who walks among the tragedies of life must have noble chances to help and guide and set folks right. You know, don't you, the Eastern proverb, 'Where the earthquake has been the best grain grows'?"

"No, I never heard it. It's good,

though, is n't it? But you have cheated me into overstaying my time, and I must go."

"Well, good-by. I think I feel better for our chat. Don't forget the medicine you said you would send, — I hope it will quiet my unruly heart; and don't come till the afternoon. You have always more time to talk then."

Ann Wendell's nature made her deal temperately with the lesser problems of moral life, but sense of wrong or injustice, or the presence of a distinctly neglected duty, disturbed her painfully. When once she was sure of what ought to be done, — and when sure, she was as a rule apt to be very sure, — she became uneasy until she had seized on that duty, and justified herself by shaking it into a state of incapacity to excite her further, much as a quiet terrier will suddenly awaken to the presence of a rat, and with instinctive abruptness of energy destroy its power to disturb him. Such outbreaks of activity antagonistic to the habits of a life baffle the student of human nature because of their exceptional rarity. We see this illustrated dangerously in animal life by the sudden stroke of the sluggish serpent, and as concerns man in the occasional rashness of the timid, the queer lapses of the methodical, or the strange self-committals of the naturally cautious and diplomatic.

Ann had reached such a crisis, and nothing but competent action would satisfy her. She would certainly have her talk with Mr. Gray, and at once; but there came to her now the suspicion that she might feel easier, and better able to face Mrs. Morton's anger, if she were to remind that lady beforehand that the pledge of secrecy applied only to Hester, and to tell her that she thought it an urgent duty to put the responsibility of an ultimate decision upon Hester's nearest relative. Ann would have been wiser had she spoken rather

than written; but she dreaded the possibility of being talked out of the course she had laid down for herself, and to leave no chance of a reply wrote and dispatched her note about four o'clock, and sending Hester to the city on an errand, told her that she herself desired to talk to Mr. Gray alone, and would detain him until Hester's return. Then, feeling that she had thus cleared her path, she sat down and awaited Mr. Gray's arrival, which she counted upon, as he had telegraphed Hester in the morning that he would be with her about five or six o'clock.

Meanwhile, Wendell went out, telling his sister that he might return late. He was doing some work for a doctor near by, who, being absent, had left him his carriage. He visited a patient on the way, and then drove rapidly over to the Mortons', full of hope and relief, and thinking as he went along of Alice Westerley. Edward's words had raised him into one of the moods of elation which had been rare or absent of late, and he drove through the lanes making thankful and honest resolutions for the happy future which opened before him. In his pleasant abstraction he passed Ann's messenger, a little lad who did their errands, and presently, leaving his carriage at the stable, walked up to the house. On the porch he saw Alice Westerley alone.

"Sit down here a moment," she said. "Mrs. Morton is with Ned, and Arty is writing letters. I cannot tell how glad I am to see you. You look better."

"Oh, do I? Gladness is a good physician. Alice, my Alice, you will not keep me longer in this horrible suspense? I have sometimes thought, this past week, that you could not care for me as I care for you. Why should you delay so long, and why should I still have to wait until it pleases Colonel Morton to write a telegram? What on earth have we to do with him?"

"Some day, soon, I will tell you why," she replied. "I have been unhappy about Hester. If you had been with me I should have had to tell you, but now — Do you know what that is?" and, laughing, she held up a telegram envelope.

"Oh, Alice!" he exclaimed. "And is it all right about Hester?"

"Yes," she returned, "it is all right. The colonel has said it is to be as Helen wishes. She has the telegram. But you are very nice to think first of Hester."

"And now, Alice" —

"Well?" she said, demurely.

"Your hesitations are over."

"They are over for life."

"My God!" he whispered. He felt like a slave who has found a jewel in his path, and trembled with the sense of a possession beyond even the dreams of love's sweet avarice. She realized at once, with her quick sympathies, the man's intensity of happiness, and looked up at him shyly, with watchful joy.

"I am going to walk home," she said. "Helen thinks I have gone; but I waited for you. I will go slowly, so that you can overtake me easily. Don't be long."

He looked at her, and then glanced about him. She turned quickly to go, but he caught her as she moved, and kissed her passionately.

"Oh, Ezra!" she cried, in alarm. "How could you!"

"I could not help it," he answered. "Ah, now I know you are mine! You will pardon me."

"If, — if," she said, smiling and red, "you will never, never do it again?"

"Never," he replied, and went into the house.

While this little matter was being thus arranged on the porch, Mrs. Morton was seated by her son's bedside. The telegram for which Edward had eagerly waited had come, and for the second time he was reading it aloud, when Arthur suddenly walked into his

chamber. "What's that, Ned?" he asked. "The answer from father?"

Mrs. Morton had meant that he should know only the general tenor of the dispatch until Ann had been seen, and the whole matter deprived of its mischievous possibilities. But fate had overruled her, and her son had heard enough to make it necessary that he should hear the whole. There was no help for it now, and she quickly cast about her for aid as she gave him the paper.

"That's droll," said Arthur, reading it aloud. "What does my father mean? He says, '*It is absurd. Use your own judgment. See letter.*' What does he mean by 'absurd' and all that?"

"It refers," returned Mrs. Morton, "to another question, which does not altogether concern you. The latter part does. Are you not satisfied, my son?"

Edward looked up. He hated indirectness, but he was silent.

"Oh, thank you, mother," said Arthur, rising. "And you will love her, too, mother, and you will feel satisfied, won't you?"

"I always did love her, but" —

"Oh, don't spoil it, mother," begged Ned.

"My son's wife will be my daughter," she answered, and then she kissed Arthur. "I will go over to see Hester tonight, and now I must send this to Ann Wendell." So she wrote a little note of caution to Ann, and gave it, with the inclosed telegram, to Arthur, that he might send his happy news to Hester Gray. Then Mrs. Morton rose from the bedside.

"Don't go yet, mother," said Edward. "I want to say something. I have learned lately that my friend, Dr. Wendell, is in debt. I don't think he has succeeded as he ought to have done, and the little money he and his sister had seems to have been badly invested, and so far as I can make it out has been lost."

Mrs. Morton interrupted him: "I never did think he had any sense about business matters, and I am equally sure that he is one of those people who must buy what they chance to want at the moment. Your uncle Richard was much that kind of person. I paid his debts twice. Did Dr. Wendell ask you to help him?"

"No, he did not. I have lent him a little money from time to time. Perhaps we, who have never had to think about money, do not realize the temptations of people like Wendell, who have refined wants and scanty means. I have offered to aid him further, but to do so effectually will, I fancy, demand at least five thousand dollars. I could not arrange this, lying helpless here in bed, and that is why I want to trouble you. In a week or two, or a little later, I shall have all I want; but I spent so much on the Sanitary and the soldiers' orphan business that really I shall lack at least a thousand of what he will need."

"But don't you think, my son" —

"Think! Mother," he said, wearily, "I am past thinking. I can only feel. And besides, I am a sick man, and I do not want to wait to do this thing. I wish to do it now, at once."

Mrs. Morton's impulse was always to act in accordance with Edward's wishes, but the habit of advising was also strong.

"I meant," she observed, "to ask you to think, dear Ned, if this is not a rather inconsiderate use of a large sum of money. I really cannot see what claim Dr. Wendell has on you, and I do certainly think there is a strange want of propriety, to say the least, in using his position as a doctor to get money out of a man so much his junior."

"Please not to say that. You hurt me when you talk in that way of Wendell. You forget, mother, that it was I who worried out of him the secret of his debts, and that it was I who offered him help, — not he who asked it. I

don't feel, mother, that you are ever quite just to the doctor."

"I have tried to be just, Edward. I never have thoroughly liked him, but nothing ever goes quite straight, and the next thing will be that Alice Westersley will marry him."

"I wish she would," said Edward, "for you would adopt him, then."

"How much have you lent him, Edward?"

"About six or eight hundred dollars. I never kept any account of it."

"I suppose not, Ned; and now you want to lend him five thousand?"

"Yes, mother; but let us drop this as a business matter. My love of books and botany and the microscope, and in fact all that has made life endurable of late, has been as it were a gift from this man. That the debt is uncommercial is the more reason why you and I should recognize it."

Had it been any one but Edward, Mrs. Morton would have smiled, amused at the debit and credit account thus set before her; but this large-eyed, pale, and wasting youth, and the shrunken, bony hand, so white and feeble, now resting in hers, held her, so that she seemed to become a part of the sick frame, and to feel with its gentle heart, until her worldly criticisms faded, with some realizing sense of the slight shame he felt that she should hesitate.

"You always have your way with me, Ned," she said softly.

"And you like it," he replied, smiling. "But kiss me, mother, and then go away, please. I am in a good deal of pain, and I shall fight it better alone."

"And I have made you talk so much, darling."

"That has its pleasant side, too, mother. Ah, there is a good deal of sweetness in life yet!"

"If only I could give you more!"

"But you are its biggest sugar-bowl, as it is," he returned, laughing, that he might send her away feeling, as he knew

she would, that if after all he was able to jest with her he could not be so very ill.

As he saw her leave the room, and heard her through the half-open door sit down at her writing-table, he set his teeth, and with clenched hands wrestled with the agony of gathering pain.

"My God!" he muttered, "what good can there be in pain like this? One cannot think for it! If pain does not make a man think, what use can it be? Ah, that is a let-up."

Humor, in some natures apparently the quickest at call among the lighter sprites who inhabit the caverns of the mind, which no illness destroys, and which is peculiarly apt to rise on the sudden subsidence of pain, was strong in this young man.

"Ah, if I only had hold of the grandfather, or whoever he was, that left me this little legacy of his laziness or his wickedness! Arty says 'every one is in the higher sense his own grandfather.' I wish I was mine. I'd feel more responsible. He says that's Emerson. I don't believe it. By George, I must have that anodyne!"

There were two vials, much alike, on the little table by his bed: one the medicine sent by the doctor the day before. Still resolute not to let his mother know of his increasing anguish, he tried to read the directions on the labels, but failing to see them distinctly, uncorked one of the bottles, thinking that the familiar odor of the anodyne to which he was accustomed might suffice to guide him. He found, however, that it was not what he sought. As he set it down his hand shook so much that he upset the vial, and spilt a large part of its contents between the bed and the table. He recorked it, murmuring, "I am no better than a child," and with a moan of pain gave up the task. To his relief he heard Arthur coming upstairs, laughing and talking with Wendell,—two eager, joyous men. They lingered on the top landing for what seemed to

the sufferer an age; but he waited with a stern patience which they who have seen or have themselves felt the grip of such suffering can alone appreciate.

At last they came in.

"How are you to-day?" asked Wendell gently.

"In torment," said Edward, under his breath. "But take care, or mother may hear."

At this moment Mrs. Morton entered the room, excited and angry.

"Let me speak to you a moment, doctor," she exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked Edward, who had rarely seen his quiet mother so manifestly disturbed.

"Matter enough," she said. "Ann Wendell writes me, as she says, from a sense of duty, to remind me that she has never pledged herself to conceal that ridiculous story from any one but Hester, and that this afternoon she means to tell it all to Mr. Henry Gray."

Wendell and Arthur looked amazed.

"What is it?" inquired Wendell.

"Your sister," replied Mrs. Morton, too vexed for reflection, "has got a craze about that stupid nonsense of poor Hester's father having been killed by my husband, and thinks Hester ought to know it."

"Ann!" cried Wendell,—"Ann of all people! Why, Mrs. Morton, she and I talked this over, a year ago at least. I never dreamed of its having any practical hold on her. Is n't there some mistake?"

"No; here is her note. It is an old story and a foolish one," said Mrs. Morton, "but it will make mischief."

"Let her tell it," said Edward, with his usual good sense. "It is time we had done with it."

"And that was the meaning of the telegram, was it?" observed Arthur. "I heard my father once mention it in France as a singular incident. But great heavens, to tell Hester! and to tell her now."

"And just as this telegram has come," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, "to want to talk it over with Mr. Gray, whom we barely know, and who does not want Hester to marry! What inconceivable folly! Just think how he may see fit to put it to Hester!"

"They both ought to know it some time," said Edward; "but it should be told quietly, and not by one who believes it."

"But it is simply ludicrous," returned Wendell.

"Ludicrous or not," said Edward, "we must stop her, and at once, too. Mother, order the doctor's carriage. Drive home at once, doctor, and possibly you may be in time. You can stop her, can't you? Hurry, mother."

"I think so,—I hope so," rejoined Wendell, who was vexed and flurried, and knew better than they what Ann was when on what Mrs. Westerley called the war-path of a duty.

Mrs. Morton had gone out at the first mention of action.

"Great heavens, how I suffer!" said Edward. "Doctor, give me the anodyne before you go. This pain will kill me some day. It is like knives in my heart!"

Wendell was terribly annoyed at his sister's folly, and in hot haste to repair it. "Is this the bottle I sent you to-day?" he asked. "I can't see; your curtains make the room so dark."

"Yes, that is it, I believe," returned Edward, groaning. "Look for yourself, I really don't know, and for God's sake hurry; I shall die of pain. But about Ann, your sister,—that is more important. I forget other people in my misery. Let Arty give me my medicine. But be quick, some one. Now do go."

Wendell glanced hastily at the vials in the half light of the darkened room, and taking up the one which was yet full, asked Arthur to put it on the mantel.

"There, Arthur," said Wendell, "is the anodyne, the one left on the table. It has been partly used." He spoke low, adding, "A teaspoonful, and be quick. I shall return as soon as possible. He is very ill."

"But perhaps you had better wait."

"No, I must go. He wants me to go. There is not a moment to lose. The medicine will ease him. Don't delay;" and speaking as he moved toward the door, he went away annoyed and in angry haste.

Mrs. Morton came into the room as the doctor left it, and while Arthur was pouring out the medicine.

"Is that his anodyne?" she asked.

"Yes, mother, it is all right. Lift him, please."

Then he put the glass to his brother's lips, saying, "There, dear Ned, that will help you."

Edward drank it hastily.

"Oh, mother, that pain—that pain! I was sure it would kill me. Bring back the doctor!" he suddenly called, in a sharply pitched voice. "Quick!" Arthur, without question, gave one glance, and fled from the room. Then Edward looked up at his mother with an infinite tenderness in his eyes, the thankfulness of a departing guest.

"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, what is the matter? Speak, Ned,—speak to me!"

But there was no answer. His face whitened; an awful semblance of a smile went over it. He was dead.

For an instant she said no word, but paused motionless by his side. Then a wild terror seized her. She picked up the vial, which had been left on the table by the bed, and staggered to the window. On the label she read, "*Poison. Tincture of Aconite. Dose one drop.*"

"My God!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Ned, my son, my own boy! and Arty. It will kill him."

For a moment she stood perfectly still, gazing at the label. Her faculties

seemed to gain a superhuman acuteness. All that was involved in this discovery came swiftly before her,—all that it meant for herself and for others, all the vistas of interminable misery for her only remaining child. The clear conception of what had happened and would happen was followed by that concentration of mind which is possible only when every power within the mental sphere is brought to a focus by such intensity of will as some one of the despotic instincts can alone call forth. Turning to the mantelpiece, she seized the bottle which stood where Arthur had placed it. With the vials clinking in her trembling hand, she moved swiftly to the window, looking, as she went, at the label, on which was written, “Anodyne. Take one-teaspoonful as directed.” She returned quickly to execute her purpose of placing the anodyne on the table at the bedside. The dead, gray face smote her as she neared it, as with a physical blow, and, tottering, she dropped one of the vials. She stooped, groping about to find it: but this brief delay was fatal, for as she rose again with the bottle in her hand, Alice Westerley and Wendell hastily entered. At the terrible spectacle before them Wendell, always impulsive and emotional, lost the self-control which the doctor commonly learns to keep in the face of the most abrupt tragedies; but he loved Arthur well, and at sight of the dead a sudden terror dazed him, as with a quick step he strode to the bedside.

“My God, Mrs. Morton,” he cried, “he is dead! Where is the medicine he took?”

“Here,” said Mrs. Morton, firmly, handing him the anodyne. “I took it from the table.”

She was too late. Obeying an impulse, regretted an instant later, he put to his lips the spoon which Arthur had used, and as suddenly let it fall, with a shock of remembrance at his own responsibility for what had occurred.

Alice Westerley saw his dismay. She shut the door which was near her.

“Oh, doctor,” she asked, “what is it? What has happened? There is something wrong! Did he take the wrong medicine, Helen?”

“I—I don’t know,” returned Wendell, who had recognized the taste of the deadly poison, and was trying to collect his routed faculties. “When I left him he was in great pain, but I did not think in any danger.”

At this moment, Arthur, who had delayed to call a servant to take charge of Wendell’s horse, came in abruptly. He was painfully excited.

“Is he very ill? Oh, doctor, what is the matter?” Then he saw the open-eyed, blank face of death. “But he is dead! Impossible!—how can he be dead?” Then, coming nearer, he looked at Edward, and turning on Wendell seized him by the arm, saying with the strange, hoarse utterance of an awful dread, “What was it? What did it? Was the medicine right? I gave him what he always takes! Did I make a mistake?”

Wendell saw his own peril.

“Hush, Arty,” he said; “here is the bottle. Look, it is all right. No one is to blame.”

Arthur seized the vial, and strode to the window; then he sunk into a chair, exclaiming, “Thank God for that, at least! I was afraid, mother,—I was afraid I had made some mistake. Oh, my brother!”

“There has been no mistake,” said Wendell. “Take your mother away, my boy.”

Helen Morton, stern and tearless, put her hand on Arthur’s shoulder. “Help me to my room,” she murmured; “I am faint;” but as she passed Wendell she gathered force enough to say, “Thank you,” and went out like one who, on the crumbling verge of some abyss, has by a desperate effort won a firmer ground, but who now, when the effort is over,

feels all the accumulation of the horror which, while in action, it was impossible to realize. Full well she knew that Alice and Wendell understood what had happened, but Arthur, at least, did not, and come what might he must never know.

Alice and Wendell were left with the dead.

"Wait one moment," she whispered, and went to the door, where the anxious servants were collecting. "Go down-stairs," she said, addressing them, "and let Mrs. Morton's maid go to her at once. I shall want some of you presently. I will ring. Mr. Edward is dead. It is some heart trouble, I believe. Don't make a noise."

Alice was quiet and collected. She had, as she thought, seen through the matter only too clearly, and knew at once that Arthur must have made a mistake, and that for the present a great calamity had been averted. Closing the door she turned to Wendell.

"Oh, Ezra!" she said, in a suppressed voice, "how terrible! I don't mean for Edward, — God has been kind to him, — but Arthur and Helen! Oh, Ezra, what shall we do? I wish I had not known it all. It is such a dreadful thing to know; and how can it be hidden? How can it?"

"If," he replied, "no one ever speaks of it to Arthur, he will certainly not suspect anything. I — I had to set his mind at rest."

"Yes, yes, I know," she returned; "but what a sad necessity!"

She knew that he had not told Arthur the truth, but not for a moment did she blame him, nor could she dream how black the lie for self-protection had really been.

By this time Wendell had regained full possession of his mental powers. Many strange and dreadful possibilities went through his mind. He saw that he was safe if he played out the rôle which hard circumstance had arranged

for him, and which he had seemed to accept as a means of saving Arthur. There are men — and how many let each of us say — who would have frankly taken on themselves the blame of Edward's death. Had Wendell done so, he would have drawn to himself for life the woman at his side. Even now she was thinking of the immense courage which, from her estimate, it must have taken to shelter another with a falsehood. Unfortunately, Wendell's instincts of self-defense betrayed him, as they are apt to betray a too emotional and too imaginative nature; and when, later, he came to think it all over more calmly, he felt that were his true share known, Alice would shrink from him in horror. But men of half-feminine temperament rarely understand the grandeur of sacrifice of which women are capable. There are women who can love men they do not respect; but there are others who cannot love unless they also respect, and to them, when once their love is given, the path of some difficult duty is no less the path to their larger love than it is, as the poet has sung, the path to glory.

Alice had said that what he had done was a sad necessity.

"I think," he returned, "that you had better advise Mrs. Morton never to mention, nor discuss with Arthur, the subject of his brother's death."

"But you, — you will have to say of what he died; and isn't there some form? It is you I am thinking of. Won't you have to give a certificate about the cause of his death? Is not that usual?"

Strange to say, Wendell was more disturbed by this necessity of disobeying the habitual moral code of his profession than by the mere fact of the lie itself.

"Yes, I must do it," he rejoined, — "I must do it; there is no help for it. And what a sacrifice!"

"It does seem more than should be

asked of any one," she returned sadly. "How can you do it?"

"I shall simply say that it was death from paralysis of the heart, which is true. Can you see anything else I can do?"

"I cannot," she replied; "but I should rather do it myself than have you do it. I would rather lie than have you lie," and she began to feel a gathering horror at this discussion by the side of the mute form before them. "Do what you think right. God sees, and he alone can judge!" She would have submitted to any torture to win for him some escape from what, as she grew calmer, all her nature increasingly abhorred, and abhorred in vain. "Let us go. I cannot talk any longer, and — and — won't you close his eyes, Ezra?"

Wendell bent over the dead man, troubled deeply by his own capacity to evolve ideas which shook him emotionally.

"Now," he thought, — "now, perhaps he knows all. And how well he loved me!" Twice he touched the open lids, and twice drew back. At last he closed them softly. "And does he blame me?" he murmured.

Then Alice kissed the dead face, and went out, followed by Wendell. A few minutes later she came out of Mrs. Morton's room.

"Mrs. Morton wants to see you tomorrow, early," she said. "You have had a sore trial," and, standing on the

step above him, she kissed him, and went up-stairs again. Wendell stayed a moment looking after her, and then turning to meet Arthur, said a few words of commonplace consolation, such as people are apt to say on these occasions.

"You are very kind," rejoined the young man. "You are always very kind. Since I have had a quiet moment I remember that you pointed out to me the vial, so that of course there could not be any mistake."

Wendell hesitated a moment.

"I really don't remember. I suppose I did. Yes, of course I did. But why should you be troubled about the medicine. It was his heart disease that killed him. It had nothing to do with his medicine. That was all right."

He might yet have to say that he had thus spoken to insure Arthur's peace of mind.

"It's a great relief," said the latter, — "a greater than any one can imagine."

"Well, never speak of it to your mother," rejoined Wendell. "It's all right. No one was to blame. Best never to discuss it with your mother, or any one. It is God's doing." Then he had a sudden horror of what he had said. "I mean," he added, "it could n't have been helped." The young fellow wrung his hand and turned sadly away, as the doctor went slowly and thoughtfully down the staircase.

S. Weir Mitchell.

FRANCESCA TO PAOLO.

I KNOW the spring makes merry far and wide,
And birds are building nests with songful cheer,
In yon green world, lovely and love-denied:
Lo! this is hell; but thou art with me here.

Julie K. Wetherill.

MISTRAL'S NERTO.

AFTER a silence of more than ten years, broken only by the publication, under the title of *Lis Isclo d'Or*, of a collection of fugitive poems, the author of *Mirèio* and *Calendau* has given to the world another narrative or *nouvello* in modern Provençal verse. *Nerto* is a romantic tale of the fourteenth century, founded on a tradition concerning the mode of escape of the last Pope from Avignon, and comprising seven cantos, a prologue, and an epilogue. It bears the somewhat sinister motto of *Lou Diable porto péiro* (*Le Diable porte la pierre*); and the poet, after telling us in the first lines of his prologue that the days are past when he cared for scaling the mountain-peaks of song with girded loins, bare breast, and flowing hair, proceeds to offer a grave and cogent argument in favor of the obstinate persistence and undiminished power of diabolic agency in this world. He deplores the tendency of science, "falsely so-called," dangerously to weaken this conservative and salutary belief, and exhorts to constant vigilance and gallant warfare against the more than ever insidious wiles of the Evil One. Though he speaks of Satan with homely and almost jocose familiarity by the odd-looking Provençal abbreviation of his name, *Cifèr*, he contrives to convey a strong impression of his earnestness; and it is rather a relief to be assured, in the concluding lines of the prologue, that the poet considers the powers of good stronger, upon the whole, than those of evil. Shaking off his temporary gloom, and resuming his wonted *bonhomie*, he exclaims, —

"Raio, soulèn ! Sian emé Diéu !
Dono, aparas, vòsti faudieu."

("Shine, sun ! We are on God's side ! Now, ladies, hold your aprons !") The ladies thus apostrophized are apparently

the select seven to whom he dedicates the seven cantos of *Nerto* respectively, the prologue having been previously inscribed to *Madame Mistral*.

The description of the ruined castle of Renard, with which the first canto opens, has a certain quiet charm : —

Twin turrets of chateau Renard,
Like hornèd beast descried afar,
Surmount the hill. Its crenelate wall
And gateways lie in ruin all ;
And here, on sunny days of spring,
Comes the white phlox to blossoming ;
The tufted thyme and pellitory
Replace high dames, renowned in story,
While lizards course the fallen stone
And list the pines' melodious moan.
So, now ; but once, in high disdain,
Yon tower-crowned burg surveyed the plain
For many a mile, and haughtily
The 'scutcheon with its poignards three
Sustained the sun's o'ermastering blaze.
Return we to the papal days."

Pons, the lord of the castle, lay upon his deathbed. With a few strokes, — for M. Mistral, once so artlessly and charmingly diffuse, has become something of an impressionist, and aims obviously at a suggestive brevity, — a picture is given of the haggard old baron, as he lies, with clasped hands and eyes fixed upon the canopy of his couch, in a dim chamber richly tapestried with Cordovan leather, through whose mullioned window the light of early morning falls upon the gracious figure of his only child, the fair-haired *Nerto*, or *Myrtle*, who watches him from the *ruelle*. Through the same opening comes the pitiful whinnying of the baron's charger in his stall ; while far down the hill we catch a glimpse of the Jew leech *Mordecai*, who has just pronounced the seigneur's doom ; he is descending, upon his mule, the steep pathway which leads to the chateau.

The baron has a last confession to make, but there is no question of sending for a priest to hear it, for he has

long since placed himself beyond the reach of ecclesiastical succor. Thirteen years before, after a long revel in the castle of a neighboring baron, he had had a run of most disastrous luck at play: —

I staked and lost my falcon good,
My olive orchards and my stud;
I lost my Florence mantle red,
The jewels of thy mother dead;
I lost my river-islands all,
The noble 'scutcheon from my wall,
Whereof the field three poignards bore,
Nay, even the locks from off my door.
The cross of baptism on my brow
And shame alone were left me now!

Enraged by these multiplied misfortunes, and turning with a sort of frenzied revolt from the thought of a life of poverty and dependence, he took his way over the mountains, at midnight, to Chateau Renard. Fierce temptations assailed him. If he could but meet a merchant with full money-bags, how easy to leap upon and dispatch him! His daughter would then be the child of a murderer. Ah, bah! his daughter! The devil himself might have her for gold.

This is well known to be the sort of invitation which M. Mistral's respected friend never declines. Scarcely had the impious words passed the lips of Baron Pons, when he was confronted by a truly original apparition.

The shadow of a great cloud lay
On all the land. With sudden ray,
Forth of its mirk the moon leapt clear,
And in the uncanny atmosphere
I saw revolve a mighty wheel,
Whose air-hung circle did conceal
Belike a hundred rods of soil;
And, bracing, bending to the toil
Which made the monstrous engine turn,
With eyes that burned as torches burn,
With arms a mighty helm that plied,
A hideous Being I descried.

"They have stript thee like a beggar, eh?"
The monster spake with accent gay;
"So goes the luck! But, friend of mine,
A fellow with eyes as sharp as thine
Need never die of money lost."

And ever, as his jibe he tossed,
At his old well-wheel ground and ground
The jester dire, till, with a bound,

Forth of its bowels, — Holy Blue!
A torrent of gold rushed into view,
Rising and roaring under the moon,
With many a sequin and doubloon.
It leaped, it boiled, the yellow flood
Put sudden fever in my blood.

The time-honored pact was then proposed by the Being at the wheel: "All these things will I give thee, and, in fact, an unfailing supply of the same, for thy daughter's white soul, to be delivered at the end of thirteen years;" and the father agreed. Neither here nor elsewhere is the guilt of Baron Pons enlarged upon. He died and went to hell, we are told parenthetically, and that is all. The poet paints vividly the maiden's horror and despair, and then, by way of contrast, gives a touching picture of the bright innocence of her early days.

Alas, poor little châtelaine!
She had been queen of all the plain.
The peasant-folk were never done
With lauding her graces every one.
Full oft she set her dainty feet
Within their doors, and who so sweet?
"God's peace be here. What news to-day?
And how's the spinning, Dame Babet?"
"Has nobody hired thee, Mother Jane?
Mine for the *lessive* then, 't is plain!"
And, "Nan, was it thou didst make this bread?
How good it is, how light!" she said.
"And when does little Marthe commune?
I shall have her for my handmaid soon,
If all goes well." So up and down
The narrow street of the tiny town,
With fingers white that ever played
About her purse-strings, Nerto strayed.

"The sire," they said, "is a were-wolf rude,
Who careth only for blows and blood,
But the little lady with golden hair,
Her like there liveth not anywhere."

A somnolent old aunt, Donna Sibylla, was her nominal duenna, but interfered little with the guidance of Nerto's own sweet will. The gay and good old times, the heyday of Troubadour minstrelsy, were nearly a century gone by; nevertheless, Nerto's studies were chiefly in the *Breviari d'Amor*, the famous compendium of Ermengaut of Beziérs: —

Ah, merry book, that shed its verse
Like autumn fruit. It did rehearse
Bird of the air, fish of the sea,
Beast of the field, and potency

Whereby are many wonders done
 With flowering plant and precious stone,
 Sapphire to wit, and diamond
 That wins the sword from the wielder's hand;
 Also the pathway of St. James¹
 Along the sky, and the Zodiac's names;
 The fiery star with tresses long,
 Echo the nymph and the siren-song;
 The eight great winds that rule the deep,
 The points of doctrine all must keep;
 Grandmother Eve, and the spouse she had,
 And angels good, and angels bad,
 And Paradise with joy replete,
 And tortures ten of the nether pit.
 And, furthermore, the Tree of Love
 Was in that book, whose precepts move
 To fine allure and courtesey
 Whatever maid of high degree
 Is wooed for love. In fair designs
 All gold and blue illuminate shines
 The vellum page with flowers bedight,
 And these were Nerto's dear delight,
 The pictured people most of all.
 So when she saw a damsel tall,
 Blonde-haired, blue-eyed, red-lipped and thin,
 Carrying a spray of jessamine,
 With tender couplet writ below, —
 "That is myself; is it not so,
 Dear aunt?" she cried; — and drowsily
 Donna Sibylla made reply, —
 "*The maiden hid is the maiden sought;*
 That, my sweet, is the posy's thought," —
 And fell away to her doze again.

Into the calm of this bright morning
 time the father's ghastly avowal de-
 scends like a thunderbolt, quenching in
 an instant all its joy. "Is there no hope,
 then?" gasps the poor child; and slowly
 and with difficulty the Baron gives
 the result of his midnight wrestlings
 with the terror of his sin, and proposes
 a somewhat startling plan.

For five years now the so-called Anti-
 Pope Benedict XIII. has been besieged
 in his rock-reared palace at Avignon,
 and no man experienced in warfare,
 like Baron Pons, can doubt that the cas-
 tle must soon fall. There is already
 a Boniface at Rome, acknowledged by
 France, England, and Germany, but
 Provence and the greater part of Spain
 are still devotedly loyal to Benedict;
 and if the latter can but effect his es-

cape from the foredoomed fortress on
 the Durance, they will rally at once un-
 der his sacred banner. "I ought to
 have been with him inside those walls,"
 groans the father; "but it is now too
 late for that, and for all things except
 this one chance for thee. There ex-
 ists," he goes on to explain, "a subter-
 ranean passage, more than a league in
 length, from the Avignonesse Vatican
 to the vaults of Château Renard. It
 passes under the bed of the Durance,
 and was constructed, with a view to
 supreme emergencies, shortly after the
 palace was built, by Pope Clement, with
 the advice and assistance of 'Madame
 Jeanne.' Only the pope of the period
 and the actual lord of the manor of
 Renard were ever to know the secret of
 this passage, to whose entrance and exit
 each of these personages possesses a
 key bearing the papal arms."² It seems
 more than probable to Baron Pons, how-
 ever, that the present Benedict has
 never so much as heard of this mode of
 escape. At all events, he now commits
 the key to Nerto's keeping, and com-
 mands her to make her way, with her
 little greyhound Diane for a guide,
 through this passage to the palace at
 Avignon, to see the Holy Father and
 offer to conduct him to a place of safety.
 In return for such a service, Benedict,
 with his power over the destinies of
 souls, will surely, Baron Pons opines,
 consent to remit the innocent Nerto's
 share in her father's terrible forfeit.
 His own he proposes to take like a
 man.

"Go!" says the baron imperiously,
 "the castle may surrender at any mo-
 ment! Do not stay lingering for my
 latest breath!" and the maiden obeys.

Canto II., entitled The Pope, opens
 with a brilliant picture of the stir and
 splendor of Avignon during the half

necting with Chateau Renard, and that this was
 the sole foundation, whether in history or legend,
 for the story of Nerto. The ex-pope died in 1424,
 in a monastery in Spain.

¹ The Milky Way.

² M. Mistral himself told me that there is a
 tradition in the neighborhood of Avignon that
 Pietro di Luna, otherwise Benedict XIII., escaped
 from his palace by an underground passage con-

century in which it was illustrated by the presence of the pontiffs. Royal visitors flocked thither; merchants of all nations brought their richest wares and trafficked in its streets; scores of lesser palaces, for the residence of lords and cardinals, rose up and encircled the papal towers; the trumpet-tones of the *mistral* blew wide o'er all the world the benediction of its sovereign priest. But the wave of glory fell as rapidly as it had risen. Schism rent the church, and the hosts of the faithful were divided. Two white-haired cardinals alone, out of all the sacred college, remained faithful to Benedict, and the palace, long besieged by a French army under Maréchal Boucicaut, was already falling into ruin. The olive-groves of its wonderful hanging gardens had been felled and used for fuel during the last hard winter; and the garrison, commanded by a nephew of the Pope, the valiant Roderic of Luna, was reduced to the very last extremity, while Benedict still stoutly refused to consult his personal safety and compromise his claim to the papacy by a surrender.

Emerging from her underground wanderings, Nerto appeared amid the soldiers like a spirit, causing for a moment a sort of superstitious panic. But Don Roderic, full details of whose *vie orageuse* in former days at Avignon are given with great spirit, was not to be daunted by anything in female form. When this lovely bit of prey dropped like a frightened robin into his hands ("Figuras vous dono, l'entrigo," — "*Figurez vous, Mesdames, l'intrigue*," — interpolates the poet archly), Roderic was fully equal to the occasion, and courteously inquired the maiden's wishes. And when Nerto answered simply that she had come to see the Pope, the count gallantly kissed her finger-tips, and offered her his arm to conduct her into Benedict's presence. Through court after court, and along interminable galleries, round about and up and down,

they make the immense circuit of the palace: —

And all the opulent ruin see
Of that luxurious dynasty.
Heaps upon heaps, aye, mines were there
Of silver and gold, in sacred ware:
A treasure of precious stones gave light
As of the star-set heaven at night;
Chalcedony and sardonyx
And carbuncle their splendors mix
With emerald and lapis-lazuli;
And then — what wealth of tapestry!
What wonder of banners, reft afar
From impious Moors, in the Holy War,
By Christian knights! And ere the end
Is won of the devious way they wend,
The tale of the hapless maid is told, —
How the Devil hath bought her soul for gold.

Roderic undertakes to reassure her. He knows, he says, a sovereign antidote for the malice of the Demon, and its name is *Love*. "But what is love?" inquires the little maid confidently; "I know the old songs and romances are all about it, but what is it, and how is it won?" "I will explain," says Roderic; and he proceeds to do so, at somewhat too great and ardent length for entire quotation. In the full tide of his impassioned eloquence, however, he is suddenly arrested. At the angle of a corridor, they come upon a great crucifix surmounted by a sculptured tiara. Nerto pauses reverently, crosses herself, and turns to her instructor: —

"Fair sir," she said, "thy precepts vary
From those of my dear breviary
Of love, whereof each leaf is gold;
For therein surely we are told
That love should be without a stain,
Like the first Eden come again."

Even while she spake, their feet they stayed, —
The grand seigneur and guileless maid, —
At the state-stairway's topmost height.
Untold degrees of marble white
Unroll beneath; a portal vast
Confronts, where Roderic taps in haste
And no more lingers, but to say,
"A kindlier answer some fair day,
Most noble maid, I hope to win;
Pass on! His Holiness is within."

All trembling, Nerto enters thus
The huge hall surnamed *Marvelous*, —
Avignon's wonder. High o'erhead
The groined arches leap, and spread
Their giant limbs about the ceiling,

Full many a pictured space revealing,
Where all the glory of Heaven shines
In Master Memmi's hues and lines.
All things in that stupendous hall
Revealed the seat majestic
Of him who moved earth's Pontiff yet ; —
The cross in each tall window set,
The leagues of hill and plain, descried
Their openings through, on every side.

The thirteenth Benedict kneeling there
At his prie-dieu, as if in prayer,
With sorrowful gaze fixt far away,
Saw haply the departing day
A rosy veil aerial throw
O'er great Ventour's attire of snow.
An aged man of stately height,
With sweeping beard, in garments white,
Heavily-browed and hollow-eyed,
And wasted, like the Crucified : —
Before his open vision come
The impending woes of Christendom.
He sees, as from the height of heaven,
The Church by schism rent, and driven
Rudderless through a raging deep ;
He hears the saintly souls who weep ;
He hears the laughter of the world
Over the cross — anathemas hurled
By warring councils ; yet, intent
Ever on that great sacrament
That sealed him Pontiff, in his thought
He swears anew to bate no jot.

The spirit-like Nerto interrupts his
reverie as she had before interrupted
the ribaldry of the garrison, and hurriedly, yet with all reverence, explains
her father's plan for his escape. What
might have been his answer is uncertain,
for the interview is interrupted by a
new and terrible clamor arising from
below, and Don Roderic rushes into the
hall to announce that all is lost, — the
Greek fire of the besiegers has taken
effect, the palace is burning from base to
battlement, and the foe is already within
the walls. Whereupon, —

Plunging his look in infinite space
The stricken Pontiff kneels and prays ;
Till calm once more, and undismayed,
"The will of God be done !" he said.
And, as a tree uprears its form
After the onset of the storm,
The monarch of earth's wilderness
Did all his majesty redress,
And to the altar turned, where lay
The sacred species hidden away,
And these withdrew, and laid them, holden
Within a reliquary golden,
Right reverently upon his heart ;
So did the strange procession part,

The noble Sire, the maiden guide,
The greyhound leaping still beside.

Down the long stair, now soiled with red,
Between the dying and the dead
They pass ; they win the great court-yard ;
And once again the veteran guard
Close round their lord, and yet once more
They kneel his blessing to implore.
Full many a stifled sob and wail,
Unheard amid the roaring gale,
Brake from the prostrate folk distressed,
While, with his God upon his breast,
Benedict came, and passed from sight,
Ascending to the rampart's height.
Then from the palace-pinnacle
There pealed the note of a silver bell,
And the great city her breath did draw
Quick, and the gunners paused in awe,
Waiting some portent ; for they know
The silver bell sends never so
From that high tower its single tone,
Save when a Pope ascends the throne,
Or, haply, when death calls for him.

So now, upon the parapet dim,
Benedict rises yet once more,
White, rigid, mitred as of yore,
While all Avignon kneels below,
And even the army of Boucicaut
Lowers the standard, bows the head.
Then were the mighty arms outspread
Above the world and all who grieve,
Above the remnant who believe ;
And, *urbe et orbi* still addressing,
The Pontiff raised his voice in blessing : —
"Benedicat vos, Dominus,
Pater, filius, et spiritus !" —
Even as the airy tones expire,
Awestruck before those towers on fire
The kneeling multitude on the plain
Answer with bursting sobs "Amen!"

And long within that lurid light,
Against the furious wind upright,
Upright on the Cathedral Rock
Pietro stood the tempest-shock ;
Then, turning with a face of woe,
Let fall one last long look below
The Babylonian gates to scan,
Of his Avignon Vatican.
So, muffled in his falling cope,
Vanished Avignon's latest Pope,
Seeking the vaults that know not day,
With little Nerto's taper-ray
Alone to guide him, as the sun
Sinks in the west when day is done.

We have quoted at some length from
M. Mistral's second canto, because it
seems to us, upon the whole, the finest in
the poem ; the most original both in sub-
ject and treatment. Canto III., — The
King, — though abounding in life, mo-

tion, and picturesque detail, is more conventional. The scene opens at Château Renard, which became the rallying-point for Benedict's supporters, as soon as the news got abroad of his escape thither. Louis II. was there, — the young Count of Provence, and king of Fourcalquier, Naples, and Jerusalem, for such was the style assumed in the charters of that day, — and with him a general concourse of all the greater nobles of the South, as well as his affianced bride, the wealthy Spanish Princess Yolande (or *Vioulando*, in the language of Provence), under an escort of Spanish grandees. It had been decided that Benedict himself should marry the royal pair in the ancient church of St. Trophimus at Arles, and great festivities were toward. The poet, as may be imagined, revels in describing the splendor of the wedding-cortège, and the naïf comments of the country-folk as it passes by : —

All in the dewy morning made
Their start the joyous cavalcade,
Long following where the trumpets blow
The melody of "Belle Margot."

Aubado sang the nightingales ;
The bursting buds in grassy dales
Breathed perfume ; flag and streamer fair
Fluttered along the early air ;
Shivered the silken banners through
Their lily-bordered fields of blue,
Or, undulate in red and gold,
The hues of Aragon unrolled,
Sun-kindled, with the breeze at play.

*Durant*¹ clomb fast, as people say,
Untangling, as he rose, his braid
Of fire-spun tresses, till he made
Vanish the gleaming dew-pearls, worn
By fair-haired dames in earlier morn.

On either side of the Pope ride the bride and bridegroom of the morrow, — Louis and Yolande. The former, full of exultant happiness, sets forth a fine programme of the Italian conquests to which he means to turn his attention as soon as his marriage is consummated, and by virtue of which he expects to reinstate Benedict in Rome. The air is merry

with the tinkling laughter of ladies and the gallant choruses of their cavaliers. They hunt larks with their falcons, they indulge in all manner of brilliant fooling ; only one maiden, and she not the least fair among them, rides quietly and with a heavy heart, feeling herself cruelly separate from all this gladsome world. As soon as they were safe in Château Renard, Nerto had sought another audience with the Pope, told him the sad remainder of her history, and asked him to release her soul in return for the service which she had done him. But Benedict had answered sadly that his jurisdiction did not extend beyond Purgatory, and that he could assist her only by his prayers. He had then solemnly enjoined upon her to make her own life one of expiation in the Benedictine convent of Sainte Césaire at Arles, which she was to enter as soon as the royal marriage was over, and where he could at least dispense her from the necessity of a novitiate, so that she might take her vows without delay. The state and splendor of the wedding journey were not calculated to render obedience easier to poor Nerto ; still, no thought of resistance would ever have entered her meek and child-like soul, had the same not been suggested by a dangerous counselor. Don Roderic had made the first use of his own freedom — for Boucicaud had raised the siege of Avignon as soon as he heard of the Pontiff's escape — to rally with the Provençal nobles to the standard of his uncle. He had overtaken the cavalcade upon the march, presented himself at Nerto's side, to her great amazement, and was proceeding to trouble her sorrowful spirit yet farther, by using his most plausible arguments to dissuade her from her pious purpose : —

"Thou reasonest, Nerto, like a saint,
But surely we are made acquaint,
By what these nightingales would say,
With the true rapture of the May !
'T is to exult, as now they do,
Free on the air, beneath the blue !

¹ A sobriquet bestowed by the Provençal peasants upon the sun, because he regulates the *duration* of the day.

Ah, unto one like me," he said,
 "Shut five long years in fortress dread,
 And heart-sick with the din of war,
 How good to be, as now we are,
 Alive, abroad! Look everywhere: —
 To grazing flocks, how light the care
 Of guardian swain, who none the less
 Capers to each young shepherdess;
 The ploughman whistles loud and sweet
 Along the furrow; where the wheat
 Is green, their toil the weeder's ply
 With laughter, jest, and piercing cry;
 In narrow ways, the muleteer
 Sets all his mule-bells jingling clear;
 In flowery meads the busy mower,
 The fisher basking on the shore,
 The maiden in her farmstead, and
 The huntsman sweeping o'er the land, —
 All come and go, with action rife;
 In all ferments the wine of life!
 Ah, do but listen and attend
 The crepitation without end,
 The gentle buzz and murmur borne
 From whispering reed and growing corn,
 The tinkle of the waterfall
 Where sport the little fishes all, —
 Oh, earth's aglow! her pulse goes fast!
 Under the bark the sap makes haste
 To mount; each blossom holds apart
 A drop of honey in its heart;
 Seeds germinate, and suckers leap,
 And opening buds their beauty steep
 In the great sun-bath, with no trace
 Of death in all their jubilant ways!
 Nay, even they whose eyes abide
 The sun, — the monarch and his bride, —
 Conduct, meseems, in humor gay,
 Love's triumph on this radiant day!

"Come then, we too, to nature's fête,
 We, too, whose nostrils titillate,
 Smit by the blended odors keen
 Of sloe, and thorn, and aubepine."

And so on to more impassioned and specific invitation, until the agitated Nerto ventures timidly to interrupt her bold wooer.

"Nay, rather, Roderic, let us be
 Like skylarks bold, for they," said she,
 "Fly straight to heaven. Yon swallow's wing
 Grazed us but now, and 't is a thing
 Brings always luck; for only list!
 The words he sings are, Jesus Christ!"

All this is very like portions of *Calendau*, but if the sensuous rapture of the earlier poem is never quite attained, *Nerto* is a worthier sister of *Mirèio*, and a far more human and credible creation than the weird enthusiast *Esterello*. The unequal debate of the now acknowl-

edged lovers is interrupted by the arrival of a deputation of the citizens of Arles, who propose to open their city gates to the King and the Pope, provided the former will agree to respect those ancient liberties which Arles has so long maintained under her Lion-standard. Louis makes gracious promises, and the dazzling procession enters the town, horses neighing, banners waving, armor flashing. The celebration of the royal marriage is to be suitably followed by a great show, in the arena, of a fight between four wild bulls from the Camarque and the typical beast of the Arlesian republic, — the live lion, always maintained in the city at the public expense, and unchained only upon occasions of supreme importance and solemnity.

The Lion accordingly gives its name to the fourth canto, which opens in the goodly hostelry of Master Bertrand Boisset, the veritable author of a Provençal chronicle, covering the years between 1376 and 1404. The outside of this famous tavern is dazzling with quick-lime, and all the vessels and cooking implements displayed in the huge kitchen, described with Dutch fidelity, are spick and span, and polished till they shine like mirrors. Here the versatile Bertrand, who is also a land surveyor and a man of letters, as well as a publican, — and has been chosen to present to the king, after the games in the amphitheatre, the address of the senate of Arles, — entertains a large audience of his humbler townsfolk with a minute description of the splendors of the wedding ceremony which he has just witnessed at St. Trophimus. He dwells with great zest on the personal charms of the youthful pair, and the gorgeous costumes of knights, ladies, and ecclesiastics, interrupting his own narrative from time to time by a complacent aside: —

"Basto! èro quancarèn de bèn
 Lou marcarai au cartabèn."

("In fact it was altogether fine! I shall set it down in my note-book!")

He next proceeds to describe the wedding gifts:—

"And then,—what I had nigh forgot,—
Such offerings made! I'm jesting not,—
For Arles bestowed upon the pair
A dozen cups of silver-ware,
Marseilles, a little ship of gold,
The city of Apt gave sweets untold,
And Aix, a chest phenomenal,
And Tarascon, a copy in small
Of its own flag. Fourcalquier
Three loaves of wax,—three mounds, I say!—
And Avignon, a fair trousseau.
Lastly, the crown of all the show,
An embassy of the Three Estates,
Before the royal bridegroom waits,
To pour, like berries in the lap,
A hundred thousand crowns, mayhap,
In tinkling coin!—Pass me the claret!
This thirst,—I can no longer bear it!"

And, thrusting aside somewhat loftily the admiring gossips who besiege his door, Master Bertrand makes his way to the scene of his public and ceremonial duties. No need to say that M. Mistral gives a glowing picture of the circling spectators, or that he describes with power and gusto the conflict of the beasts in the amphitheatre. One by one the formidable bulls of the salt marshes succumb before the greater fury of the unchained lion, but not without inflicting grievous wounds upon the latter. We pass to the catastrophe of the occasion. Left in sole possession of the arena, but dripping with gore, and partially disemboweled, the so-called "king" of Arles pauses for one breathless instant, and then—

with instinct keen
He sniffs a rival on the scene,
Aye, and a worthy. With one spring
He turns on the usurping king.
The crowned beside the newly wed,
Unguarded in that instant dread,
Sat moveless, with unquailing eye
Fixing the beast defiantly,
While at the queen's feet, overpowered
With terror, little Nerto cowered.
Rapidly upward, four by four,
The amphitheatre benches o'er
Clomb the fell monster, till the blast
Of his hot breath upon them past,
But lo! where swirled the folk bereft
Of sense, Roderic of Luna cleft
His way, as lightning falls, and brake

His dagger in the lion's neck!
Drooped the dire snout, and swam the brain
Of the fierce beast,—who tumbled slain.

Then from the coronal of her hair,
Yolande the queen, Yolande the fair,
Gathered, for guerdon of the brave,
A ruby, and to Roderic gave;
And Nerto, as her senses woke,
Heard the wild plaudits of the folk,—
"The king is dead! Long live the king!"
Only the old men, sorrowing,
Said to themselves, "A bitter sign!
Farewell to Trophimus' bark divine!
The Lion dies, the Dolphin lives,
The commonwealth its doom receives!"
But none the less the maids and boys
Their tambourines beat with merry noise,
And little King Louis turned the while
And murmured with triumphant smile
Before the seneschal George de Marle,
"Now am I truly King of Arles!"

This agitating scene was, of course, little calculated to calm Nerto's rebellious pulses and reconcile her to the tremendous sacrifice of the morrow. Through all the fevered night which intervened between the royal bridal and her own solemn espousals to Heaven, she sees only the figure of Roderic in the stately guise of her deliverer from a dreadful death,— "in an orange doublet, black-shod, with tall plumes upon his helmet, like the Archangel Michael." One moment she bids him in her heart an impassioned farewell; the next, he passes before her like a vision far away, shining in the splendor of his high deeds, but with a dagger always in his heart,— a dagger from her own three-bladed escutcheon of Chateau Renard.

Spent with spiritual conflict, she half consoles herself at last with the thought that her days in the convent may at least be spent in prayer for Roderic; and so the night passes, and the fifth canto, entitled *The Nun*, opens with dawn, to the ringing of convent bells.

Very onomatopœically they are made to ring in the verse of the *félibre*, with plaintive musical changes on *balalan*, *balalin*, and *balalon*, which it would be hopeless to attempt reproducing by our sturdy English ding-dong. Trembling like a leaf before the gale, Nerto essays

her meditation in the chapel, while the long-robed sisters come and go, and the cage is made ready for the hapless bird :

The convent corridors along,
Surged hither and yon a pious throng,
For Mother Abbess and her maids
To-day have well-nigh lost their heads,
Because the Pontiff and the King
And Queen, with all their following,
Are coming, — the cross before them borne, —
In grand procession on this morn,
To see assume her veil and vows
That daughter of a noble house,
Fair Nerto, of Chateau Renard.

Lo, on the instant, here they are.
Wide fly the ancient convent gates,
And the glad sunshine penetrates
Victoriously both parlor and grille,
Following the courtly people, till
Through all the pallid halls it flows.
With folded palms, in double rows,
Kneel the still nuns, as they assemble,
Eyes meekly bent, and hearts a-tremble,
To hear the wailing viol-strain,
Voicing at once the parting pain
And joy of the God-given maid.
But little Nerto, in the shade,
Weeps wildly still, while Queen-Yolande
And Louis the King her sponsors stand,
While one by one the candles flare,
While two by two the nuns repair,
To close her from the world apart.
Aye, death is at the maiden's heart,
Who listens the decree to hear
Of her unending penance drear.

That decree is pronounced by Benedict in person, before whom the stately abbess, Dame Barrale, bows until her forehead touches the ground. Then follows the Aspersion. Incense rises, and the chanting of psalms proceeds, while the soft hands of Nerto's holy attendants remove one by one the articles of her worldly attire. But when she feels the icy touch of the shears upon her neck, she cries aloud, praying that her beautiful tresses may at least be hung up in the chapel of Sainte Césaire, as an offering above the altar of her own patroness, the Virgin Mother.

"Oh farewell, springtime! and farewell,
Fair curls of gold I loved too well,
And in my sixteen summers' pride
So all exultingly untied
And combed them in the gold of morn
And bound them like a sheaf of corn!
Ah, if I kiss my curls," — wept she,
"The Blessed Virgin will pardon me!"

Curls of a lamb too early fleeced,
No more by sunshine to be kissed,
To float upon the breeze no more
With quivering rings, and 'broidered o'er
Their silly silk with mountain flowers!
'T is childish, but the thought o'erpowers
And breaks my heart! Leave me alone
To weep one moment! Now, 't is done!
Now, tie with weights the fluttering wing
Of the Provençal lark! and sing,
Sing, happy birds, o'er field and hill,
Nor ever heed her silent trill!
My merry mates, leave not for me
The violet and the strawberry
Ungathered, where the bright Réal
Slips o'er its pebbles musical!
My little greyhound, who didst come
With me to Arles, — an early doom
Is thine, for thou mayhap wilt die
Of sorrow and pining, long ere I,
Smothered in cloister-glooms and wed
To the sad crucifix instead,
Attain the death for which I wait, —
Ah, pity my distressful fate!"

If this piercing lament was really articulate, it was drowned in the rolling bass of the organ, and the awesome rite proceeded to its close. The queen kissed her tenderly and presented her with an exquisite *Livre d'Heures*, with gold fleur-de-lys on the cover, and dainty illuminations from the master-hand of Brother Béranger of Mont-Majour, and the court folk went their way, murmuring that it was the will of God, no doubt, but that it was really a pity to see so young and beautiful a creature in the Benedictine dress.

Simultaneously, however, at the sign of the Sword, — the hostelry of a little village on the plain below the convent, — the "*diable à quatre*" was presiding over the revelries of sundry red-capped and knife-girt Catalan ruffians, hired by Roderic of Luna to be ready at curfew for whatever service he might choose to impose on them. The hour strikes, the tavern-lights are extinguished, and the band, armed with hatchets and scaling-ladders, creep noiselessly under the walls of Sainte-Césaire, which form on one side a part of the boundary of that most ancient cemetery of Arles, — the Aliscamp, or Elysii Campi: —

Now was the hour when the nuns break
Their slumber, and arise, and take

Into the shadowy church their way,
 Where by the lamps' uncertain ray,
 Each one within her dusky stall,
 They chant the midnight office all,
 And, heavy-eyed with slumber, there
 Perform their allotted task of prayer.—
 God ! What is this ? With sudden shock
 The doors are smit, the doors are broke : —
 'T is Roderic ! that warrior bold
 Become a spoiler of the fold ;
 And " 'Ware the wolf ! " his accents boom ;
 " Who calls the Devil ? He is come ! "
 Close on his heels, his band accurst
 Into the sacred shadow burst,
 Red-beretted, with elf-locks brown,
 And mantles o'er their shoulders thrown.
 By holy Maximus, I swear
 The sudden trance of horror there
 Was as if earth had yawned, and shown
 The dead folk in their sleep of stone !
 The fascinate nuns, like turtle-doves
 When the fierce hawk above them moves,
 Wait ; but the eye of Roderic
 Hath fallen on her he came to seek ;
 And with one leap he gains the altar.
 " Oh help us Thou, good Lord ! " 'gan falter
 The Abbess with upraised eyes ; — but he,
 Thrusting her off disdainfully,
 Gathers the half inanimate child
 And flies, — yet flying murmurs mild
 " 'T is only I ! " — and, at the door, —
 " Fear nothing, darling, any more ! "

If you had seen what ensued in the church, remarks the poet dryly, you would know why the devil is sometimes called *Catalan*. The townspeople were promptly alarmed, however, and hurried to avenge the outrage, so that before Roderic had cleared the Aliscamp with his prize, he heard the tumult of a general fray behind him, and was fain to deposit Nerto under the tomb of Roland, — for the hero of Roncevalles is buried there, — while he returned to rally and bring off his band. And then we have a picture of that immemorial home of the dead, which is one of the most impressive in the poem : —

Far below Arles in those old days
 Spread that miraculous burial-place, —
 The Aliscamp of history,
 With legend fraught, and mystery,
 All full of tombs and chapels thrust,
 And hilly with heaps of human dust.
 This is the legend ever told : —
 When good St. Trophimus of old
 The ground would consecrate, not one
 Of all the congregation
 Of fathers met, so meek they were,

Dared sprinkle the holy water there.
 Then, ringed about with cloud and flam
 Of angels, out of heaven came
 Our Lord himself to bless the spot,
 And left, — if the tale erreth not, —
 The impress of his bended knee
 Rock-graven. Howso this may be,
 Full oft a swarm of angels white
 Bends hither, on a tranquil night,
 Singing celestial harmonies.
 Wherefore the spot so holy is,
 No man would slumber elsewhere ;
 But hither kings and priests repair,
 And here, earth's poor, — and every one
 Hath here his deep-wrought funeral-stone
 Or pinch of dust from Palestine ;
 The powers of hell in vain combine
 'Gainst happy folk in slumber found
 Under the cross, in that old ground.
 And all along the river clear,
 With silver laid upon the bier
 For burial fees, men launched and sped
 Upon the wave their kinsfolk dead
 Who longed in Aliscamp to lie ;
 Then, as the coffins floated by,
 Balancing on the waters bright,
 All sailors turned them at the sight,
 And helped the little skiffs ashore,
 And signed the cross the sleepers o'er,
 And, kneeling under the willow-trees,
 Piously prayed for their souls' peace.

Roused from her half-swoon by the din of ungodly conflict among the graves, Nerto returned to a terrified consciousness of what had befallen her. Stung by shame and anguish, she then contrived to slip away between the tombs and chapels and make her escape into the open country, so that when Roderic, having beaten off his assailants with no little bloodshed, returned to the tomb of Roland, it was to find his precious prey no longer there.

In Canto VI., — The Angel, — M. Mistral recurs to the style of the *legende pieuse*, in which, as the readers of Mirièu may remember, he has frequently made experiments. One of these, — the tale of the sinless shepherd among the mountains, who had forgotten even his prayers, he had been so long in the desert, and who had no worse crime to reveal to the holy recluse who confessed him at the last than that of having once thrown a stone at a bird, — was peculiarly happy. It had all the artlessness and verity, the exquisite form and per-

fume, of one of the *Fioretti* of St. Francis. We have a suspicion that it was a favorite with the author himself, and may have suggested to him the idea of amplifying a similar conception into the tale of the solitary with whom Nerto found refuge. If so, we must express our preference for the earlier and more naïf story, although there is no little beauty of detail in the later one.

Nerto, then, flies to the hills, and, after wandering all night, is led, in the early morning, by the tinkling of a small bell, to a tiny church and hermitage buried among deep woods, whence a white-bearded recluse comes forth to greet her. To this holy man she does not hesitate to tell her whole sorrowful story, which he hears with unfeigned interest and sympathy. He gives her food, he bids her rest, and after that, they sit side by side under the trees for nearly the whole of the long summer morning, and have much edifying and sweet discourse together. The hermit dwells at length on the happiness of all God's little creatures with whom he had become familiar in the wild, and when poor Nerto passionately calls his attention to the difference between their lots and hers, he is moved to so keen a compassion, that he confides to her the great and solemn secret of his life in the wilderness, whereby he is not without hope of finding a remedy even for her piteous case: —

“These white-stemmed trees, these boughs of thorn

So beautifully above us borne,
Are holy to St. Gabriel ; —
A dove-cote, where he maketh dwell
Marvelous, pure visions of himself.
The chapel upon yon rocky shelf,
Mid lavender set, and grasses tall,
The title bears, majesticall,
Of him who hailed in other days
Our Blessed Lady full of grace.
Look, where he smiles in marble o'er
The carven lintel of the door !
Thereon are storied all his deeds.
Daniel the prophet here he feeds,
And yonder draggeth by the hair
The prophet Habakkuk. How they glare
Upon the saint, those lions twain !

Ah, glorious Gabriel, not in vain
Our fathers, in the time gone by,
Set thee to guard eternally
The gates of that great mountain-world
Which gleams above us, dew-impearled,
While in St. Michael's tutelage
Our sires of the departed age
Placed all the lesser hills below.
Their gleaming blades, associate so,
An arch o'er all the heavens extend
And guard the land from end to end.

“The years are long, my poor, dear child,
That I have tarried in this wild ;
And sure my pillow of stone is rough ;
But, never, never so enough
So fast doth ripen folly's fruit
When one lives isolate and mute !
I bound myself to Christ, and he
Returned the slave his liberty.
I shut me in the leafy shade,
A vow to holy Gabriel made,
And now, for fifty summers bright,
I am the archangel's anchorite.

“Who gives himself, thrice blessed is he,
For Heaven restores abundantly !
Who dips in heaven's unsounded tide
Shall ever more be satisfied !
Once then, at Yule, — a bitter day,
Weather for wolves, as people say, —
No food had I ; all had been given, —
(If this be pride, forgive me Heaven
For saying so !) — I had made dole,
To a poor beggar, of the whole ;
When lo, toward midday, I discerned
A red rose-light aloft that burned,
A light like the reflection cast
From some great fire ; I rose and passed
And rang my angelus bell, and clomb
The mountain-path, in hope to come
Where I might see this meteor plain ;
But ere the summit I could gain
There dawned out of the deepening light
A most serene, resplendent sight ; —
Himself, — the Archangel ! Human speech
His gracious aspect may not reach ;
His smile fell on the heart like balm ;
And in a voice of golden calm,
'Who prays, must also eat,' he said :
'See, I have brought thee angels' bread !
And may our Lord, and may his power,
Be ever with thee from this hour !' —
So vanished like a star ; but aye
At noon, since then, he draweth nigh
Each blessed day, and leaveth here
A basket of celestial cheer.
Oh bread of God ! Oh favor sweet !
I am unfit, unfit !”

It is, however, to his heavenly visitant that the hermit proposes to refer Nerto's cruel case, and both are full of hope that Gabriel may devise some way to save her. At midday, therefore, leaving

the maid in earnest prayer below, the hermit makes his customary ascent, and awaits his daily vision. How dazzling, yet how dreamy, is the picture of the summer noon! —

All through the still, unclouded day
The midges waltz their idle way,
The thyme and rosemary outpour,
From fairy bells, a honied store
To win the wanton butterfly;
And the slim lizards basking lie
Upon the pebbles, drunk with heat,
While sunward mounts a perfume sweet
And sacred, as of incense-smoke;
The spells of the mirage evoke
Afair the outlines of the land,
And hill and plain uplifted stand;
Yet on the mountain's outmost spur
The cowléd saint and worshiper
Stands tranced, and sees not any more
The things of earth; but, hovering o'er,
Breaks on his wakeful spirit's ken
A shape unseen by other men; —
Two long white wings extended clear
In the translucent atmosphere,
Quivering as canvas pinions do
Of ships, and melting in the blue.

The Angel spake: "And who is she,
The so young sister whom I see
In prayer below?" With bended head,
"A poor, afflicted maiden," said
The hermit, "who my promise hath
To save her from the Demon's wrath."

As when o'er water, bright as glass
The shadow of a swift cloud doth pass,
So darkened Gabriel's aspect clear.
"Handful of dust!" he spoke severe,
"Shut away in thy desert lone,
How knowest that thou hast held thy own
Against the master of all deceit?
Barely thou savest thyself! And yet
Thou wilt save others! Feeble reed!
Ah, pitiable and poor indeed!" —
And the strong spirit starward shook
His pinions, and the earth forsook.

There was possibly no other course for the anchorite, after receiving this terrible rebuff, but to scurry away to poor Nerto, bemoaning his mistake and beseeching her to depart from him; still, there is an effect of *lâcheté* about such a proceeding which lowers him hopelessly in the reader's estimation. In response to Nerto's piteous inquiry, where she can now take refuge, he directs her to the village of Laurado on the plain below, where he advises her to

"ask hospitality," and, on the strength of what she may receive, to make her way to a shrine of the Madonna hard by, Nosto Damo di Castén (Our Lady of the Castle), and present her petition there. Then, after naming a long list of saints, whose invisible company he hopes she may have upon her travels, he allows her to depart.

This brings us to the seventh and last canto, which bears the ominous title of *Lon Diable*. It opens with the wrath of Roderic, who, when he finds that Nerto has escaped him, invokes the Evil One, if ever he (Roderic) has done him good service in bygone days, to assist him to recapture her, and give her wholly into his power. Cifér responds promptly that he can well do so, for the thirteen years of Baron Pons' impious compact are exactly expired, and on the ensuing night the child's soul will inevitably fall into his hand. Moreover, he adds that she is now abandoned and astray in the neighborhood of Laurado, the hamlet to which the solitary had directed her; wherefore he proposes presently to produce an enchanted palace in that region (*un castalet tout alesi — un petit château meublé*), with distinct apartments for each of the seven deadly sins, whither Roderic, having found Nerto, shall conduct her, and the rest, under the Devil's immediate auspices, will be easily arranged. We are then told how it was that Roderic, a man of generous nature, and the son of an honorable and pious line, came to be on such intimate terms with the master of all ill.

In the Avignonese Vatican there was, necessarily, a vast collection of heretical literature, and Roderic had whiled away the tedious months of the siege by rummaging amongst it, very much to his soul's detriment.

There was forbidden fruit in store!
Mysterious parchments, occult lore,
The vain imaginings of that pair
The Greater and Lesser Albert. There
The theses doomed of heresy,

Tomes of black-art and sorcery, —
 Such as Agrippa's. Books that tell
 The rules for philter and for spell,
 Talmud and Cabala, and the Niere
 Of witch-world, and its Sabbath dire,
 Philosopher's stone, and Solomon's key,
 And Hermes upon alchemy.
 All lying systems, man-devised,
 All blasphemies anathematized,
 The arsenal of that Ancient One
 The lord of evil, lying prone
 Before the victorious crucifix.
 For as the waters of earth all mix
 In mother ocean, flows again
 To mother-church all lore of men.

Unhallowed studies such as these had gradually corrupted Roderic's mind, and left him small power of resistance to the wiles of Cifer, who on his part considered a pope's nephew, or even an anti-pope's, worthy an extraordinary exercise of his power. The palace, therefore, which he reared in a night, to be the theatre of Nerto's fall, was of marvelous if bizarre magnificence : —

Nigh unto Gabriel's holy wood
 The sudden-conjured castle stood.
 A green peninsula in the waste
 Around Laurado saw amazed
 The vision of its fantastic towers,
 Conceived in other form than ours,
 Or than the Goth's, — but likening more
 The heathen Moor's, — all diapered o'er
 With tiles of gold, and tiles of jet,
 And crimson tiles, in order set;
 With airy arches, linked as if
 By drapery of the clover-leaf,
 While virevolte and arabesque fair
 Ran dazzling riot everywhere.
 Like writhing serpents when they rear,
 The slender, twisted shafts appear;
 A mazy dance of devils small
 Encircles every capital;
 From carven angles, dragon-wise
 The gargoyles leap, — and minarets rise
 O'er-topped by Islam's crescent-sign
 Goring with horns the blue divine.
 Moreover, every wall displayed
 A cunning Moorish frieze, inlaid
 With barbarous characters that writ
 A mystic meaning over it.
 And o'er the topmost magic tower,
 Rude-wrought with foliage and flower
 In bronze and gold, and gleaming down
 O'er leagues of land, there hung a crown, —
 Each leaf, a mask right horrible, —
 A very cauldron-lid of hell!
 Below are labyrinthine glades,
 With zigzag paths among the shades;
 But whosoever treads the same
 Is lost. He hears an evil name

Whispered about the boskage, — sees
 Funeral plants and tortured trees,
 And flowers unknown whose odor dense
 Mounts cloud-like, dulling all the sense.

Inducted into the possession of this ill-omened pleasure-house, Roderic roams for a while about the seven great halls, respectively dedicated to the indulgence of Pride, Envy, Avarice, Gluttony, Luxury, Rage, and Sloth, all of whose appurtenances are fully and vividly described. He had half hoped to find Nerto within, but the place is empty, and a feeling of languor and disgust creeps over him, which drives him forth again, to watch outside in the falling twilight for her coming. He has not long to wait : —

Flying the forest's deepening shade,
 Fear at her heart, the little maid
 Crept by the border of the fen.
 The lily of Hades, leaping then
 Forth of the ooze, her greenery spread
 Silently o'er the waters dead,
 And her great blossoms did unfold
 As moonlight, — colorless and cold.
 Through tangled marrish grasses there
 Struggled the typhas to upbear
 Their brimming cups; — but she, the child,
 Whither to turn, in such a wild?
 Suddenly, all ablaze with light,
 The castle breaks upon her sight;
 And, as the mirror lures the lark,
 Or the moth seeks the candle-spark,
 Thither she flies. From windows wide
 Pours o'er the dark a luminous tide
 Sparkling with wavelets green and red;
 And, from the roof-tree overhead,
 Changing, and pulsing bubble-wise,
 A fire-dome swells into the skies."

The momentary relief and rapture of Nerto, when Roderic comes forth from this strange house to welcome her, assures her that it is his house for the time being, and draws her in, is followed by a corresponding revulsion of horror when the truth dawns upon her, and she realizes that on this fatal night, of all others, she has been lured into a stronghold of her infernal foe. Gathering courage from despair, she firmly resists her lover's impassioned solicitations, and when the Enemy himself rises between them, triumphantly claiming her father's forfeit, she exhorts Roderic to give him

battle while she prays. They can but die together, she says, and it may be that for a sinless love no place will be found in hell. Thus inspired, Roderic lifts his cross-hilted sword, and a terrific conflict ensues, closed by a shock of whirlwind and the falling of a thunder-bolt which entirely consumes both castle and combatants, leaving only what may still be seen there, — the image of a praying nun in stone.

The epilogue of the poem remains, in which we are invited to return to the cell of the discomfited anchorite. It is satisfactory to know that he had received no angel-visits since the day when, in selfish panic lest he should lose the labor of years for the safety of his own soul, he had driven poor little Nerto from his door. The fourth morning finds him plunged in deepest dejection, as well as nearly famished through the failure of his angelic supplies; nevertheless he makes shift to climb the mountain as usual, and there the accustomed vision is once more vouchsafed. The prostrate reverence of the hermit is indulgently received by the archangel, who relates, for the benefit of the trembling saint, the blessed dénouement of Nerto's history. In brief, the faith and constancy of the nun, combined with the desperate valor of the knight in that final encounter, had sufficed to rout the demon, and for three days now there had been feasts and rejoicing in Paradise over the final rescue and mystical union of the lovers. "Glory to God!" sings the hermit generously, and with the promptitude of a class-leader, "but now tell me truly, most glorious patron, why did you repulse me so cruelly three days ago?" and the archangel is absolutely obliged to explain to this obtuse penitent that he needed a lesson in humility! After this, and very gracefully, the poet closes and dedicates his romance in his proper person —

If haply some day, reader bland,
Thou voyagest through St. Gabriel's land,

Caring for aught that might avail
To prove the truth of this my tale,
There in the levels fair with corn
Thou shalt behold my nun forlorn,
Bearing upon her marble brow
Lucifer's lightning mark. But now,
Mute as a milestone. All these years
The murmur of budding life she hears;
And the white snails for coolness hide
Her rigid vesture-folds inside,
Mint-perfumed; while about her feet
The shadow turns, the seasons fleet,
And everything beneath the sun
Changes, except the lonely nun.
Mute, said I? Nay, the whisper goes
That here, when high midsummer glows,
There breathes, at noon, a dulcet tone.
Lay then thine ear against the stone,
And, if thou hearest aught at all,
'T will be the hymn angelical.

St. Gabriel hath, not far away,
An ancient, small basilica;
Sorrowful, as it would appear,
Because for now so many a year
No Christian footstep thither goes,
But there the guardian olive grows,
And, in the archivolt of the door,
St. Gabriel, — kneeling as of yore, —
Says Ave to Our Lady, while
The snaky author of all guile,
Twining around the knowledge-tree,
Lures from their primal innocence
Adam and Eve. A silent place:
The careless hind upon his ways
Mayhap salutes the Queen Divine,
But sets no candle at her shrine.
Only the blessed plants of God,
Among the courtyard stones untrod,
In fissures of the massy wall,
Between the roof-tiles, over all,
Take root and beautifully bloom,
And in the heat their wild perfume
Rises like altar-incense. There
God's tiny living creatures fare;
Flutter the chickens of St. John;
Butterflies light and waver on;
Among the grass-blades, mute and lean
The *mantis* kneels; the rifts between
Of the high roof-ridge, hides the bee
His honey-hoard right busily;
Neath gauzy wings, the livelong day
The innocent cicalas play
One only silver tune; — and these
Are as the parish families
Who throng the door, and tread the choir
Evermore gilt by sunshine. Higher
In window-niches, with the wind
For organ-bass, the sparrows find
Their place, and emulously swell
The *laudo* of that good Gabriel
Who saves them from the hawk. And I,
Maillano's minstrel, passing by
Thy widowed church this very day,
Did enter in, and softly lay, —
O Gabriel of Tarascon! —

Upon thy altar this my song :
A simple tale, new come to light,
And only with thy glory bright.

It is perhaps fortunate that the exigencies of the new Provençal poetry do not demand an argument as the indispensable adjunct of a narrative poem ; for it might be a little difficult clearly to define the moral position and bearing upon the action of the tale of Benedict, or Cifèr, or the hermit, or even the angelic patron himself. That a love with so very large and frank an admixture of earth as that of Roderic and Nerto should be a more powerful antidote to the venom of original evil than word of pope, or prayer of saint, or even the intervention of one of the highest officers of the celestial hierarchy, cannot surely be the lesson which a believer of M. Mistral's earnestly professed orthodoxy intended to convey. Yet this appears to be the gist of the poem, and we know — on the authority of its altogether serious and sententious prologue — that it lay very much upon his heart, whether primarily or as an after-thought, to render the story of Nerto instructive as well as entertaining. Can it be that the prologue is by way of an apology ?

But why tease a poet, even a professedly pious one, for a specific moral ? Nerto has no pretension to rank with a great Satanic epic like *Paradise Lost*, nor with a great Satanic allegory like *Faust*. It even suffers a little, we think, by comparison with a natural, straightforward story of superstition and sorrow, like *Jasmin's Françonette*. But the old sweetness is here, a good deal of the old richness in rusticity, the old mobility and variety, almost, occasionally, the old *élan*. If the idea more than once recurs that the note of *naïveté* has been pressed until the string has become a little worn and the vibrations thin, there are still many passages in every canto of Nerto whose inspiration is drawn from none of the literatures with which

the reading world is familiar, if from any literature at all. The poem has been warmly received in Paris. The critic who first likened it to an illuminated missal had perhaps unconsciously in mind one of that new variety which M. Renan proposes to compile ; yet the poem does resemble an illumination — and one of the best days of that art — in the soft brightness of its coloring, the beauty of its bird and flower decoration, and the childish yet graphic drawing of its figures, no less than in the artless and abrupt succession of its incidents, and in a certain lack of perspective and of atmosphere.

To the form of the verse, — though managed, it is needless to say, by M. Mistral with the ease of a master in rhyme, — we have not been able fully to reconcile ourselves. The short step of what, in the absence of a more precise term, we must call the iambic tetrameter, that octosyllabic measure adopted by Chaucer from the old romances of chivalry and formed by him, illustrated by Milton, abused by Butler, revived by Byron and re-polished by William Morris, is, in spite of old Provençal precedent, far better suited to the manly genius of our own language than to the slipshod grace of the modern Provençal. We miss the long undulating *linè*s and affluent double and triple endings of the verse of *Mirèio* and *Calendau*. The double ending, as employed in Nerto, seems even to entangle and impede the forward movement of the phrase, as the gait may be impeded by a too full drapery ; and it is a sore trial to the translator, who, in essaying to turn the thought into a language so much poorer than the original in feminine rhymes and fluent polysyllables, is almost compelled, in some instances, to fill out the verse by a multiplication of epithets.

The wealth of the poet's vocabulary, as displayed both in the Provençal narrative and in his own parallel French

version, remains a wonder and a despair. French men of letters are the foremost to admire M. Mistral's inexhaustible store and ingenious employment of rare

and curious French words. They say that he baffles their best philologists at times, and taxes the resources of M. Littré himself.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE EMBRYO OF A COMMONWEALTH.

THAT the governments and laws of nations, to be permanent, must result from long years of steady growth is among the most impressive of the lessons of history. Ready-made constitutions, revolutionary empires and republics alike, perish as suddenly as they arise. They cannot withstand the strain of faction or the shock of war. Nothing reaches great age that rushes quickly to maturity.

To this general law, however, there is apparently an exception. The American people are not unusually credited with having suddenly invented the written constitution. And certainly the rapid conception and adoption of this idea in the last century, and the stability which the governments then founded have since shown, may well seem an anomaly in history. Yet such can hardly be the fact, for Americans are subject to the same general laws that regulate the rest of mankind; and accordingly, in point of fact, it will appear on investigation that they have worked out their destiny slowly and painfully, as others have before them; and that, far from cutting the knot of their difficulties by a stroke of inventive genius, they earned their success by clinging tenaciously to what they had. Their political genius did not lie in sudden inspiration, but in the conservative and at the same time flexible habit of mind which enabled them to adapt the institutions they had known and tested as colonists to their new position as an independent people. The germ of the written con-

stitution is very ancient, and appears to have existed at the dawn of English history; and the process by which this germ has developed, with the lapse of ages, into the organic law of the American republics is a most curious and interesting example of the growth of political and legal conceptions.

The Middle Ages were times of violence. Speaking generally, oppression was the accepted condition of society, and no man not noble had the right in theory or the power in practice to do anything he might want to do, without the consent of his feudal superior. When such a state of things exists, the only hope for the weak is to combine; and so it has resulted that pretty much all the early triumphs of freedom have been won by combinations of commons against some noble, or by combinations of nobles against a king.

For the peasantry, indeed, such combination has always been difficult; but it was easy for the burghers of the towns who were harassed by the neighboring barons, and from the outset they seem instinctively to have united for their common defense, and thus was born the mediæval guild.

Generally there are but two ways in which men can get from others anything of value. They can fight for it, or they can buy it. Apparently the ancient townsmen were not commonly strong enough to take what they wanted by force, though, to do them justice, they not infrequently tried the experiment, so they usually resorted to purchase;

they agreed with their lord upon a price which they were to pay for a privilege, and in return for their money received a grant, which, because it was written, was called a charter.

The following charter of the Merchants' Guild of Leicester is very early, and, of course, in very simple form. Yet it is interesting, for it shows that the corporation of Leicester existed at the Conquest, and must have held property in succession, made contracts, and been liable to suit, through two reigns. It presupposes that there could be no doubt as to the customs of the town, which are therefore not enumerated.

"Robert, Earl of Mellent, to Ralph, and all his barons, French and English, of all his land in England, greeting. Know ye, that I have granted to my merchants of Leicester their Guild Merchant, with all customs which they held in the time of King William, of King William his son, and now hold in the time of Henry the King. Witness

"R. THE SON OF ALCITIL."

Such was the ancient charter. The corporate existence was recognized, and that was all. But, necessarily, the early like the modern corporation must have had succession, the power to sue and be sued, to make contracts, and to hold property. These functions were always exercised as a matter of course. It was not till after several centuries that lawyers learned, by observing these customary companies, what powers were necessary for every such association. Gradually, as time elapsed, the charter grew more elaborate; until at last it came to pass that the existence of no new corporation was recognized unless it received from the king a written grant of every power it was to exercise. Thus it has always been with the common law. A custom grows up from the needs of the people, this custom is recognized by the courts, then the custom is forgotten and the rigid rule of law remains, which in its turn is modified by legislation.

Still, many prescriptive corporations exist in England, the most remarkable among them being the city of London, which, though it has received innumerable charters from different kings, has never been regularly incorporated by any single grant.

A word or two is necessary about the Merchants' Guild which was granted by the Earl of Mellent to his merchants of Leicester. It was an association of the townsmen to promote their common welfare. All traders were called merchants in those days; and traders were almost necessarily land owners, to the extent at least of their own dwellings. Thus, at first, the guild seems to have practically included all the townsmen, and the guild hall became the place where town business was transacted; thus, gradually, the guild corporation became the town corporation, and the recognized government of the borough. The town hall of London, for example, is still called Guild Hall. The guild was originally a popular institution; but in the course of centuries its character changed. Membership became a valuable privilege, and grew to depend on birth, purchase, marriage, or election; so that at last the corrupt condition of these corporations, possessing as they did the right of returning members to parliament, actually threatened a revolution in England, and culminated in the agitation which led to the Reform Bill.

As it was with the merchant guild, so it was with the craft guild. Each trade banded together for its own protection, — the weavers, the grocers, the mercers, the goldsmiths, the tailors, and so on through the whole list; and they too, from being popular associations formed to protect the weak against the strong, became by degrees an aristocracy as oppressive as that which they were originally meant to resist.

It is beside the object of this article, however, to go into the history of mediæval guilds and boroughs, interesting

as the subject is. What we are concerned with is the trading company, which was an offshoot of the guilds, and intended to give protection to Englishmen trading abroad. Obviously, some such association was necessary; for if property was insecure within the realm, it was far more so without. Indeed, the position of English merchants of the fourteenth century domiciled on the continent was not unlike, so far as safety goes, that of those Europeans who now garrison the so-called factories upon the coast of Africa.

It is impossible to learn when such companies were first established. At the Conquest, the Hanse merchants had a house in London, which afterward became famous as the Steel-Yard. These Germans lived a singular life, a mixture of that spent by the trader, the soldier, and the monk. Their warehouse was a fortress constantly exposed to attack by the ferocious mob, and occasionally taken and sacked. Shut up within, they were subject to a discipline of more than military rigor. Not only were they forbidden to marry, but they were never allowed to pass a single night without the gates, nor was any woman, even a servant, permitted within the walls. For many years they appear to have pretty much monopolized the carrying trade; in later days they became a recognized guild of London, had their hall, and took part in the city shows; it was not till the end of the thirteenth century that Englishmen seem to have had the enterprise to attempt foreign commerce themselves.

About 1296, certain London mercers are said to have obtained a grant of privileges, from the Duke of Brabant, and to have established a wool exporting house at Antwerp. Obviously, the permission of the Flemish government was necessary to enable them to trade in that capital, but it seems hardly possible even at the outset that they could have maintained themselves without some kind of recognition from the authorities at home.

Although domiciled abroad, they were English merchants, and they must have relied principally upon the protection of England and English law. No very early documents remain by which this fact can be proved, but the elaborate charter granted in 1463 by Edward IV. shows that the company had been recognized as a corporation for many years previously. In it the king confirms the existing governor in his office, and also the laws and regulations then in force. He gives the governor and company jurisdiction over all merchants and mariners trading to those parts, and empowers them to regulate the trade and exercise control over the traders. In fact, the same revolution had taken place here as in the guild. The company had been organized, for mutual protection, by all the Englishmen who sailed to Flanders with merchandise, and every man who chose to join was welcomed as a member, since numbers added to their strength. Once established and strong enough to feel secure, the popular brotherhood, which had now taken the name of Merchant Adventurers, became a monopoly, claiming exclusive privileges, restricting its own numbers, and ruthlessly oppressing outsiders. How intolerable their rule became is shown by a curious petition which was presented to Parliament in 1497. It was a protest against the exactions of these Merchant Adventurers, and alleged that the company made all outsiders trading to Holland and Flanders pay a fine of £40 (a large sum of money in those days), whereas by their first charter, which the petitioners stated was granted in 1406, any one might join the fraternity by paying one old noble or about 6s. 8d. Whereupon Parliament seems to have made a compromise, as usual, and enacted that in future no trader should have to pay more than 10 marks, or £6 13s. 4d.

During the Middle Ages all society tended strongly toward aristocracy and

monopoly, and trading companies shared in the general movement. The world moved slowly. We can hardly realize how little change a century wrought in public institutions, or in habits of life, five hundred years ago. Supposing the Merchant Adventurers to have been organized about 1300, no other company comes into notice till near 1400, during which time also no trace remains of the progress of the Adventurers themselves. The sixteenth century, however, was at hand. With it came the great awakening when Europe broke into new life, and the world was shaken with a new energy. Trade shared in the impulse, and fresh enterprises were started on every side.

In 1554, Philip and Mary incorporated the Russia Company in regular modern form, with all the technical legal verbiage. In 1581, the Turkey Company was organized. In 1599, that greatest of all trading enterprises, the East India Company, received its charter; and, to come directly to what concerns us, in 1628, or the fourth year of King Charles I., the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England came into existence.¹

The company of Massachusetts Bay was organized in the form of a trading corporation, just as the Merchant Adventurers, the Turkey, or the East India Company had been organized. This as a legal proposition does not seem to be open to dispute.² At the same time, nothing can be more certain than that the enthusiasts who settled at Boston came to America with no idea of gain. They came here, on the contrary, abandoning all worldly advantages, to found a religious republic, in a land so far from England that they thought themselves unlikely to be disturbed. Nevertheless, the form in which the British government gave its sanction to their

¹ Massachusetts is chosen because for my purpose some one colony must be taken as an example, and Massachusetts happens to be the most convenient.

emigration was as an association of Englishmen going to a foreign country for the purpose of trade, and taking with them the authority necessary to enforce order among themselves, just as the Merchant Adventurers had done centuries before in Flanders, and as the East India Company was then doing in Hindostan.

Nobody can doubt this fact who will make a very slight examination of the old charters, which vary from one another only in details, and are evidently drawn up upon the same model. How the lawyers of that day viewed the question is also quite clear. It was the duty of the law officers of the crown to draw up a short memorandum of the substance of any document needing the king's signature, so that he might know what was before him. This memorandum was called the king's docket, and was attached to the instrument. The material portion of the king's docket of the Massachusetts charter is as follows:—

"Incorporating them also by the name of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England in America, with such other clauses for ye electing of Governors and Officers here in England for ye said Company, and powers to make laws and ordinances for settling ye government and magistracy for ye plantation there, and with such exemptions from Customs and Impositions and some [such ?] other privileges as were originally granted to the Council aforesaid and are usually allowed to Corporations in England."

The docket is signed by the solicitor general, Sir Richard Sheldon. His opinion is therefore clear enough. He advised the king that the charter submitted to him was one in ordinary form, incorporating a company in England who proposed to establish plantations or

² See a very able paper by Mr. Charles Deane, published in *Proceedings of Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Dec., 1869, p. 173, in which the point is demonstrated.

trading posts in America for commerce, just as other merchants were then establishing them in India, or like those afterward built by the Hudson Bay Company.

It was because their position was legally false that the colonists fell into most of their political difficulties with the authorities at home. As already pointed out, their object was to establish a religious republic in America. The king, however, had sanctioned nothing of the kind, and it is at once interesting and instructive to contrast the machinery with which they had provided themselves with that which they were actually compelled to use.

The machinery of the charter is simple, and comes to little more than this: The general court of the company, which was composed of the freemen, or, in modern language, stockholders, was to meet once a quarter; and this general court was empowered to choose the governor and assistants (president and directors), and pass such laws as were necessary for the prosecution of the objects of the corporation, that is, for the regulation of their business and the maintenance of order at their factories in America, as the Merchant Adventurers had been doing for centuries.

This was the extent of what they were legally empowered to do. What they actually did do, and indeed what circumstances forced them to do, was something quite different and altogether more comprehensive; and by exceeding their legal powers they worked a forfeiture of their charter at the outset.

Blackstone says (vol. i. p. 485): "A corporation may be dissolved by forfeiture of its charter, through negligence or abuse of its franchises; in which case the law judges that the body politic has broken the condition upon which it was incorporated, and thereupon the incorporation is void."

Almost at once the colonists com-

mitted a flagrant breach of law. They found that it was impossible to keep up even a form of government in England, and boldly decided to take their charter to America. The object, of course, was to get rid of the supervision of the government and of the courts. But such an act was evidently contrary to the whole theory and spirit of the law, which was to keep the imaginary being within the jurisdiction which gave it life and whose power supported and at the same time controlled it. Although in one sense even then the American wilderness may have been held to have formed a part of the British empire, it certainly was not such a portion of the realm of England as to be within the regular jurisdiction of the courts, or to have any analogy to an English county.

Though neither English judges nor lawyers ever seem to have had any serious doubt that the removal of the charter to New England worked its forfeiture, yet that act was one of the smallest of the usurpations of which the company had been guilty; indeed, it is hardly going too far to say that it had paid no attention to the law whatever. The general court ought to have been a meeting of the free-men, or, as we say, of stockholders; they turned it into a representative assembly, whose only point of resemblance to the thing they were authorized to maintain was in the name, which has thus descended to the Massachusetts legislature. They went on to incorporate towns and counties. They invented a strange criminal code founded on the law of Moses, not then recognized in Great Britain, in which they made a number of odd offenses capital. They even coined money. And for none of these things was there a shadow of legal sanction. Thus when the scire facias came on for hearing in 1684, the chancellor had no hesitation in annulling the charter, and his law was unquestionably good, though the motive that actu-

ated him may have been political.¹ Yet singularly enough, while at every turn the colonists found themselves forced by events to disregard the terms of their charter and to act in defiance of its evident meaning, they held it in almost superstitious reverence, so much so that they clung to the parchment on which it was written, after it had become void by a judicial decree, as though the possession of the scrap of paper was a matter of grave importance, when the vital principle was dead. But so much did they prize it that they never would part with it; and it hangs to this day in the State House in Boston.

By the revolution of 1688, England liberalized its government. Certainly William III. was not inclined to interfere unnecessarily with his subjects, yet he was no more disposed than a Stuart to restore the old state of things. Nor would such a policy have been statesmanlike. The time had come to end the old pretense of a trading company, and deal with existing facts. A large colony had grown up in Massachusetts, whose institutions ought long before to have been recognized and regulated by law. Besides, unless Great Britain was prepared practically to abandon all control over this part of her empire, something had to be done to sustain her authority. Some supervision had become necessary over legislation, and appeals from the courts had to be entertained. It was necessary that England should be represented by an officer powerful enough to be respected, who could regulate in some degree the action of a people whose most marked characteristic was not docility.

Accordingly, in 1691 the king granted the second or provincial charter, which remained in force till the Revolution. It is in some respects a very remarkable example of how tenaciously

ancient forms survive their usefulness and their meaning. The venerable formula of incorporation was scrupulously followed with its endless and then absolutely unmeaning verbiage, but though the old shell was left the spirit within was modern. The provincial charter bridges the gulf between the Middle Ages and our own times. The great change had come; the new instrument, though still in form a charter of incorporation, was in fact a written constitution of government, such as now exists in the United States. It was less elaborate than those drawn subsequently, it is true, but the pervading principle is identical.

The executive was the governor, who was appointed by the crown, though his pay was fixed by the legislature. The legislature was a regular representative body, with powers almost identical with those since granted by the people to the general court of Massachusetts. Its members were elected by the towns. The appointment of judges was provided for, who were to preside over courts to be established by the legislature. Provision was also made for a militia and a police.

In short, the figment of a trading company had vanished, and in its place England gave to its colony a written instrument of government to serve for the fundamental law of a democratic republic. It was a first attempt, and therefore somewhat crude. The balancing of the three departments against each other was not understood, and perhaps was not necessary where the executive drew its power from another source than the people; yet it was well adapted to its purpose. It was deeply venerated by the people, who, at the Revolution, seem never to have thought it possible to get on without it, or at least something like it to take its place. They thought, how-

¹ The original writ of *quo warranto* brought by Sir John Banks in 1635 was abandoned, and final process was by *scire facias*. Palfrey, vol. iii. p.

390, note. See the able paper by Mr. Deane on the Charter, *Memo. History of Boston*, vol. i. p. 329. Also Story on Constitution, Book I. § 66.

ever, it might be improved, and they therefore held a convention to redraft it. They cut out the antiquated form of incorporation; they separated as completely as they could the executive, legislative and judicial departments; they omitted portions that displeased them, and added a bill of rights, of which they had felt the need. Then, as they no longer owed allegiance to the king, who had formerly been the grantor, they granted to themselves by a popular vote their new charter, which they named a constitution.

An extract taken almost at random will show how closely the convention followed their model, even to adopting the exact words where it was possible to do so.

POWERS OF THE GENERAL COURT.

CHARTER.

And we do further, for us, our heirs and successors, give and grant to the said Governor, and the Great and General Court or Assembly of our said province or territory, for the time being, full power and authority from time to time to make, ordain and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes and ordinances, directions and instructions, either with penalties or without (so the same be not repugnant or contrary to the laws of this our realm of England), as they shall judge to be for the welfare of our said province or territory, and for the government and ordering thereof, and of the people inhabiting, or who shall inhabit the same; and for the necessary support and defense of the government thereof.

CONSTITUTION.

And further, full power and authority are hereby given and granted to the said General Court, from time to time to make, ordain, and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes and ordinances, directions and instructions, either with penalties or without (so as the same be not repugnant or contrary to this constitution), as they shall judge to be for the good and welfare of this Commonwealth, and for the government and ordering thereof, and of the citizens of the same, and for the necessary support and defense of the government thereof.

The necessary changes were in truth very slight, so slight that Rhode Island and Connecticut thought their colonial charters good enough, and kept them in force for many years after the establishment of the federal government; and no

one needs to be told that as the constitution of Massachusetts was the first to be adopted, so it served more or less as a model for those that came afterward, including that of the Union. Such is the history of the written constitution, from its germ in the ancient charters of the mediæval guilds, through the era of the trading company and the phase of colonial charters, down to its latest development as it now exists, — the fundamental law of the American republics.

It is worth while to pause for a moment to realize the startling difference in the destinies of those two great enterprises, begun so nearly together, the East India Company and the Company of Massachusetts Bay. The spirit in which they were organized differed widely, it is true, for the one was really what it pretended to be, a venture by English merchants in the East; while the other was an emigration of fanatics, who, far from seeking their fortunes in the West, were abandoning all worldly wealth in the hope of finding a spot in the wilderness where they would be able to carry out undisturbed their own peculiar notions of theocratic government.

Still, though the motives that actuated these two bodies of men were wide asunder as the poles, their legal position was identical. They were both corporations before the law, and if they both founded empires, some similar development of constitutional principles might not unreasonably be anticipated in the two states. Nothing of the kind has happened. Planted on different continents, under different climates and in different soils, they have borne strangely different fruit. The one in Asia, ruling a subject and inferior people, soon became a pure military despotism, so far as its subjects were concerned; and when at last it perished under the weight of its own conquests, it left to England a vast empire whose only constitution or law is

the will of the master race. The Massachusetts company, on the contrary, starving on the sterile and bleak New England coast, and composed of men of stern and courageous nature, was destined to foster the purest democracy the world has ever seen, and at last to provide, by its traditions and its laws, the foundation upon which the American Union rests.

There still remains to be told a most interesting portion of the history of the development of those constitutional principles which are peculiar to the United States, — the process by which the courts acquired the jurisdiction they have always exercised of acting as interpreters of the organic law, and of holding void statutes passed by the legislative department of the government that, in the opinion of the judges, conflicted with its meaning.

It is evident that from the earliest time there must have been some one to pass upon the abuse of corporate privileges. Towns or guilds could never have been allowed to use their powers in any way they chose without restraint, and the way in which society could most readily protect itself was by taking away the franchise it had granted. Thus, for example, the Plantagenets were constantly, upon one pretext or another, revoking or suspending the franchises of London, often, no doubt, with justice, but sometimes for the purpose of reselling them. And as it gradually became clear that charters, to be worth the having, must be beyond the power of the grantor, it came to be established as law that the king could not rescind his own grant. So by degrees the judges assumed the entire jurisdiction over these questions, and if for any reason the government wished to annul a charter, the attorney-general began proceedings in the courts. But judicial regulation could not stop here, as a moment's reflection must show. A man may be made responsible in his own person, all

his contracts may be held binding on him, and yet society may protect itself by punishing him if he breaks the law, although in point of fact there are many contracts that no man is allowed to make. Corporations stand on a different footing. Citizens are permitted to associate together and act like one being for certain purposes clearly stated in their charter. If instead of using their privileges for these purposes they undertake something entirely different, it is clear that they act beyond the law, in defiance of the power that gave them life, and that the act is void. Otherwise corporations might do anything that seemed likely, in the opinion of the members, to promise profitable results. The proposition seems clear enough, but it opens a vast field for controversy; for there are no questions on which men are more apt to disagree than whether a given act is fairly within the scope of a grant. And from the earliest times controversies of this kind have arisen. There is a curious case reported in the *Liber Custumarum*, vol. i. pp. 416-424.

In 1321, the London weavers were alleged to have passed certain by-laws intended to raise the price of cloth, and therefore injure the public, by limiting the number of working days, the length of the working day, and the number of apprentices that the members of the guild might take at once. They were accordingly indicted for abuse of their privileges, and a jury having been impaneled, a trial was had. The jury found the truth of a number of the charges, but the upshot of the process does not appear, as the roll breaks off in the middle of the record.

With English companies established in distant and oftentimes barbarous countries, the danger to be apprehended from usurpations of power was necessarily much more serious than with those at home; because from the nature of things they were obliged to deal with more serious questions. Not only did

their officers have to administer both civil and criminal justice within their own territory, but they might be obliged to make war or negotiate treaties. So from the very beginning, although it would seem plain that corporate laws passed contrary to the intent of the charter must be worthless, and that any law contrary to the law of England must be contrary to the charter, it appears to have been customary to guard especially against improper legislation.

For example, Edward IV. granted a charter to the Merchant Adventurers in 1463, authorizing the governor and merchants to meet and elect twelve justices who were to hold courts; he then confirms the existing laws which the governor had approved, but expressly forbids the passing of any laws contrary to the intent of the charter, providing that such legislation should be null. In like manner the East India Company might make all reasonable laws, constitutions, etc., agreeable to the laws of England. And the general court of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay could make all manner of reasonable and wholesome laws, statutes, etc., not contrary to the laws of England.

No explanation is necessary, therefore, to show that, whenever a case arose which turned upon some law or regulation of one of these companies, it was open to the parties to the litigation to set up that the act in question violated the charter and was void; and, of course, the judges had to rule one way or the other. The same provision was inserted in the charter of William III. to Massachusetts, and it would be reasonable to presume without investigation that cases must have arisen before the Revolution which involved the constitutionality of colonial legislation. In point of fact, several important cases did arise at quite an early date. The most striking of these was *Winthrop v. Lechemere*, which was in Connecticut, it is true, but that is immaterial, as the legal situation of

the two colonies was in this particular identical. Waite Winthrop died in 1716, leaving two children, John and Ann, wife of Thomas Lechemere. John took out administration and divided the personal property, but took to himself the entire real estate, as the heir of his father, instead of allowing a division as the colonial statute required. In 1724, Lechemere, in right of his wife, applied to the probate court of Connecticut for administration of the whole estate of the deceased, both real and personal. After much litigation, and an appeal to the Assembly in 1725, the Superior Court held that real estate should be inventoried and distributed like personal property, in conformity with the statute. Thereupon Winthrop appealed to the Privy Council in England; where, after argument, this decision was reversed, and the statute of distribution was held void as contrary to the charter and to English law.

The Connecticut legislation was copied from a similar law of Massachusetts, and had been in force since 1699. The success of Winthrop in this appeal probably induced a similar attempt in Massachusetts, for in 1737 the same point was raised in *Phillips v. Savage*, but the colony managed to manipulate the council in such a manner as to obtain a favorable decision. The decision in *Winthrop v. Lechemere* remained unshaken for seventeen years, during which time the greatest confusion and uncertainty prevailed in Connecticut in regard to the settlement of estates, until at last, in 1742, the colonial government succeeded in obtaining a reversal in *Clark v. Tousey*, after a continuous struggle throughout the entire interval.¹

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the supervision of the English courts was removed, but the people having either retained their old charters, or granted

¹ Conn. Col. Records, vol. vii. p. 191, note. Proceedings of Mass. Hist. Soc., 1860, 1862, pp. 64-80, 165-171.

themselves new ones in the shape of constitutions, the same questions must have arisen after the independence of the colonies was established as while they formed part of the British empire, the only difference being that the court of final resort was the highest court of each State, and not the Privy Council, to which an appeal no longer lay. A good example occurred in Rhode Island in 1786, three years before the adoption of the national constitution, Rhode Island at that time still carrying on its government under its colonial charter. The case was this: One Trevett having bought meat of Wheeden offered in payment a legal-tender bill of the State. By statute any person declining to receive these bills in payment of debts was liable criminally upon summary trial without a jury. Upon argument, the judges held the act unconstitutional, as contrary to the charter.¹

Thus, when the constitution of the United States was adopted, the whole theory of the province of the judiciary as interpreters of that instrument was almost as well understood, if not altogether so firmly established, as it is now. Nowhere is the doctrine more clearly stated than by Hamilton in number 78 of the *Federalist*.

"A constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges as a fundamental law. It therefore belongs to them to ascertain its meaning, as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body. If there should happen to be irreconcilable variance between the two, that which has the superior obligation . . . ought to be preferred."

From its organization the Supreme Court has sustained Hamilton's view,

which was the view taken of their duty by the judges in the various States; though it is sometimes spoken of as if it were a discovery, or at least an original theory, of Chief Justice Marshall. No error could be more profound than to suppose it originated with him. The doctrine was laid down at the New York circuit only three years after the federal government was established, and it was supported by at least one eminent justice in an elaborate opinion given in a great cause which was argued shortly afterward before the full bench. Thus, when at length the question came up for actual decision in 1803, in *Marbury v. Madison*, the chief justice seems to have considered his opinion rather as a solemn declaration of what was already received as law than as advancing anything new.²

It is true that the court has not established its jurisdiction without opposition. Its claim to entertain appeals from state courts in matters touching the federal constitution, and to be the final tribunal for passing upon the constitutionality of congressional legislation, has not been conceded without a bitter struggle, even if the latter branch of the controversy can yet be said to be ended. But the actual relation of the judiciary to the legislature in the United States is too large a subject to be treated within the limits of this article. My purpose is accomplished if I have succeeded in showing that the governments and institutions of the American people are not the ephemeral growth of a moment of revolution, but that they are the offspring of a history and tradition as ancient as those which have moulded the common law, and upon which rests the fabric of the British empire.

Brooks Adams.

¹ *Trevett v. Wheeden*, 2 Chandler's Criminal Trials, 270. See also *Bayard v. Singleton*, 1 Martin, 48.

² See *Hayburn's Case*, 2 Dal. 409. Opinion of Iredell J. in *Chisholm v. Georgia*, 2 Dal. 419. Opinion of Marshall C. J. in *Marbury v. Madison*, 1 Cranch, 137.

IN THE HAUNTS OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE mocking-bird has been called the American nightingale, with a view, no doubt, to inflicting a compliment involving the operation, known to us all, of damning with faint praise. The nightingale presumably is not the sufferer by the comparison, since she holds immemorial title to preëminence amongst singing birds. The story of Philomela, however, as first told, was not an especially pleasing one, and the poets made no great use of it. Nowhere in Greek or Roman literature, so far as I know, is there any genuine lyric apostrophe to the nightingale comparable to Sappho's fragment *To the Rose*; still, the bird has a prestige gathered from centuries of poetry and upheld by the master romancers of the world. To compare the song of any other bird with that of the nightingale is like instituting a comparison between some poet of to-day and Shakespeare, so far as any sympathy with the would-be rival is concerned. The world has long ago made up its mind, and when the world once does that there is an end, a *cul de sac*, a stopping-place, of all argument of the question. Indeed, it is a very romantic distance that separates the bird from most of us. Chaucer's groves and Shakespeare's woods shake out from their leaves a fragrance that reaches us along with a song which is half the bird's and half the poet's. We connect the nightingale's music with a dream of chivalry, troubadours, and mediæval castles. It is as dear to him who has heard it only in the changes rung by the Persian, French, and English bards as it is to him whose chamber window opens on a choice haunt of the bird in rural England. I might dare to go further and claim that I, who have never heard a nightingale sing, can say with truth that its music is, in a certain way, as familiar to me as the sound

of a running stream or the sough of a spring breeze. I often find myself reluctantly shaking off something like a recollection of having somewhere, in some dim old grove, heard the voice that Keats imprisoned in his matchless ode. There is a sort of aerial perspective in the mere name of the nightingale; it is like some of those classical allusions which bring into a modern essay suggestions with an infinite distance in them. So thoroughly has this been felt that it may safely be said that the nightingale has been more frequently mentioned by our American writers, good, bad, and indifferent, than any one of our native birds. No doubt it ought to provoke a smile, this gushing about a music one has never heard; but, like the music of the spheres and the roar of the ocean, the nightingale's voice is common property, and we all take it as a sort of hereditary music, descending to us by immemorial custom. Its notes are echoing within us, and we feel their authenticity, though in fact we know as little about the bird as chemists do about Geber. How shall we doubt that the bird whose song inspired Keats to write that masterpiece of English poetry is indeed a wonderful musician? Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson and Burns and Scott and Shelley and Byron heard this same song; it was just as clear and sweet as it is now when Chaucer was telling his rhymed tales, when Robin Hood was in the greenwood, even when the Romans made their first invasion. In a general way, we do not think of the nightingale having a nest and rearing a brood and dying. It is simply the incomparable nightingale, philomela, rosignol, or whatever the name may be,—a bird that has been singing in rose-gardens and orange-orchards and English woods night after night for thou-

sands of years without a rival. Its song is to the imagination of all of us

"L'hymne flottant des nuits d'été,"

as Lamartine has expressed it. So it can easily be understood how hard a struggle our American mocking-bird is going to have before it reaches a place in the world's esteem beside the nightingale. Nor is it my purpose to do anything with a special view to aid it in the struggle; but I have studied our bird in all its haunts and in all seasons, with a view to a most intimate acquaintance with its habits, its song, and its character.

To begin with, the name *mocking-bird* is a heavy load for any bird to bear. Unmusical as it is, the worst feature of such an appellation is the idea of flippancy and ill-breeding that it conveys. To "mock" is to imitate with an ill-natured purpose, to jeer at, to ridicule; it was for mocking that bad children were made food for bears. Such a name carries with it a shadow of something repellant, and no poet can ever rescue it, as a name, from its meaning and its eight harsh consonants. It would indeed require some centuries of romantic and charming associations to make of it a name by which to conjure, as in the case of the nightingale. The bird, with almost any other name than *mocking-bird*, would fare much better at the hands of artists and poets, and might hope, if birds may hope at all, finally to gain the meed of praise it so richly deserves.

In a beautiful little valley among the mountains of North Georgia I first began to study the mocking-bird in its wild state. It was not a very common bird there, just rare enough to keep one keenly interested in its habits. I had great trouble in finding a nest. Many a delightful tramp through the thorny thickets and wild orchards of plum-trees ended in nothing, before my eyes discovered the loose sticks and matted midribs of leaves which usually make up the

songster's home. The haw-tree, several varieties of which grow in the glades of what is known as the Cherokee region, is a favorite nesting-place, and so is the honey-locust tree, which is also much chosen by the shrike or butcher-bird. There is so strong a resemblance in colors and size between this shrike and the mocking-bird that one is often mistaken for the other by careless observers, hence in some neighborhoods I have found a strong prejudice existing against the mocking-bird on account of the fiendish habits of the shrike.

A mountain lad once led me over a considerable mountain and down into a wild dell to show me a nest in a thorn tree, where he was sure I should find every evidence that a mocking-bird was a soulless monster, murdering little pee-wee fly-catchers and warblers, and impaling them on thorns out of sheer wantonness. I felt sure it was a shrike, but the boy said he knew better. Did n't he know a mocking-bird when he saw it? He had heard it sing and "mock" all the birds in the thickets around, and had also seen it doing its brutal work. Boys are sometimes very close and reliable in their observations, and this one was an inveterate hunter, and so stoutly asserted his knowledge that I was induced to test his accuracy by going with him to the place he called Mocking-Bird Hollow. Of course the nest was that of a shrike, but a number of mocking-birds were breeding in the immediate vicinity, hence the mistake.

The mocking-bird does not appear to be a strictly migratory bird, its range being much narrower than that of the brown thrush, the cat-bird, and the wood-thrush. I have never been able to find it a regular visitant in the West north of Tennessee, though I have no reason to doubt that it comes at times much farther, even into the Ohio valley. In the mountain valleys it is extremely wary and shy, its habits approaching very close to those attributed to the nightin-

gale of England. It chooses lonely and almost inaccessible nesting-places, and will not sing if at all disturbed. Often, while I have been lying on the ground in some secluded glade, I have heard, far in the night, a sudden gush of melody begun by one bird and echoed by another and another all around me, filling the balmy air of spring with a half-cheerful, half-plaintive medley. This is more common when the moon shines, but I have heard it when the night was black.

At several points near the coast of the Carolinas I have found the mocking-bird apparently a resident, and yet, so far South as Savannah, Georgia, it seems to shrink from the occasional midwinter rigors. In the hills near the Alabama River, not far from Montgomery, it is certainly resident, but I found it a much shyer bird there than in the thickets along the bayous of Louisiana. Early in the winter of 1883 I made a most careful search for the mocking-bird in Pensacola, Florida, and its environs, but found none. I was told that the bird would appear about the last of February. At Marianna, Florida, and along the line of the road thence to the Apalachicola River, I saw it frequently in midwinter. On the gulf coast, down as far as Punta Rassa, and across the peninsula to the Indian River country, in the orange, lemon, and citron groves, in the bay thickets, and even in the sandy pine woods, I noted it quite frequently. In this semi-tropical country it is not so shy and so chary of its song as it is farther north. Near the mouth of the St. Mark's River, as I lay under a small tree, a mocking-bird came and lit on the top of a neighboring bush, and sang for me its rarest and most wonderful combination, called by the negroes the "dropping song." Whoever has closely observed the bird has noted its "mounting song," a very frequent performance, wherein the songster begins on the lowest branch of a tree and appears liter-

ally to mount on its music, from bough to bough, until the highest spray of the top is reached, where it will sit for many minutes flinging upon the air an ecstatic stream of almost infinitely varied vocalization. But he who has never heard the "dropping song" has not discovered the last possibility of the mocking-bird's voice. I have never found any note of this extremely interesting habit of the bird by any ornithologist, a habit which is, I suspect, occasional, and connected with the most tender part of the mating season. It is, in a measure, the reverse of the "mounting song," beginning where the latter leaves off. I have heard it but four times, when I was sure of it, during all my rambles and patient observations in the chosen haunts of the bird; once in North Georgia, twice in the immediate vicinity of Tallahassee, Florida, and once near the St. Mark's River, as above mentioned. I have at several other times heard the song, as I thought, but not being able to see the bird, or clearly distinguish the peculiar notes, I cannot register these as certainly correct. My attention was first called to this interesting performance by an aged negro man, who, being with me on an egg-hunting expedition, cried out one morning, as a burst of strangely rhapsodic music rang from a haw thicket near our extemporized camp, "Lis'n, mars, lis'n, dar, he's a-droppin', he's a-droppin', sho's yo' bo'n!" I could not see the bird, and before I could get my attention rightly fixed upon the song it had ended.

Something of the rare aroma, so to speak, of the curiously modulated trills and quavers lingered in my memory, however, along with Uncle Jo's graphic description of the bird's actions. After that I was on the lookout for an opportunity to verify the negro's statements. I have not exactly kept the date of my first actual observation, but it was late in April, or very early in May; for the crab-apple trees, growing wild in the

Georgian hills, were in full bloom, and spring had come to stay. I had been out since the first sparkle of daylight. The sun was rising, and I had been standing quite still for some minutes, watching a mocking-bird that was singing in a snatchy, broken way, as it fluttered about in a thick-topped crab-apple tree thirty yards distant from me. Suddenly the bird, a fine specimen, leaped like a flash to the highest spray of the tree and began to flutter in a trembling, peculiar way, with its wings half-spread and its feathers puffed out. Almost immediately there came a strange, gurgling series of notes, liquid and sweet, that seemed to express utter rapture. Then the bird dropped, with a backward motion, from the spray, and began to fall slowly and somewhat spirally down through the bloom-covered boughs. Its progress was quite like that of a bird wounded to death by a shot, clinging here and there to a twig, quivering, and weakly striking with its wings as it fell, but all the time it was pouring forth the most exquisite gushes and trills of song, not at all like its usual medley of improvised imitations, but strikingly, almost startlingly, individual and unique. The bird appeared to be dying of an ecstasy of musical inspiration. The lower it fell the louder and more rapturous became its voice, until the song ended on the ground in a burst of incomparable vocal power. It remained for a short time, after its song was ended, crouching where it had fallen, with its wings outspread, and quivering and panting as if utterly exhausted; then it leaped boldly into the air and flew away into an adjacent thicket. Since then, as I have said, three other opportunities have been afforded me of witnessing this curiously pleasing exhibition of bird-acting. I can half imagine what another ode Keats might have written had his eyes seen and his ears heard that strange, fascinating, dramatically rendered song. Or it might better have suited Shelley's

powers of expression. It is said that the grandest bursts of oratory are those which contain a strong trace of a reserve of power. This may be true; but is not the best song that wherein the voice sweeps, with the last expression of ecstasy, from wave to wave of music until with a supreme effort it wrecks its fullest power, thus ending in a victory over the final obstacle, as if with its utmost reach? Be this as it may, whoever may be fortunate enough to hear the mocking-bird's "dropping song," and at the same time see the bird's action, will at once have the idea of genius, pure and simple, suggested to him.

The high, beautiful country around Tallahassee, in Middle Florida, is the paradise of mocking-birds. I am surprised to find this region so little visited, comparatively speaking, by those who really desire to know all that is beautiful and interesting in our country. Perhaps it is because the places most frequented by the mocking-bird have not been sought by those deeply interested in bird-habits and history, that so little is known of the most striking traits of its character. Quite certain it is that no monograph exists which gives to the general reader any approximate idea of our great American singer. I must say just here that the mocking-bird's song in captivity, strong and sweet as it is, and its voice from the cage, liquid, flexible, and pure, are not in the least comparable to what they are in the open-air freedom of a Southern grove. If you would hear these at their best, and they are truly worth going a long journey to hear, you must seek some secluded grove in Southern Alabama, Georgia, or Middle Florida about the last of March or the first of April, when spring is in its prime and the gulf breezes are flowing over all that semi-tropical region.

It is a silly notion, without any foundation in fact, that the mocking-bird in its wild state is a mere mimic, without a song of its own. The truth is that all

birds get their notes, as we get our language, by imitating what they hear. Very few of them, however, are sufficiently gifted mentally and vocally to be able to pass the limitation of immemorial heredity, or to feel any impulse toward any attainments of voice beyond what they catch as younglings from their parents. Hence, as a rule, the young bird is satisfied with the pipes and calls caught from its immediate ancestors. No doubt a lack of finely developed vocal organs has much to do with this. But the mocking-bird, the brown thrush, and the cat-bird are notable exceptions to the rule. Nature has endowed them with an instinctive impulse toward a cultivation of their vocal powers, as well as with voices capable of wonderful achievements. A mocking-bird reared in captivity becomes much more a mere mimic than the wild bird, and yet, so strong is the hereditary tendency, the caged bird will perfectly sound the notes of a grossbeak or a blue-jay without ever having heard them. I have heard a mocking-bird, reared in a cage in Indiana, utter with singular accuracy the cry of the Southern woodpecker (*Picus querulus*), a bird I have never seen north of the Cumberland Mountains. Many little incidents noted in the woods and in the orchards haunted by the mocking-bird have led me to conclude that a genuine sense of the importance of singing well inspires some of its most remarkable efforts. One morning in March, 1881, I looked out of a window in the old City Hotel at Tallahassee, and witnessed a pitched battle of song between a brown thrush and a mocking-bird. In the grounds about the Capitol building across the street stood some venerable oak trees just beginning to leave out. The birds had each chosen a perch on the highest practicable point of a tree. They were not more than fifty feet apart, and with swelling throats were evidently vying fiercely with each other. This gave me the best

possible opportunity of comparing their styles and methods of expression. To my ear the brown thrush in the wild state is a sweeter singer than any caged mocking-bird; but when both are free, the latter is infinitely superior at every point. There is a wide variety of pure flute notes expressed by the wild mocking-bird. These notes become vitiated in captivity and their tone degraded to the level of mere mellow piping. In the hedges of Cherokee rose that grew along the old Augustine road east of Tallahassee, mocking-birds were so numerous that their songs, mingling together, made a strange din which could be heard a long way on a still morning.

I have already spoken of the injustice done the mocking-bird by the name given it, but at this point I may say that other American song birds of a superior order have suffered even more from this cause. *Cat-bird* and *thrasher*, — what names to be embalmed in poetry and romance! It required all the genius of Emerson successfully to use a titmouse as the subject for a poem. If Bryant's Lines to a Waterfowl had been addressed to a duck or a snake-bird, one would scarcely be content to accept the poem as perfect. A name certainly has an intrinsic value.

Mr. Cable in his powerful novel, *Dr. Sevier*, speaks of the mocking-bird's morning note as unmusical. At certain seasons of the year the bird's voice is not especially pleasing, but this is not in song-time. Early morning and the twilight of evening in the spring call forth its most charming powers. Its night song is sweet and peculiarly effective, but except on rare occasions in the nesting season, when the moon is very brilliant the nocturnal notes are pitched in a minor key and the voice is less flexible and brilliant, as if the bird were singing in its sleep.

In Florida and in the valley of the Alabama, I observed the mocking-bird assuming a familiarity with man very

closely approaching voluntary domestication. A pair had their nest in a small vine-covered peach tree close to the window of a room for some weeks occupied by me. They seemed not in the least disturbed when I boldly watched them, though occasionally the male bird was inclined to scold if I raised the window. Every morning, just at the peep of dawn, the singing began, and was kept up at intervals all day. The house was a mere cabin with unchinked cracks. All out-door sounds came in freely. The Suwanee River, made famous by the Old Folks at Home, rippled near, and the heavy perfume of magnolia flowers filled the air. My vigorous exercise in the woods and fields by day, which was sometimes continued far into the night, made me sleep soundly, but very often I was aroused sufficiently to be aware of a nocturne, all the sweeter to my half-dreaming sense on account of its plaintive and desultory rendering. In the neighborhood of Thomasville, Georgia, a mocking-bird's nest, built in a pear tree, was close to a kitchen door, where servants were all day passing in and out within ten or twelve feet of the sitting bird. The brood was hatched, and the young taken by a negro and sold to a New York tourist for twenty dollars. The birds tore up their nest as soon as it was robbed, and appeared greatly excited for a few days; but one morning the singing began again, and soon after a new nest was built a little higher up in the same tree. It has been told of the mocking-birds that, in Louisiana and other Southern regions, when such of them as have taken a summer jaunt to New England or Pennsylvania return to the magnolia and orange groves in late autumn, they are attacked by their resident brethren. My observation has not tended to verify this. Nor can I bear testimony to the bravery and fighting qualities of the mocking-bird. The blue-bird whips it, driving it hither and yon at will, though not more

than half its size. It is, however, a famous scold and blusterer, accomplishing a good deal by fierce threats and savage demonstrations. I do not believe the story about it killing snakes. It would be a very small and weak reptile that such a bird could kill, being so poorly armed for warlike exploits.

On a pedestrian tour through the loveliest and loneliest part of Middle Florida, I was struck with the strong contrast between the negroes and the white people as to the extent and accuracy of their ornithological knowledge, a contrast almost as marked as that of color. I could get no information from the whites. They had never paid any attention to mocking-birds. The subject appeared to them too slight and trivial to be worth any study. But the negroes were sometimes enthusiastic, always interested and interesting. Somehow there has always seemed to me a fine touch of power in the way a cabin, a few banana stalks, a plum tree or two, and a straggling bower of grape-vines get themselves together for the use of indolent negroes and luxury-loving mocking-birds. I have fancied it, or else there is a marked preference shown by the songster for the cots of the freedmen, and there can be no doubting that a warm feeling for the bird is nursed by the ordinary negro.

As I have suggested, the nature of the mocking-bird is that of a resident more than that of a migratory bird, and I am inclined to name its true habitat semi-tropical. Even so far South as Macon, Ga., and in the region of Montgomery, Ala., the chilly days of midwinter are sufficient to drive the birds to heavy cover. In fact, a large majority of the species of *Mimus* (*Mimus polyglottus* being the scientific name of the mocking-bird) are to be found in South America and in the tropical islands of the Atlantic. The plantation negroes used to have a saying which might serve the turn of Mr. Harris or Mr. Macon:

"Takes a red-hot sun fo' ter bri'l de mockin'-bird's tongue, but er mighty small fros' er gwine ter freeze 'im froat up solid." Mr. Fred. A. Ober, in his report of explorations made in the Okeechobee region, does not mention seeing the mocking-bird, but it is there, nevertheless, or was in 1867. I remember seeing a fine fellow flying about in some small bushes, near the remains of a deserted cabin, on the northeastern shore of the lake. I saw some paroquets at the same place.

On what is known as the Dauphine Way, running west from Dauphine Street in Mobile, mocking-birds used to be numerous, nesting in the groves on either side and filling the air with their songs. Whoever has walked out on this lovely road will remember a low, old-fashioned brick house, no doubt a plantation residence one day, with a row of queer little dormer windows on the roof in front, and graduated parapets to hide the gables, a long lean-to veranda and a row of chimneys, a dark, heavy-looking building near the south side of the Way. In a small tree just east of this house used to sing a mocking-bird whose voice was as much above the average of his kind as Patti's voice is above the average woman's voice. If one could get a caged bird to sing as that one did, he might profitably advertise it for concerts. A friend and I sat down across the Way from the house, and, while the gulf breeze poured over us and the bird music filled our ears, got a sketch of the charmingly picturesque old place; but somehow we could not put in the song of the wonderful mocking-bird.

Bird-fanciers and bird-buyers may profit by what I now whisper to them, to wit: the best-voiced mocking-birds, without a doubt, are those bred in Middle Florida and Southern Alabama. I have no theory in connection with this statement of a fact; but if I were going to risk the reputation of our country on the singing of a mocking-bird against a

European nightingale, I should choose my champion from the hill-country in the neighborhood of Tallahassee, or from the environs of Mobile.

No doubt proper food has much to do with the development of the bird in all its parts, and it may be that the dry, fertile, chocolate-tinted hills that swell up along the gulf coast produce just the berries, insects, and other tid-bits needed for the mocking-bird's fullest growth. Then, perhaps, the climate best suits the bird's nature. Be this as it may, I have found no birds elsewhere to compare with those in that belt of country about thirty miles wide, stretching from Live Oak in Florida, by way of Tallahassee, to some miles west of Mobile. Nor is there anywhere a more interesting country to him who delights in pleasant wildwood rambles, unusual scenery, and a wonderful variety of birds and flowers in their season. Most of our descriptive ornithologists have taken great pains to assure their readers that the American mocking-bird is very plain, if not positively unattractive in its plumage. But to my eye the graceful little fellow, especially when flying, is an object of real beauty. There is a silver-white flash to his wings, along with a shimmer of gray, and a dusky, shadowy twinkle, so to speak, about his head and shoulders, as you see him fluttering through the top of an orange tree or climbing, in his peculiar zigzag way, the gnarled boughs of a fig bush. His throat and breast are the perfection of symmetry, and his eyes are clear pale gold, bright and alert. The eggs of the mocking-bird are delicate and shapely, having a body color of pale, ashy green tinged with blue and blotched with brown. The eggs of the shrike closely resemble those of the mocking-bird, so that the amateur naturalist is often deceived. The nests of the two birds are also very much alike in shape and materials, and the places in which they are usually found are exactly similar, a lonely

thorny tree being preferred, if in the wildwood, and a pear tree or a plum tree if in an orchard.

I am quite sure that every one who has studied, or who hereafter may study, the mocking-bird in its proper haunts will agree with me that its voice is something far more marvelous than has ever been

dreamed of by those who have heard it only from the cage, and especially will the lover of high dramatic art and consummate individuality of manner and vocalization be charmed with the bird's exquisite "dropping song," if once he has the good fortune to witness its delivery and hear its rhythmic gushes of rapture.

Maurice Thompson.

CRUDE SCIENCE IN ARYAN CULTS.

IN the Hebrew Genesis the creation of the world is the result of a divine decree. God spake, and it was done. His simple fiat called all things into existence, and is regarded as a sufficient explanation of them. This attitude of mind towards questions of cosmogony is peculiarly Semitic.

Wholly different is the spirit in which the Aryan has always approached such problems. A solution of them depending upon the intervention of a *deus ex machina* would not be accepted by him as any solution at all. In the very beginnings of his intellectual development, so far as they have left any traces of themselves, he shows a marked tendency to examine into the origin and essence of things, and to discover their real causal principle. This characteristic is especially remarkable in the Indo-Aryan mind. Not only in the later philosophical and theological treatises, but even in the earliest monument of Indian literature and the oldest record of Aryan thought, the Rig-Veda, there is much speculation of this sort, often curiously and subtly interwoven with abstruse and enigmatic symbolisms, and occasionally lighted up by flashes of genuine poetic feeling; and it is truly wonderful with what boldness the sacred singer attacks the toughest themes, and to what depth he sometimes succeeds in probing mysteries which no mind has

ever yet completely fathomed. In the midst of his hymn, he suddenly starts off in childish chase of some gaseous will-o'-the-wisp, and stops only when he finds himself up to the neck in metaphysical quagmire. Unanswerable questions of ontology and cosmogony seem to have had a strange fascination for the Vedic seer, who is constantly merging the poet into the philosopher, breaking off descriptions of phenomena to search after noumena, fluttering about in hopeless queries and quandaries, and vainly beating the wings of his imagination against the invisible, but impassable, barriers which separate the knowable from the unknowable.

"Who beheld the first-born? Who saw the bodiless bring forth the embodied? Where, indeed, are the life, the blood, and the soul of the earth?" "Who in the form of the unborn propped up these six regions of the firmament?" "What was the fulcrum, what the lever, what the means by which the all-seeing all-maker established the earth and stretched out the sky?" "What was the wood, and what the tree, from which they formed the heavens and the earth, that they stand together undecaying and ever-enduring whilst many days and dawns have passed away?"

Such are a few specimens of the puzzling questions with which the Vedic

seers were forever vexing their inquisitive souls.

There is one hymn (x. 129) which is especially noteworthy as the production of a thinker who approaches the sublime and mysterious subject wholly free from mythological bias or theological preconceptions; and although he does not formulate his ideas with precision, nor unfold them in orderly sequence, but rather throws them out as hints and quasi-hypotheses, the process of his reasoning is logical, and the attitude of his mind strictly scientific. He goes back to a time, if time it may be called, when there was neither entity nor non-entity, and seeks to discover how existence sprang from this absolute void, this unthinkable negation of nothingness.

"1. Non-being was not, nor was there being then; nor was there space nor sky beyond. What enclosed it? Where was it, and of what the receptacle? Was it water, the yawning gap?

"2. Death was not, nor deathlessness then; nor of night and day was there distinction. Breathless breathed by self-sustaining power that monad (*tad ekam*); beside it there was nought else whatever.

"3. Darkness was; by darkness shrouded in the beginning, a formless sea, was this all. The potency which was wrapped in emptiness, that monad, was developed by the power of heat.

"4. First hovered over it desire, the primal germ of mind; the bond of being in non-being the seers discovered by searching thoughtfully in their hearts.

"5. Athwart was stretched a ray. Was it from beneath or from above? There were impregnations and mighty forces; peculiar receptiveness from below, vigorous energy from above.

"6. Who, indeed, knows, who can declare whence it sprang, whence came this evolution? The gods were produced later through this evolution. Who knows, then, whence it derived its being?

"7. Whence this evolution arose,

whether self-originated or not, he who is the overseer in the highest heaven knows perchance, or even he knows not."

After raising the query whether the genesis of creation may not be sought in water, the yawning gap (*gahanam gabhīram* corresponding etymologically and cosmologically to the *ginnunga gap* of the Edda), the Vedic singer pushes his inquiries still farther into the arcana of primeval chaos. The use of the word *ambhas* instead of *ap* implies that this original element is regarded as the essence, rather than the substance, of water. The poet then affirms the unity of this primogenial principle, whatever it may have been, strips it of all qualities, attributes, and conditions, and lifts it into the highest realm of the abstract and the absolute by declaring that it breathed breathless, that is, without the agency of air, by its own inherent, self-sustaining energy. This principle is not a personality or being of any kind, but is spoken of as *tad ekam*, that unit or monad; in other words, that elementary, indivisible, unextended, immaterial, and indestructible point of force, which plays such an important part in the philosophy of Leibnitz as the determining cause of all phenomena. In this respect it resembles the ultimate atom of Leukippos and the ἀρχή; that is, the unconditioned and undeveloped *materia prima* or pure potency postulated by Anaximander.

The *primum mobile* or first impulse to movement is said here to be power of heat, one of the most subtle and impalpable of forces and the universal source and symbol of life. But this heat is not only a vital, but also an intelligent, force; it combines the fire of Herakleitos with the νοῦς of Anaxagoras; it sets the inert and inane vortex in motion, and puts the chaotic elements in cosmic order; it is heat in the conscious form of desire or love, the first germ of intellectual activity, the same

power that has been discovered by sages expanding and pulsating in their own hearts towards the great ends of generation and creation. The bond which bridges the vast and mysterious chasm between non-existence and existence is described as a ray shooting across the abyss; an idea which reappears in the cosmogony of the Manichæans, who assert that the first impulse to creation was given by a ray falling from the region of light into the region of darkness. How this effusion of fecundating force was produced, whence this vigorous emanation came, the poet confesses himself unable to tell, and is finally content to escape the difficulty by the rhetorician's trick of taking refuge in tropes and metaphors, thus imparting to his ignorance a semblance of knowledge by clothing it in familiar phallic imagery. The gods, he says, are incompetent to furnish a solution, since they, as mere personifications of natural phenomena, are later results and outgrowths of this development, and it would be absurd to appeal to them for an explanation of processes of which they themselves are the products. Possibly the chief supervisor of the universe, who sits on high and sees it go, may know how it started on its course; equally possible is it, however, that he, too, is only a comparatively recent superintendent and curator of preëxistent materials and forces and knows nothing of their origin; sublime as his functions are, they may be purely administrative and not creative.

From the very earliest period of Brahmanical speculation this hymn has exercised the exegetical ingenuity of Indian scholiasts, and furnished occasion for all kinds of fanciful exposition and transcendental twaddle, each sect endeavoring to twist the sacred texts into props for its peculiar creed. A careful analysis will show that it contains the prolific germs of nearly every important phase of Greek cosmogony from Thales to Plotinus. It even hints at the theory

of spontaneous generation, and, in its repeated references to evolution, emphasizes the popular catchword of modern science. Like all ancient cosmogonies, it really explains nothing. It is interesting only as indicating a scientific tendency of the Aryan mind, a spirit of investigation and speculation concerning the phenomena of the universe which has put forth many crude and fantastic theories, but has not been without worthy witnesses of itself in every age, and has worked out, in our own day, the great systems of thought associated with the names of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer.

The same scientific tendency that is perceptible in Indo-Aryan cosmogonies pervades also Indo-Aryan theogonies and theories of worship. In our own day, the progress of knowledge has left the sorcerer in a very low estate, but in primitive society he was the only man of science, the "upward-striving man," as Grimm calls him. The wizard, as the word implies, was originally the wise man *par excellence*. Milton, in his ode On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, speaks of the wise men from the East who came to worship at the manger in Bethlehem as "the star-led wizards." Magic is based upon the scientific assumption that the laws of the universe are fixed and regular in their operation, and that, by discovering them, the forces of nature can be controlled and made to subserve human interests. In the presence of powers which are variable in their character and arbitrary in their actions, man can only prostrate himself in abject adoration and beg for mercy. All that he can do is to propitiate them by supplication and by sacrifice. But the magician, instead of bowing down to the gods in servile fear and craving their compassion, or bribing them with gifts, commands them, and, by virtue of his occult science and powers of enchantment, forces them to do his will.

This is the fundamental characteristic of Brahmanism as a cult. It is no worship at all, in the sense of mere reverence and homage paid to supernatural beings, but a vast and complicated system of applied magic. So far as isolated prescriptions are concerned, the Brahmanical and Levitical rituals present some striking points of resemblance, especially in the manner of performing animal sacrifices. But the underlying principle and informing spirit are wholly different. Levitical precepts are positive injunctions originating in the simple will of Jehovah. No attempt is ever made to discover a reason for them in the nature of things. Thou shalt do this and thou shalt not do that, for "thus saith the Lord;" and that's the end of it. The expositor of the Brahmanical ritual, on the contrary, endeavors everywhere to trace the ceremony to some principle in nature, to connect it somehow with the laws of the universe, and thus impart to it a permanency and solidity which could not be predicated of an arbitrary decree, however lofty the source from which it might emanate. What he is constantly seeking is a firm footing for his rite, a knowledge which he can stand upon with the assurance that it cannot be shaken and will not slip from under his feet. He is not satisfied with any form of words or any ceremonial until he can say of it *pratishthati ya evam veda*: he who knows this stands fast. His assumptions may be absurd, his inferences illogical, his symbolisms far-fetched and flimsy, and his speculations sheer twaddle; nevertheless he reasons and philosophizes, observes and draws general conclusions from supposed facts.

The whole structure of Brahmanical ritualism is built upon a system of correspondences, a mystical relation of types to antitypes, often expressed in the form of numerical proportion. Here, too, as in other fields of investigation, etymology plays an important, though

precarious part; and many a sacrificial rite or sacred observance, when traced to its origin, is found to spring from the forked root of a poor pun. In the Aitareya Brāhmanam (II. 1, 4), the Word is said to have made all things. Thus in the earliest speculative theology of India, the Gnostic theory of the Logos is anticipated and its creative power asserted in language identical with that used in the Gospel according to St. John. The mysterious, telephonic character of speech as the swift and invisible vehicle of thought, conveying its freightage of intelligence instantaneously from person to person and from place to place, excited the naïve wonder of the old Indo-Aryan, and at a very early period led to its deification as the goddess Vāch. A peculiar potency was ascribed to it, especially when woven into rhythmic form. The fascination which metrical expression, even as a mere jingle and jargon, still retains for the youth of individuals was yet more strongly felt in the youth of the race. The simple song was repeated as a spell and the rude chant mumbled as a charm.

The vague and crude notion of a mystic virtue inherent in such collocations of words grew in strength and consistency with the lapse of time, and finally assumed the authoritative character of a divine revelation and sacred tradition, and became fully developed and systematized in the ritual hand-books known as Brāhmanas. In these treatises such metre is endowed with a particular property and assigned its own place; the objects for the attainment of which it may be used are also minutely specified. The incantatory quality or essence of a verse, its so-called *rasa*, may depend upon its radical signification or its rhythmic structure, whichever happens to furnish the easiest point of connection and the most suggestive symbolism. Thus a person who wishes an increase of live stock and wealth in cattle must have a formula in the *Jagati* metre re-

peated at the sacrifice, because *Jagat* means moving; but if children are desired, he must employ a *Dvipad* or verse of two feet, which is supposed to be potent for the procreation of bipeds. Dimeters, trimeters, quadrimeters and pentameters correspond with double, triple, quadruple, and quintuple forms of life, and become the efficient cause of their production. Perhaps in this whimsical theory there may be a dim perception or faint presentiment of the fact that all nature is bound together by continuous and indissoluble links of affinity; a truth, the establishment of which is one of the latest and most brilliant achievements of modern science. There is nothing that the priest cannot accomplish by a proper manipulation of the metres, whether for good or for evil; by purposely jumbling them he can even work confusion in nature and beget monstrosities. It is necessary, however, that all parts of the magical machinery should be accurately adjusted and kept in perfect order. A false accent or the mispronunciation of a single letter breaks the connection, so to speak, and vitiates the whole ceremonial, just as the slightest mathematical error invalidates all the computations of the astronomer. In this system of worship reduced to an exact science, grammar was cultivated as a means of grace, and phonetics and prosody were prized as passports to eternal bliss. The beginnings of geometry in India, also, were its applications to measurement in the construction of altars. Here, too, we have the same rude symbolism founded upon external resemblances and specious analogies: he who would attain heaven must offer sacrifice upon an altar in the form of a falcon with outspread wings, "for the falcon is the swiftest and strongest of birds, and thus the sacrificer mounts upward, falcon-like, to the celestial world." For other purposes, the altar must be built in the shape of a heron, a hawk, a tortoise, a chariot-pole, or a

chariot-wheel. Diseases were treated on a like principle. The wizard of the Atharva-Veda healed the sick and restored the decrepit to health and vigor by putting them into hollow trees or pushing them through holes in rocks, as signs of their new birth and bodily regeneration; and cured jaundice in men and yellows in cattle by the crude homœopathy of yellow herbs and yellow birds. A survival of this superstition is the buff pigeon which the European peasant keeps in his house to "take on" fevers and distempers that might otherwise assail his family.

Occasionally the Brahmanical exegete, in the midst of his descriptions of the ritual, runs off into little episodes of scientific explanation; and it is interesting to note how close he sometimes comes to the discovery of a great truth. Thus, in the *Aitareya Brâhmanam* (III. 44), it is said that the hotar in repeating the *sâstra* should be guided in the modulation of his voice by the course of the sun and the intensity of the solar heat from sunrise to sunset. As a matter of fact, he then continues, the sun never rises and never sets, but maintains a fixed place in the heavens, and produces the phenomena of day and night by turning on its axis. In no case does it go down (*na kadâchana nimrochati*), but simply turns round (*viparyasyate*). When this revolution of the sun presents the dark side to us, we have night; the light side, however, illuminates other regions and makes day in an opposite direction. It must be confessed that this theory, in clearness and simplicity and suggestiveness, is far superior to that which Christian theologians upheld and contended for during so many centuries and with such extreme bitterness. The consideration of chief importance, in this case, is not the correctness of the hypothesis, but the free spirit of investigation and the readiness to accept its results which characterize the Brâhman's speculations.

The grounds upon which the Christian apologist is wont to rest his belief in the Bible as a divine revelation are chiefly moral and historical, and sometimes metaphysical. The Brahmanical defender of the faith also urges the same considerations in proof of the supernatural character of the Veda, which is to him self-radiant like the sun, and evinces its divine origin in its wonderful adaptation to all classes and conditions of men, being the refuge alike of the ignorant and of the learned (*idam sara-nam ajnânâm idam eva vijânâtâm*). But he does not stop here. In his effort to be scientific he carries the discussion into the province of acoustics, and endeavors to prove the eternity of the Veda by showing that sound, the medium of Vedic revelation, is eternal. And thus a question of hermeneutics is made to hinge ultimately on a point in physics.

The error of mistaking illustration for argument, especially if the former is drawn from any fact in nature, is very common with Brahmanical theologians. Thus the Vadakalais assert that man comes to God by his own voluntary act and personal exertion, clinging to Him as the young monkey clings to its mother; this doctrine is called *markata-nyâya*, or the monkey-method of salvation. The Tenkalais, on the other hand, affirm that man in coming to God is not a free agent and has no power to help himself, but is carried to Him as the kitten is carried by its mother: this doctrine is called *mârijâla-nyâya* or the cat-method of salvation. These systems of redemption, which might be characterized respectively as the simian and the feline, correspond essentially to Arminianism and Calvinism in Christian theology. In every discussion between adherents of the two sects, it is curious to observe how pertinaciously each disputant reverts to, and revolves round, his own trope, and appeals to "great creating nature" in confirmation of his theory.

"Does not the young monkey, when it sees danger, seek safety by clinging to its mother?" "Certainly it does." "Well then." "Does not the cat, when her kitten is in peril, seize it and bear it to a place of safety?" "Certainly she does." "Well then." Thus each silences the other with an apt figure of speech and is convinced that his doctrine must be true, since it has its foundation in the laws of the universe.

A still more striking example of quasi-scientific tendencies in Aryan religions is furnished by Indian asceticism. Brahmanical and Buddhist ascetics differ essentially from Christian ascetics both in the means which they employ and the ends which they desire to attain. The yoga of Patanjali has hardly more in common with European monasticism than with the philosophy of Antisthenes. Greek cynicism was really an Indian exotic transplanted to Hellenic soil, where, owing to the uncongenial brightness of earth and sky, it failed to attain its normal development of sturdy and tranquil austerity, but degenerated into a sickly and unseemly shrub bearing only the bitter fruits of moroseness and misanthropy. There is something factitious in the churlish irritability and snarling cynanthropy of a Diogenes, indicating a want of harmony and ordinary connection between the asperity of his aims and the allurements of his environment, and presenting a significant contrast to the cheerful self-renunciation and perfect serenity of the gymnosophist, who has acquired such complete supremacy over carnal appetites and passions and the seductions of the senses, as not even to be fretted by them into censoriousness. The ascendancy of the higher faculties has led to the extinction of the lower propensities, so that the pain of the physical abstinence seems absorbed and lost sight of in the genuineness and fullness of the spiritual aspiration.

In like manner, the asceticism of the

Christian monk is but an indiscriminate and illogical self-torture as compared with the well-grounded and thoroughly systematized austerities of the yogi and the bhikshu. The fanatical friar scourges himself, wears an excoriating shirt of hair-cloth, mingles ashes with his food, drinks filthy water, and does a variety of painful and disgusting things, simply because they are painful and disgusting. Whatever is offensive to the natural man is assumed to be edifying to the spiritual man. This is the sole principle which governs him in his blind pursuit of sanctity. But the most zealous and fervent fakir never torments himself on account of any virtue supposed to be inherent in mere physical suffering, nor endures privations because they are unpleasant. His aim is not so much to mortify the flesh as to emancipate the spirit; and if this purpose could be attained by pampering the body, he would greatly prefer to do so. In his most rigorous austerities he proceeds according to a regular system based upon a knowledge of human physiology and a study of natural history. If he sits for days cross-legged, holding a great toe in each hand and gazing intently at the tip of his nose, he knows why he does it and can give a rational account of his conduct.

"Though this be madness, yet there's method in it."

Yoga means junction, and is used in philosophical terminology to express union with the Supreme Spirit. In order to effect this absorption in the Deity, man must free himself from all the carnal ties and sensual conditions which constitute what is commonly called life or individual existence. It is not necessary, and would be tedious, to enumerate the different agencies employed for the attainment of this end. Indeed, they vary with varying circumstances; all tend, however, to produce complete concentration of the mind by reducing to a minimum every bodily want and

bodily function. Suffice it to say that the greatest importance is attached to diet, posture, and breathing, as means of promoting mental abstraction and accomplishing the final emancipation of the soul from the bondage and limitations of the senses.

The yogi believes that whatever diminishes the volume of carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs contributes to the detachment of the spirit from its thralldom to matter and its release from the necessity of transmigration, and helps it onward towards that state of ecstatic isolation and perfect beatitude known as *kaivalya*. This is why he practices so assiduously the seemingly absurd religious exercise called *kumbhaka*, which consists merely in holding the breath as long as possible. The normal respirations of a man average about twelve a minute, during which time he exhales a little more than fifteen cubic inches of carbonic acid. If he can hold his breath for ninety-five seconds the volume of carbonic acid exhaled is reduced to less than one cubic inch a minute. Pure air, especially if cool and dry, increases this exhalation and intensifies the desire for food, and is therefore favorable to great vigor and activity of the vital energies. A warm, moist, deoxygenated atmosphere, having about the temperature of ordinary animal heat, diminishes the amount of carbonic acid emitted, weakens the appetite, and lowers the tone of the whole system. But this is precisely what the yogi wishes to accomplish. From his point of view nothing retards growth in grace like good ventilation. Accordingly he takes up his abode in a *guhâ* or small cave, closes the entrance with clay, and there, undisturbed by light, or sound, or fresh air, gives himself up to contemplation of the absolute and thoughts of the unthinkable.

A child has warmer blood and breathes more rapidly than an adult, and starves more easily. A bird, with a high tem-

perature, quick pulsations of the heart, and short, panting respirations, will die in two or three days if it is deprived of food, and very soon suffocates in close air. A tortoise, which has an extremely sluggish circulation of the blood and breathes only three times a minute, can live for months without food, and be kept for hours in a vessel hermetically sealed and yet produce a hardly perceptible deoxygenation of the air in which it is confined. A toad may remain a whole day in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump without the slightest injury or apparent inconvenience to it. It is facts like these which the yogî observes and applies to his spiritual discipline. He studies and imitates the habits of reptiles and hibernating animals in order to acquire the powers which they possess, and even lets them regulate his diet. The turtle and the water-lizard, the Himalayan marmot, the badger, and the bear prescribe his food. In conformity to their tastes he eats a few soft and succulent roots and fruits, lettuce and other lactiferous plants, rice, wheat, barley, milk, sugar, honey and butter, and scrupulously abstains from salt and every kind of sour.

Again, the yogî avoids all contact with metals. It is well known that hardware merchants, particularly in cold weather, need a greater amount of sustenance than dealers in woolen goods and other non-conducting substances. Metals, as the best conductors of heat, disturb the equilibrium of temperature between the body and the surrounding air, and thus excite the senses and strengthen the consciousness of individual existence which the yogî seeks to destroy. Such an environment would therefore be fatal to ascetic contemplation and that complete concentration of thought by which absorption in the Supreme Being is to be attained. This lesson is also learned from hibernating animals, which make their beds of non-conducting materials. The yogî profits

by their example and prepares his couch of kusa grass and wool.

The exhalation of carbonic acid, or, what amounts to the same thing, the consumption of oxygen, is supposed to be diminished by the low and continuous muttering of certain monosyllables, the chief of which is *om*, although *bam*, *ham*, *lam*, *yam*, and several other words are also used. *Om*, however, is considered most effective for hypnotic purposes and may be regarded, in this province, as an example of the survival of the fittest, since it is now almost exclusively employed. This exercise is called *japa* and is designed to produce slower and deeper breathing, somnolence, and the emancipation of the soul from the dominion of the senses. The yogî is convinced that the longer he can make the interval between his pulmonary respirations, the nearer he approaches the goal of his spiritual aspirations. Herein lie the significance and sacredness of the mystical syllable *om*.

Tapas, which is usually translated *penance*, expresses in reality a very different conception. It means *heat*; not as some writers affirm, because heat is one of the principal causes of pain, but because it is preëminently a purifying agent, purging all things and burning up the dross. Devotion, in the Christian sense of the term, is a feeling wholly foreign to the heart of the yogî. He is never what we call a pious man. His austerities are not intended to please or propitiate the gods; on the contrary, there is nothing that excites so great fear in celestial minds as the persistent *tapas* of the Indian saint. It was Satan who tempted St. Anthony with visions of voluptuous women; but, in the old Aryan legend, it was Indra who sent heavenly nymphs to disturb Visvâmitra in his ascetic practices and finally succeeded in seducing him through the charms of the beautiful Menakâ, who became the mother of Sakuntalâ. Even the boy Dhruva so frightened the gods

by his intense fervor that they besought Vishnu to put a stop to it. But Vishnu declined to interfere, and the youthful rishi, by the force of his austerities, ascended to the skies, where he shines forever as the polar star. From this feat he received his other name, *Grahadhâra*, "the pivot of the planets."

The object of *tapas* is the acquisition of superhuman power. There is no element of humility or contrition in it; no effort to conciliate or crave the favor of the deities, but rather to compete with them for supremacy. "Virtue," says Seneca, "is man's own gift to himself, and by it he ceases to be a suppliant and becomes a peer of the gods." Horace expresses the same sentiment: "Jupiter may bestow upon me life and riches, but I will be indebted to myself for a quiet and contented mind." Cicero admits it to be the duty of man to thank the gods for vineyards and cornfields, for health and strength, and all physical benefits. "But who," he adds, "ever prayed to Jupiter that he might be good, temperate, and just, or gave tithes to Hercules to be made wise?" From time immemorial this has been the intellectual attitude of the Aryan towards the gods. The Vedic rishi implores Indra and the Maruts for wealth in cattle and horses, for victory in battle, and for vigorous sons; but the ascetic rishi, who despises external things and seeks spiritual ascendancy through the subjection and extinction of the senses, puts his trust solely in himself, and, by dint of knowledge (*jñâna*) and the discipline and development of his own faculties, wins success in defiance of the deities.

The evolution of monotheism among the early Aryans furnishes an additional illustration of the tendency to scientific method in the growth of their religious conceptions. Among Semitic peoples, the idea of one god has been uniformly reached by a process of theocratic centralization, whereby all power has been gradually concentrated in the hands

of a single tribal god, who has outstripped his rivals and seated himself as an absolute autocrat upon the throne of the universe. If the Semitic gods were originally personifications of the forces of nature and particularly of solar phenomena, this side of their character was very soon obscured by the strongly anthropomorphic features they assumed and the strictly political functions assigned to them. Now and then, they may appear clothed in cloud, and tempest, and fire; but for the most part they have outgrown and discarded these primitive habiliments and put on the pomp and pageantry of human sovereigns. This accounts for the mythological poverty of the Semitic religions, the extreme difficulty of tracing their deities and demi-gods to their meteorological origin, and the facility with which they lend themselves to the support of Euhemeristic theories.

The Aryan, on the contrary, arrived at the idea of one god by observing and generalizing the facts of the physical world, by recognizing the interdependence of all natural phenomena, and referring them to a common principle or general law, postulated either as a personal first cause or as an immanent and ever-operative force. The mental process by which he came to this conclusion was precisely the same as that by which Newton established the doctrine of universal gravitation. Polytheism, with its populous pantheon of rival deities, was superseded and set aside by the monotheistic conception, just as the Ptolemaic system, with its cumbrous machinery of cycles and epicycles, was superseded and set aside by the discoveries of Kopernik and Kepler. The first suspicion of the existence of a single, subtle force, manifesting itself in all the operations of nature, originated in the perception of the ubiquity and universality of heat, the vivifying influence of which was perceived in all the movements and transformations of the

material and spiritual world. It shone forth in the sun, the dawn, and the lightning. Its effects were observable in the germination and growth of vegetation, in the varied colors of earth and sky, in the refreshing verdure of spring and the rich hues of autumn. Thus, this element came to be regarded as the omnipresent and exhaustless spirit of life, the source of vital energy in plants and animals and men, and even in the gods themselves. It was the great creative force latent in chaos, "the one out of which the all was evolved." It was ardor (*tapas*) in the soul of the ascetic. It excited and sustained the passions, melting the heart with love and kindling the consuming fierceness of wrath. Wherever in the Veda the monotheistic idea is expressed, it centres in Agni, the god of fire, of whom the other gods are only subordinate forms or special functions. "All beings are his branches ;" "he comprises all other divinities as the felly incloses the spokes of a wheel ;" "the wise poets in their hymns represent under different forms the well-winged god who is one ;" "reverence to that Agni who is in the waters, and has passed into plants and shrubs, and who formed all these worlds." It would be easy to multiply passages in which the omnipresence and supreme sovereignty of the god of fire are asserted. He is Varuna, the upholder of law and the punisher of sin ; he is Indra, the wielder of the flashing bolt ; Mitra the wonder-worker ; the far-striding Vishnu, and the radiant Savitri ; he is Rudra, the wild ruler of the air, and the hosts of the Maruts, the storm-gods ; he is Bhaga, the giver of good fortune ; Pûshan, the protector ; and the Ribhus, the cunning craftsmen and artificers in metals. Visvakarman, the architect of the universe, and Brihaspati, the lord of increase, are merely appellations of Agni. The Asvins, the divine physicians, personify the therapeutic or sanitary effects of warmth and light. Among

the Vedic deities, there is scarcely one that does not represent some attribute or office of this vast elemental force, so diverse in its origin, so manifold and mysterious in its manifestations, so marvelous in its operation, so universal in its diffusion, and so powerful in its appeals to the imagination. Fire is pre-eminently the bright one, the *deva*, and the root of this word enters into the name for god among nearly all Aryan nations.

Notwithstanding the sharp, schismatic antagonism of religious rites and tenets which characterized the Indian and Iranian scions of the Aryan stock, they agreed in paying reverence to this sacred element. In the Avesta, "the blazing, beneficent, and pervasive fire" is praised as the soul of nature, the supreme cause of growth, vigor, and splendor in the universe, the one divine principle revealing itself in the diversified phenomena of the physical world. The vague and somewhat fetichistic conception of it entertained by the early priests was exalted and spiritualized by the great Iranian prophet, and formulated as the creator of all life, Ahuramazda, of whom fire was not the substance, but the purest and most perfect symbol.

In Indo-Aryan theology, Brahma expresses the highest conception of abstract being ; yet this invisible, immaterial, illimitable, self-existent, eternal, absolute, and incomprehensible essence is only the evolution of a blade of grass. When a child brought a handful of grass to Walt Whitman and asked him what it was, the poet confessed that he could not tell. Had he been better versed in Indian lore, he might have replied : "Dirty little boy, it is Brahma." And what a vast field for his fancy to fly or to flounder in would this discovery have opened to him in the development of his graminifolious epic ! Brahma is derived from *brih*, to grow, and signifies growth, as typified by the commonest and most useful of herbs, a simple leaf

of grass. A peculiar power is attributed to emblems of this kind by many savage tribes. The natives of the Chatham Islands exorcise evil spirits with a bunch of spear-grass; the Kingsmill Islanders use a sprig of a cocoa-nut tree for the same purpose; and the Todas practice incantations with a twig of the tude-bush. But owing to the intellectual indolence of such low tribes and the feebleness of this faculty of generalization, the object never assumed the character of a type, but remained a mere fetich. With the more highly endowed races, however, this phase of rude rubbish-worship soon passed away and gave place to a refined system of magical symbolism. Thus Brahma came to represent the hidden principle and universal cause of growth. In the Vedic age it meant, not prayer as it is usually translated, but that occult power which was the resultant of the combined ritual machinery of song and sacrifice and ceremonial, and which the priests alone claimed to be able to produce and to direct towards desirable ends, just as electricity is generated by a properly constructed battery and may be applied by expert operators to telegraphic and telephonic purposes. Brahma, in this sense, was recognized as the source of all life and energy. There

was no physical, moral, or spiritual effect which it could not accomplish. It was the one great force in the universe, whether for creation, or preservation, or destruction. By the skillful manipulation of it the priest could cause drought or rain, make the fields barren or fertile, turn the scale of battle, dethrone a king, or even dismay and strike down a god. It gave its name to the sacerdotal caste who were its official guardians, and as metaphysical speculation increased in subtlety and the great schools of philosophy arose, Brahma was finally identified with the Supreme Spirit from which all things proceed and to which all things return, the absolute, indivisible, and imperishable essence, into which seers and sages sought to merge their individual existence by means of mental abstraction and intense concentration of thought.

In the history of this single word we can trace the intellectual evolution of the Indo-Aryan race through all its stages from fetichism to pantheism. It furnishes also a striking illustration of the scientific spirit and the tendency to scientific method which distinguish the Aryan mind, even in its relations to the supernatural and its futile attempts to grasp "the void and formless infinite."

E. P. Evans.

BIRCHBROOK MILL.

1750.

A NOTELESS stream the Birchbrook runs
 Beneath its leaning trees:
 That low, soft ripple is its own,
 That dull roar is the sea's.

Of human signs it sees alone
 The distant church-spire's tip,
 And, ghost-like, on a blank of gray,
 The white sail of a ship.

No more a toiler at the wheel,
It wanders at its will;
Nor dam nor pond is left to tell
Where once was Birchbrook Mill.

The timbers of that mill have fed
Long since a farmer's fires:
His doorsteps are the stones that ground
The harvest of his sires.

Man trespassed here; but Nature lost
No right of her domain;
She waited, and she brought the old
Wild beauty back again.

By day the sunlight through the leaves
Falls on its moist, green sod,
And wakes the violet bloom of spring
And autumn's golden-rod.

Its birches whisper to the wind,
The swallow dips her wings
In the cool spray, and on its banks
The gray song-sparrow sings.

But from it, when the dark night falls,
The school-girl shrinks with dread;
The farmer, home-bound from his fields,
Goes by with quickened tread.

They dare not pause to hear the grind
Of shadowy stone on stone,
The plashing of a water-wheel
Where wheel there now is none.

Has not a woman's cry been heard
Above the clattering mill?
The pawing of an unseen horse
Who waits his mistress still?

Yet never to the listener's eye
Has sight confirmed the sound;
A wavering birch line marks alone
The vacant pasture-ground.

No maiden's arms fling up to Heaven
The agony of prayer;
No spectral steed, impatient, shakes
His white mane on the air!

The meaning of that common dread
 No tongue has fitly told,
 The secret of the dark surmise
 The brook and birches hold.

What nameless horror of the past
 Broods here forever more?
 What ghost his unforgiven sin
 Is grinding o'er and o'er?

Does then immortal memory play
 The actor's tragic part,
 Rehearsals of a mortal life
 And unveiled human heart?

God's pity spare the guilty soul
 That drama of its ill,
 And let the scenic curtain fall
 On Birchbrook's haunted mill!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

MALTA.

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, the Knights of the Order of St. John, who for nearly five hundred years had houses successively at Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Rhodes, and had developed from pious hospital nurses into tough soldiers, sought a new and more impregnable position in the Mediterranean. The efforts of the Grand Master and the Pope to induce the sovereigns of Europe to provide them a suitable position resulted in the cession to the Order, by the Emperor Charles V., of the little group of islands of which Malta is the largest. The appearance of their new territory, of which they took possession in 1530, must have been, especially when contrasted with their beautiful home at Rhodes, uninviting enough. But the heads of the Order seem to have fully understood the value of the harbors and of the geographical situation of the islands as a base of operations for maritime warfare; and they

speedily began, in the old vigorous fashion, the work of fortification.

There are probably few places in the world better adapted for the purpose. On the eastern side of the island two narrow entrances admit to safe and commodious harbors, divided and commanded by an elevated tongue of land, then called Mount Sccebberas, now occupied by the city of Valetta and its beautiful suburb Floriana. The larger harbor is to the south. Its northern shore has but little unevenness for more than a mile and a half. The opposite side is indented by three deep bays, each of which affords a good and secure anchorage. Upon the central promontory on this side the knights placed their town, which they called the Bourg, and their principal fort, St. Angelo. In the course of about twenty-five years other works were constructed: so that when the celebrated La Valette became Grand Master, in 1557, the defenses consisted

of St. Angelo, already mentioned ; Fort St. Michael, now better known as Sen- glea, upon a rocky promontory parallel with and partly commanding that of the Bourg ; and Fort St. Elmo, on the point of Mount Scebberas.

La Valette, seems to have been a perfect incarnation of the military monastic idea, the beau ideal of the soldier monk. Deeply religious, with the unquestioning, uncompromising piety of his church ; simple and temperate in his habits, though not ascetic to the enfeeblement of splendid physical powers ; with intellect ample enough for the work of a commander and for the conduct of a purely military government ; intrepid in spirit, regarding his own or any other life only as an instrument for the performance of duty, he stands out as a true embodiment of a chivalry which was rapidly passing away. The Order was his life and his world. He had joined it as a youth of twenty, had aided in the defense of Rhodes, and had worked his way, step by step, to the supreme command. From the day of his first profession to that of his attaining the highest dignity, he never once left his convent, except when cruising against the Infidel. Such was the man upon whom devolved the dangerous honor of meeting the last Moslem attempt to crush the warriors of the Cross in the Mediterranean.

Intelligence of the assembling of a vast armament at Constantinople filled the maritime provinces of Southern Europe with alarm ; but the Grand Master's spies soon convinced him that Malta was the Sultan's object, and that the scenes of Jerusalem, Acre, and Rhodes were about to be reenacted. La Valette was equal to the emergency. His stirring and pathetic appeal to the priories aroused the old crusading fire. Lavish supplies of money were sent by those who could not come in person, and the best and bravest of the knights flocked to Malta.

On the morning of the 18th of May, 1565, the Turkish fleet hove in sight : one hundred and thirty galleys, besides smaller craft and transports. The army consisted of thirty thousand men, five thousand of whom were Janizaries. They were well supplied with siege apparatus, being particularly strong in heavy artillery. Mustapha commanded the army and Piali the fleet, both veteran warriors. The defenders numbered about nine thousand, five hundred being knights. The siege continued for something less than four months, and the fighting was characterized on both sides by an unrelenting desperation which made its mark even upon those pitiless times. Never had the sensuous fanaticism of the Crescent and the devoted courage of the Cross exhibited in more terrible fashion the heroism of which both were productive. Among a crowd of incidents of battle, so numerous that they present a monotony of deadly strife, one seems to stand out in a preëminence of tragic interest.

The first efforts of the Turks were directed against Fort St. Elmo, upon Mount Scebberas. It was defended by about sixty knights and two hundred men-at-arms, augmented from time to time by supplies from the main fortifications to fifteen hundred men. Its reduction cost the Turks a month's precious time and eight thousand of their choicest troops. They succeeded, after a time, in cutting off the communication with St. Angelo, and battering St. Elmo with their powerful artillery until it was a mere heap of ruins. Many were the desperate assaults that were repelled by the isolated garrison ; but each attack rendered the defenders weaker. At last the night came which was evidently to be the critical one. It was clear that on the next day the Turks must carry the ruined redoubt by sheer weight of numbers. Surrender was not even suggested. Nothing was left but to die like crusaders.

They assembled in the little chapel, where they confessed one another and received the sacrament. Weary with ceaseless vigil, worn out by constant effort, many of them wounded, the band of heroes for the last time consecrated themselves, their swords, and their lives to their holy cause; and then each man went to his post and waited. With the first blush of morning the Turks rushed upon them; but so fierce was the struggle of utter despair that even then they were held in check for a while. But overwhelming odds bore them down; quarter was neither asked nor given. In the confusion, a few of the Maltese men-at-arms plunged into the sea and escaped to the other side. With these exceptions they were all killed.

Mustapha's reflections upon his first success seem to have resembled those of Pyrrhus on his victory over the Roman legions. When the Turkish commander entered St. Elmo, and looked from its ruined bastions across the harbor at the lofty ramparts of St. Angelo, he is said to have exclaimed, "What will not the parent cost us, when the child has been gained at so fearful a price!"

Whether he really made such a remark or not, its thought was amply justified by the event. The attack and defense continued from day to day and from week to week, with a terribly reckless expenditure of life on the part of the Turks. At last, after the entire failure, on the 23d of August, of a more than usually comprehensive and carefully calculated assault, it was evident that the Turkish soldiers had lost heart, and could be no more led to those corpse-encumbered trenches and walls.

Within a few days came the tidings that a heavy force was on the way to relieve the beleaguered garrison. This concluded the matter. Although there was some fighting with the new comers, the siege was practically at an end. The Turks got on board their galleys and sailed away. Of the thirty thou-

sand men who had in May landed at Malta, scarcely ten thousand found their way back to Constantinople. The losses of the Order were relatively quite as heavy. The Grand Master, when the siege was raised, could not number six hundred men in fighting condition. But the exultation of success and the prestige of this unparalleled defense were strong points in their favor. The name of the "Bourg" was changed to that of "Città Vittoriosa," in honor of their triumph. The effect of the great deliverance which thus crowned the valor and devotion of the Order was by no means confined to Malta. The security of every European throne and the peace of every European nation was confirmed by it. Very especially were the great commercial ports of the Mediterranean relieved of the constant dread of the approach of the Turkish galleys.

The attack on Malta was coincident with the highest point of the Mussulman power. When Solymán received the news of the collapse of his grand effort, and the shattered remnant of the once splendid armament were again assembled in the Golden Horn, he indeed resolved to renew the attempt, and passionately swore so to deal with Malta that not one stone should be left upon another; but Solymán was now an old man, and years must elapse before an adequate force could again be brought together. The exhaustion of the resources of his empire was greater than he was perhaps aware of. His death, soon after, removed the greatest danger which had threatened Christendom for many years.

But La Valette and the knights were not men to leave anything to chance. The terrible experiences of the siege had shown them that the weakness of their position lay in the location of their principal fortifications. The loss of St. Elmo had given their enemy the advantage of occupying the commanding situation of Mount Sceberras. It was

therefore determined to make that the chief point as speedily as possible.

The elastic power with which they recovered from apparently hopeless exhaustion and set to work upon fresh enterprises had always been one of their most brilliant characteristics. And never did this admirable quality appear in stronger relief or brighter colors than in their work upon the new city and its defenses. Plans were made, lines drawn, and workmen brought from well-nigh every town in Southern Europe; and in a marvelously short time the barren expanse of yellow rock began to be encircled with an inclosure of rampart and fosse of immense solidity, depth, and strength, and within the lines churches, palaces, auberges, and humbler dwellings seemed to grow by magic. The original plan appears to have been to cut the entire hill down to a certain point, and to build the town upon the tableland thus secured. But information of the renewal of preparations for attack which were making at Constantinople induced them to give up this scheme as too expensive of time, and so the sloping sides were left.

To this circumstance is due one of the most curious and inconvenient features of Valetta. The streets running lengthwise, or from east to west, are level; but most of the cross-streets which lead to the harbors on both sides are stairways, only passable on foot; so that to reach the marina of the grand harbor, or the landing places of the Marsa Musceit, now known as the Quarantine harbor, a horseman or vehicle must make a *détour* of over a mile. Of course neither La Valette nor any of his generation lived to see the completion of the plans for the city.

A wonderful amount of work was accomplished in a short time; but the town has gradually grown into the Valette of our knowledge.

The defense of the island against Solyman's attack may be said to be the

last great feat of arms of the Order. They fought much at sea, and participated in almost all hostilities against the Turks for years afterwards; but the progress of events and the inevitable changes that accompanied it at last effected that which Arab, Saracen, and Turk had for five hundred years attempted in vain. The subsequent history is an exemplification of the old fable of the wind and the sun. As long as the Moslem was a powerful foe, worthy of their steel and demanding the ceaseless exercise of military prowess, the knights exhibited the soldier virtues in the highest degree of perfection. With the gradual decline of their enemy's power came the decline of their military ardor.

This is strikingly evident in the pictures which adorn the walls of the palaces. Not only do we see, in the dress of the Grand Masters and high functionaries, the chain and mail superseded by velvet and gold, but the alteration is clearly perceptible in the countenances and expression of the wearers. A still stronger sign of this decadence of spirit is the manner in which the island came into the hands of the French. Napoleon, who was as able and calculating in diplomatic intrigue as he was prompt and masterful upon the field of battle, had fully informed himself of the condition of things at Malta. He knew the disaffection which existed amongst the knights towards the then Grand Master, and in 1797 French gold and French promises were lavishly employed to forward the work of corruption. Thus it came about that when, in 1798, he anchored off the mouth of the harbor, with that armament the exploits of which form so large a part of the history of Europe, the great fortress, many times stronger than the one from which the baffled forces of the Turk had retired, surrendered without even firing a shot. Pensions and rewards were distributed among the traitors. The event gives us one of those mocking contrasts of

which history is so full: in 1565 the bleeding, exhausted defenders of St. Elmo, receiving the last sacrament by night, and then going to their posts to die in arms in the morning; in 1798 their successors, with swords undrawn, bargaining away their grand and glorious heritage for so much apiece. The French seem to have appreciated the situation. It is said that when Napoleon entered the gates General Caffarelli remarked to him, glancing at the massive defenses, "It is fortunate that we have some one to admit us, for we should never have got in of ourselves."

The degenerate knights soon found that they had a conqueror as unscrupulous as the Turks. All the treasure was seized. The gold and silver decorations of churches, palaces, and auberges, the relics of five centuries of heroism, were swept away in a week. But the corruption which gave the island to the French was ultimately the cause of their losing it. Had it been fully victualled and stored, its final disposition might have been different. As it was, the French garrison, closely blockaded, were compelled by famine to capitulate, and in 1800 the British obtained possession. It was confirmed to them by the treaty of Paris in 1814. It may be predicted with some certainty that it will remain in English hands as long as modern means of attack and defense leave it its use and strength as a strategic point.

Its more immediate and modern interest is of a different character; redolent of Captain Marryat, King Teru, and Mr. Midshipman Easy. True, the remembrance of Napoleon, Nelson, Toulon, Aboukir, Sir Sydney Smith, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and a crowd of other gallant names and stirring events, is full enough of fighting and chivalry, but of a very different kind of chivalry. In the ancient chronicles the element of humor and fun, which is so prominent and so attractive a feature in the later war narratives, seems entirely wanting. The

mingling of the two lines of thought; the grafting, so to speak, of the nineteenth century and its ideas and personalities upon these grand and beautiful surroundings, so full of reminiscences of mediæval heroism, is one of the most fascinating experiences of travel in this part of the world. To people possessing any imagination at all, a visit to Malta is quite worth while, if for the mere sake of this novel sensation. But there is much to see and admire: the Cathedral of St. John, with its mosaic pavement, said to be the most perfect specimen of such work in the world; the palaces of the Grand Masters, now occupied by the governor and other officers; the auberges of the languages, now used as the regimental officers' quarters, club-rooms, etc.; the Baracca, a court situated upon one of the highest points of the ramparts, open overhead, but surrounded by noble arches, and commanding a magnificent view of the grand harbor and the opposite towns and fortifications; the vast granaries, which will hold provisions for seven years: and then, outside of the towns, the exquisitely-kept walled gardens, oases in a desert of yellow stone, the earth for which was brought over from Sicily in boats; the "casals," or villages, each with its handsome church.

Some of these features deserve more than a passing mention; the Baracca, especially. Either in the early morning, before the sun has had time to convert the entire city into a bake-shop, or about sunset, it forms a delightful promenade. Let us imagine ourselves enjoying it. At its western extremity we look over the parapet into the main ditch, cut sheer down into the rock for sixty feet. Take a few steps to its southern face, and below is the Grand Harbor, with the Mediterranean fleet, perhaps a dozen first-class men-of-war, at their moorings; beyond, the dock and victualing yards, forts St. Angelo and Senglea, the towns of Bourgo and Burmola;

further to the left, Righi Bay and the Naval Hospital, occupying the beautiful site which it is said Napoleon intended for his palace. Almost immediately beneath us is the marina, to which are moored feluccas and speronari, laden with grain and fruit from Sicily, and gayly painted native boats, somewhat of the gondola character and build, in abundance. Their owners and occupants are buying, selling, bargaining, quarreling, laughing, and gesticulating in various languages and dialects. They are handsome, well-made fellows, picturesquely dressed, and conduct their business with prodigious vehemence and noise. A perfect babel of tongues comes up to our ears from the scene. These people are good humored, but fiery tempered. Sometimes a knife will be drawn and a tragedy enacted, but not often.

Now walk to the other end, and we look over forts St. Elmo and Ricasoli, and through the narrow entrance out into the blue Mediterranean. Just below this end of the Baracca are the famous "nix mangare stairs." The legend of the origin of the title seems to be as follows: Like all Italian and semi-Italian places, Malta has, or had, its share of beggars. The portion of the marina now under consideration is a much-frequented landing place, from the fact that it leads directly to one of the streets of stairs affording access to the centre of the town. It was, consequently, a favorite ground for young mendicants, who, looking as fat and jolly as may be, would appeal to the sympathies of the people landing in the somewhat polyglot formula, "Nix madre, nix padre, nix mangare for six weeks, give me a copper, seigneur." The tradition also records that in order to be on hand betimes in the morning they would pass the night with great comfort by inserting their heads and shoulders into empty flour barrels, which stood near the head of the stairs; but that when the British took possession of the island

this pleasant arrangement was interrupted by unsympathetic midshipmen, who would send the barrels and their sleepy occupants bowling down the stairs, not to stop until they plunged into the harbor. As barrels and beggars could swim with equal facility, a wetting was the only result. Truth compels the admission that this is a legend of bygone times, as the beggars are now far less numerous, and the barrels have disappeared altogether.

Sometimes the prospect from this outlook is very different. Occasionally in the winter, the *gregala*, or easterly gale, blows directly into the harbor with great violence. Although the narrowness of the entrance to some extent breaks the force of the sea, and the government moorings are strong enough to hold the war ships secure, wrecks of smaller craft, accompanied by loss of life, have more than once occurred. A peculiarly distressing case of the kind happened about forty years ago. During a *gregala* of unusual severity, a Sicilian brig was observed trying to make the harbor. She was watched with painful interest from the battlements. To the great joy of the observers she succeeded in steering clear of the rocks on either side, and was driven at racing speed through the narrow entrance. A few minutes more would carry her well into the harbor, where she would be in comparative safety. Just at this juncture it is supposed that the steering gear broke; at any rate, she swerved from her course, was caught broadside on by a tremendous sea, and in two minutes was smashed to pieces under Fort St. Angelo. The soldiers let themselves down with ropes, and risked their lives in trying to save the unfortunate crew, but without success.

A very noticeable feature of Valetta is the richness and taste displayed in the architectural ornamentation of many of the buildings. This lavish adornment is accounted for by the fact that the inhabitants, mostly the knights and those

associated with them, had no other employment for their wealth. This peculiarity makes Strada Reale, the principal thoroughfare, one of the most quaint and beautiful streets in the world.

The winter climate of Malta is very pleasant, not unlike that of our own Florida. But after the month of May there is a very different state of things. When the latitude and the vicinity of the parched African deserts are remembered, the atmospheric conditions may be imagined. Between May and October the sun pours down with almost tropical intensity. The streets, pavements, and houses are made of the yellow stone of which the whole island is composed. The ground becomes so hot as to be painful to Northern feet; the brilliant yellow of the houses reflects the burning glow; and the sirocco, laden with a fine, impalpable, but distressing sand, frequently adds its contribution to the general exasperation. It is evident that these conditions prompted the rather profane lines of Byron:—

“Adieu, ye joys of La Valette,
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat;
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs,
Sure every one who mounts you swears.”

Nothing could bear stronger testimony to the energy and purpose of the knights than the fact that they maintained their vigor and enterprise in spite of such a terribly depressing climate. At present it is only those whose official duties compel them to remain who brave the summer heats. The fleet disperses to its various stations; the yachts sail away in search of coolness; the invalids go back to England, and of a summer afternoon Valetta is as deserted and silent as a fashionable street in an Eastern city during the same season. But for the rest of the year, or between November and May, there are few places pleasanter than Malta. The most insatiable appetite for gayety will for once find enough. The evenings present an unceasing round of entertainment. Balls

at the palace, in the club-rooms, on board the ships, and at the regimental quarters, private parties, and the opera—where, by the way, several have made their *début* who afterwards became stars—take up every night, from Monday to Saturday, both inclusive. The frequent effect of all this upon the duties of Sunday may be gathered from the following conversation, overheard *en route* to church:—

“Good morning, Colonel——! Beautiful day, is n’t it?”

“Charming, madam. Are the young ladies with you this morning?”

“Well, no. You see they were out every night last week, and I thought they had better rest to-day.”

There is one peculiarity of Malta society which is a little inconvenient,—the great preponderance of men. But even this has its advantages, rendering it a perfect paradise for “wall-flowers.” Ladies who have been decidedly *passées* at Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and wherever else officers do congregate, at Malta can renew, if not their youth, at any rate that consequence of it which makes them eagerly sought as partners in the dance. When the introductions are performed and the centre cleared; when the floor is admirable, and the band begins a waltz with that perfection of accentuation and time which long experience alone can give; when young ladies are scarce, and the wearers of epaulets are eagerly scanning their dance cards, what difference does a few years one way or the other make?

But amusement is not confined to the evening. In the afternoon a regimental band plays at the Pietá, half an hour’s drive from Valetta, and picnics are always in order. These are of two kinds. One is managed thus: Permission is obtained for the use of the Verdalla, one of the governor’s country palaces, about twelve miles from Valetta. To this point a band and a champagne luncheon are conveyed. The company proceed

thither in carriages and on horseback ; wander about the valley made beautiful by landscape gardening, and known as the Boschetto Garden ; lunch ; and then dance until sunset. The short twilight soon fades, and they ride home by moonlight.

The other kind is more rural and unsophisticated. There is a wonderful conveyance, dear to the memory of all sojourners at Malta, known as a "go-cart." It is mounted on two wheels, and generally drawn by a small, vixenish-looking pony. It usually carries three. Two ladies recline on the gayly covered mattress, with their heads and shoulders towards the driver, who sits in front, but sideways, so that he can handle the "ribbons" and talk to the occupants, whose heads, it will be seen, are close by his elbow. A dozen or so of these vehicles, one being in charge of a native with the provisions, a few outriders, and perhaps a mamma or two in a more sober and elderly carriage and pair, will furnish the materials for as merry an afternoon as one is likely to pass. The roads are excellent, if somewhat dusty ; the ponies make good pace. Perhaps they go to St. Paul's Bay, where they will hear rather astonishing versions of the Apostle's shipwreck, and will be able to buy, at a surprisingly small charge, relics of that event ; perhaps to Citta Vecchia, or some other point, where there is a fountain of cool water and a delightful grove of orange-trees : but whatever may be the destination, the event and its memory will be charming.

Sometimes a more adventurous group of pleasure-seekers will charter a boat and go round to the neighboring island of Gozo. The sea-breeze is somewhat fresher, the surroundings are not quite so arid and stony, and the *soula*, or native clover, is particularly rich and beautiful upon this island. Here the delights of donkey-riding can be had for a small outlay. Upon a detached rock, separated from the main-land by about three

hundred feet, grows a curious red fungus, to obtain which one is hauled over in a box slung on ropes, some fifty feet above the sea.

The sea, after all, is the great charm of Malta, and especially at night. There is perhaps nothing which satisfies the combined sense of beauty and rest more completely than a couple of moonlight hours in a boat in the harbor. Architecture is improved by moonlight, and the rule applies with peculiar force here. The softening of all the harsher features of the landscape, the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, the deep blue of the sea and sky, the coolness after the sultry hours of the day, seem to produce the very essence of the *dolce far niente*. The native Maltese are well aware of this, and itinerant orchestras — most of the people are musical — will come alongside the ships, just as we see the German bands in our streets. Some of these improvised bands are poor enough ; others are exceptionally good.

The recollection of this custom brings an old story to mind. The English were blockading Toulon. It was hard service. Provisions were running short. The whole fleet was storm-worn and battered ; but some of the ships were leaky and strained to the point of danger. So a squadron of the worst cases was detached, placed under the command of a flag officer of conspicuous energy and determination, and ordered to Malta with all possible speed, there to refit and return with provisions and stores. The admiral dipped his colors to the commander-in-chief, and made sail for Malta. Steam navigation was unknown in those days. All went well until he was within a day's sail of the island, when a gregala caught him in the teeth, and blew him half-way back to Toulon. At length the wind shifted, and once more he steered for Malta. Again he was baffled by the wind ; but finally got into the harbor about the time he should have been back at Toulon with the bis-

cuit, beef, and rum for the fleet. British naval commanders are not, as a general rule, distinguished for the sweetness of their tempers at the best of times; and it will be readily imagined that this officer did not enter Malta harbor in an especially Christian frame of mind. But he went at his work like one of the old Grand Masters. No sooner were the anchors down than carpenters, riggers, caulkers, and every description of artificer that could be brought to bear upon the repairs were set to work. In the midst of the confusion and racket the governor's barge was reported. The guard was turned out, and the high functionary was received with all appropriate ceremonies. But the work did not cease for a moment. When the formalities were over the governor stepped into the admiral's cabin, and there were a few minutes' more familiar conversation. The caulkers were making a pandemonium of deafening noise overhead; but between the strokes of their mallets could be heard occasionally the strains of an itinerant band of music. The governor, roaring to make himself heard, said, —

"My dear admiral, do come to the palace for a few days' rest."

"Rest, sir!" snarled the old salt. "I've got too much to do, to think about rest."

"Well, then, just get into my barge, and come on shore for an hour or two, out of all this horrid noise."

"Noise, sir! I don't hear any noise, *except those d—d fiddlers under the stern.*"

The devotion of everybody to dancing is worthy of the occupants of the home of the Knights of St. John. The last ball of the season is given at the palace in honor of Her Majesty's birthday. It is kept in the month of May. It is a full-dress affair: the uniform coats are buttoned to the chin. It will be the last waltz; and although the atmosphere reminds one of the Black

Hole of Calcutta, there is no flinching. Next week the fleet will be gone, and sirocco and silence will settle down upon the city. "On with the dance," though the labor is severe.

But Malta has other inhabitants besides British officials and their families. The native population deserve more notice than is usually accorded them. They are mostly very poor, — so poor that the English penny is divided into twelfths, called "grains," for their benefit; but they are industrious, hardy, and frugal. They are of Arab stock, qualified in the harbor towns with a large admixture of Italian. This is observable in the language. In Valetta it is a mingling of Italian and Arabic; but in the outlying casals, the Arab tongue predominates. The peasantry of the country are home-loving and affectionate in their families; very ignorant and very pious. A large percentage of their hard-earned wages is given to the church. One of the things that most strikes a visitor is the number and size of the churches and the multiplicity of priests. An interesting and remarkable instance of this spirit of devotion may be seen in the village of Musta. Here there is a large, new, and beautiful church. Not many years ago there was a smaller one upon the same site. The problem of how to rebuild was solved thus: The money that could be collected from the villagers was altogether insufficient for the purpose; so they procured their plans, the foundation of the new edifice was laid, and the lines were drawn outside the walls of the old one. The people gave their labor as they could afford it, and in this way, little by little, the building rose. To stand on the unfinished dome, look down upon the church beneath, and hear the chanting of vespers was a unique experience. At last it was finished, and the old church was dismantled, pulled down, and carried out piecemeal.

The Maltese are good sailors and boatmen. Many of them make a living

by serving the naval officers' messes in the capacity of "bum boatmen." This is an arduous business, and in pursuing it they exhibit many excellent qualities. Their memory is wonderful. They can neither read nor write, but they will recollect and execute accurately a marvelous number of small commissions. Then they are good-tempered and obliging. Of liberty, in our sense of the term, they have not much idea. Inheriting a long pedigree of servitude, accustomed to nothing but domination, — military, ecclesiastical, and atmospheric, — they seem to thrive under it. They are very fond of and have a deep veneration for religious processions, and keep the various "festas" and fasts of the church with exemplary devotion. One outcome of their piety is distressing to strangers. All the churches have bells which are not swung and rung in the ordinary manner, but either beaten with a hammer from outside, or sounded by a rope attached to the clapper. This bell ringing, or rather hammering, is an essential part of the Maltese idea of worship. None can be carried on without it. Matins, vespers, festas, fasts, weddings, funerals, — all must have plenty of bell. As there is no attempt at chimes, or musical arrangement of any kind, and as, especially during Lent, they begin very early in the morning, the effect may be imagined.

There used to be a personage more or less familiar to residents at Malta, very distinct from the English officials,

from the seekers after pleasure and the seekers after health, — distinct, too, from the native population, — whom it is to be hoped may never be seen there again. When Ferdinand of Naples was outraging humanity by his cruel and perfidious persecution of the men whom he had solemnly sworn to protect and respect; when the best and purest spirits in his kingdom were chained to the floor in loathsome dungeons, for the crime of attempting to secure constitutional liberty for themselves and their countrymen; when Italy was in the throes of revolution; when Garibaldi was gathering about him the fiery youth of a people driven to desperation, Malta was often the resting-place of the Italian refugee. Gallant and worthy gentlemen, who had been reared in wealth and refinement, were giving lessons in French and Italian, and living in stifling garrets in Valetta upon the pittance they could earn. Happier times have come. We see a new Italy, flushed with all the ideas of modern progress, and buoyant with hopes of a yet brighter future. The recent mention of Malta as the possible pontifical residence — or refuge — suggests an impressive turning of the tables.

That it should be chosen as the seat of that great spiritual government which is accused, with such fierceness of vehemence, of making common cause with all that is tyrannical and oppressive would afford another instance of the vicissitudes of the history with which the island is so strikingly associated.

J. M. Hillyar.

MALICE.

WHAT now! You deem that Fiend of Malice dead?
Medusa died, but still her severed head,
By Perseus borne o'er Libyan dune and dell,
Shed blood-drops, changed to scorpions where they fell!

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

STEPHEN DEWHURST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[Among the papers left by Mr. Henry James, Sr., was one entitled "Immortal Life : illustrated in a brief autobiographic sketch of the late Stephen Dewhurst. Edited, with an introduction by Henry James." Under the slight disguise of a fictitious autobiography, Mr. James began a sketch of the growth of his mind upon a back-ground of personal history. The paper was left in a fragmentary form, and is here published, with two omissions and with the exception of the explanatory introduction.]

I.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

I WILL not attempt to state the year in which I was born, because it is not a fact embraced in my own knowledge, but content myself with saying instead, that the earliest event of my biographic consciousness is that of my having been carried out into the streets one night, in the arms of my negro nurse, to witness a grand illumination in honor of the treaty of peace then just signed with Great Britain. From this circumstance I infer, of course, that I was born before the year 1815, but it gives me no warrant to say just how long before. The net fact is that my historic consciousness, or my earliest self-recognition, dates from this municipal illumination in honor of peace. So far, however, as my share in that spectacle is concerned, I am free to say it was a failure. That is, the only impression left by the illumination upon my imagination was the contrast of the awful dark of the sky with the feeble glitter of the streets ; as if the animus of the display had been, not to eclipse the darkness, but to make it visible. You, of course, may put what interpretation you choose upon the incident, but it seems to me rather emblematic of the intellect, that its earliest

¹ County Cavan, Ireland.

² Albany, N. Y.

³ At the age of thirteen, Mr. James had his right leg so severely burned while playing the

sensible foundations should thus be laid in "a horror of great darkness."

My father was a successful merchant, who early in life had forsaken his native Somerset County,¹ with its watery horizons, to settle in Baltimore ;² where on the strength of a good primary education, in which I was glad to observe some knowledge of Latin had mingled, he got employment as a clerk in a considerable mercantile house,³ and by his general intelligence and business sagacity ere long laid the foundations of a prosperous career. When I was very young I do not remember to have had much intellectual contact with my father save at family prayers and at meals, for he was always occupied during the day with business ; and even in the frank domestic intercourse of the evening, when he was fond of hearing his children read to him, and would frequently exercise them in their studies, I cannot recollect that he ever questioned me about my out-of-door occupations, or about my companions, or showed any extreme solicitude about my standing in school. He was certainly a very easy parent, and I might have been left to regard him perhaps as a rather indifferent one, if it had not been for a severe illness which befell me from a gun-shot wound in my arm, and which confined me for a long time to the house, when his tenderness to me showed itself so assiduous and indeed extreme as to give me an exalted sense of his affection.³ My wound had been very severe, being followed by a morbid process in the bone which ever and anon called for some sharp surgery ; and on these occasions I remember — for the use of anaesthetics was still wholly undreamt of then not usual game of fire-ball that he was confined to his bed for two years, and two thigh amputations had to be performed.

— his sympathy with my sufferings was so excessive that my mother had the greatest possible difficulty in imposing due prudence upon his expression of it.

My mother was a good wife and mother, nothing else, — save, to be sure, a kindly friend and neighbor. The tradition of the house, indeed, was a very charitable one. I remember that my father was in the habit of having a great quantity of beef and pork and potatoes laid by in the beginning of winter for the needy poor, the distribution of which my mother regulated; and no sooner was the original stock exhausted than the supply was renewed with ungrudging hand. My mother, I repeat, was maternity itself in form; and I remember, as a touching evidence of this, that I have frequently seen her during my protracted illness, when I had been greatly reduced and required the most watchful nursing, come to my bedside fast asleep, with her candle in her hand, and go through the forms of covering my shoulders, adjusting my pillows, and so forth, just as carefully as if she were awake. The only other thing I have to remark about her is, that she was the most democratic person by temperament I ever knew. Her father,¹ who spent the evening of his days in our family, was a farmer of great respectability and considerable substance. He had borne arms in the Revolutionary War, was very fond of historic reading, had a tenacious memory, and used to exercise it upon his grandchildren at times to their sufficient *ennui*. I never felt any affectionate leaning to him. Two of his brothers had served throughout the war in the army, — one of them, Colonel F. B.,² having been a distinguished and very efficient officer in various engagements, and an intimate friend of Washington; the other, Major W. B.,³ who, if my memory serve me, was an aid of Gen-

eral Lafayette. These of course are never ungratifying facts to the carnal mind; and when accordingly we children used to ask our mother for tales about her uncles, she gave us to be sure what she had to give with good-will, but I could very well see that for some reason or other she never was able to put herself in our precise point of view in reference to them. She seemed some way ashamed, as well as I could gather, of having had distinguished relations. And then I remember I used to feel surprised to see how much satisfaction she could take in chatting with her respectable sewing-women, and how she gravitated as a general thing into relations of the frankest sympathy with every one conventionally beneath her. I should say, indeed, looking back, that she felt a tacit quarrel with the fortunes of her life in that they had sought to make her a flower or a shrub, when she herself would so willingly have remained mere lowly grass.

But I must say one word of my mother's mother, whose memory I cherish much more than that of my grandfather. She came to us at times in winter, and as long as she lived we spent a month of every summer with her in the country, where I delighted to drive the empty ox-cart far afield to bring in a load of fragrant hay, or gather apples for the cider-press, refreshing myself the while with a well-selected apricot or two. She was of a grave, thoughtful aspect, but she had a most vivacious love of children, and a very exceptional gift of interesting them in conversation, which greatly endeared her society to me. It was not till I had grown up, and she herself was among the blessed, that I discovered she had undergone a great deal of mental suffering, and dimly associated this fact somehow with the great conscience she had always made of us children. She had been from

¹ John Barber, of (then) Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y. (near Newburgh).

² Francis Barber.

³ William Barber.

youth a very religious person, without a shadow of skepticism or indifference in her mental temperament; but as life matured and her heart became mellowed under its discipline, she fell to doubting whether the dogmatic traditions in which she had been bred effectively represented divine truth. And the conflict grew so active ere long between this quickened allegiance of her heart to God and the merely habitual deference her intellect was under to men's opinions, as to allow her afterwards no fixed rest this side of the grave. In her most depressed condition, however, she maintained an equable front before the world, fulfilled all her duties to her family and her neighborhood, and yielded at last to death, as I afterwards learned, in smiling confidence of a speedy resolution of all her doubts. I never failed to contrast the soft flexibility and sweetness of her demeanor with the stoicism of my grandfather's character, and early noted the signal difference between the rich spontaneous favor we children enjoyed at her hands and the purely voluntary or polite attentions we received from him. Nor could I doubt when in after years my own hour of tribulation sounded, and I too felt my first immortal longing "to bathe myself in innocence," that this dear old lady had found in the ignorance and innocence of the grandchildren whom she loved to hug to her bosom a truer gospel balm, a far more soothing and satisfactory echo of divine knowledge, than she had ever caught from the logic of John Calvin.

I have nothing to say of my brothers and sisters, who were seven in number, except that our relations proved always cordially affectionate; so much so, indeed, that I cannot now recall any instance of serious envy or jealousy between us. The law of the house, within the limits of religious decency, was freedom itself, and the parental will or wisdom had very seldom to be appealed to to settle our trivial discords. I should

think, indeed, that our domestic intercourse had been on the whole most innocent as well as happy, were it not for a certain lack of oxygen which is indeed incidental to the family atmosphere, and which I may characterize as the lack of any ideal of action but that of self-preservation. It is the curse of the worldly mind, as of the civic or political state of man to which it affords a material basis; it is the curse of the religious mind, as of the ecclesiastical forms to which it furnishes a spiritual base,—that they both alike constitute their own ideal, or practically ignore any ulterior Divine end. I say it is their curse, because they thus conflict with the principles of universal justice, or God's providential order in the earth, which rigidly enjoins that *each particular thing exist for all, and that all things in general exist for each*. Our family at all events perfectly illustrated this common vice of contented isolation. Like all the other families of the land it gave no sign of a *spontaneous* religious culture, or of affections touched to the dimensions of universal man. In fact, religious truth at that day, as it seems to me, was at the very lowest ebb of formal remorseless dogmatism it has ever reached, and offered nothing whatever to conciliate the enmity of unwilling hearts. When I remember the clergy who used to frequent my father's house, which offered the freest hospitality to any number of the cloth, and recall the tone of the religious world generally with which I was familiar, I find my memory is charged with absolutely no incident, either of manners or conversation, which would ever lead me to suppose that religion was anything more in its votaries than a higher prudence, or that there was anything whatever in the Divine character as revealed in the gospel of Christ to inflame in common minds an enthusiasm of devotion, or beget anything like a passionate ardor of self-abasement.

Thus the entire strain of the Ortho-

dox faith of the period was at fault, and restricted the motions of the Divine life in us to the working out at most of a conventionally virtuous and pious repute. It was eminently respectable to belong to the church, and there were few insatiate worldlings, I suspect, who did not count upon giving in a prudent adhesion to it at the last. We children of the church had been traditionally taught to contemplate God as a strictly supernatural being, bigger personally than all the world; and not only therefore out of all sympathy with our pigmy infirmities, but exceedingly jealous of the hypocritical homage we paid to his contemptuous forbearance. This dramatic homage, however, being of an altogether negative complexion, was exceedingly trying to us. Notoriously our Orthodox Protestant faith, however denominated, is not intellectually a cheerful one, though it is not so inwardly demoralizing, doubtless, as the Catholic teaching; but it makes absolutely no ecclesiastical provision in the way of spectacle for engaging the affections of childhood. The innocent carnal delights of children are ignored by the church save at Christmas; and as Christmas comes but once a year, we poor little ones were practically shut up for all our spiritual limbering, or training in the divine life, to the influence of our ordinary paralytic Sunday routine. That is, we were taught not to play, not to dance, not to sing, not to read story-books, not to con over our school lessons for Monday even; not to whistle, not to ride the pony, nor to take a walk in the country, nor a swim in the river; nor, in short, to do anything which nature specially craved. How my particular heels ached for exercise, and all my senses pined to be free, it is not worth while to recount; suffice it to say that, although I know my parents were not so Sabbatarian as many, I cannot flatter myself that our household sanctity ever presented a pleasant aspect to the an-

gels. Nothing is so hard for a child as *not-to-do*; that is, to keep his hands and feet and tongue in enforced inactivity. It is a cruel wrong to put such an obligation upon him, while his reflective faculties are still undeveloped, and his senses urge him to unrestricted action. I am persuaded, for my part at all events, that the number of things I was conventionally bound *not-to-do* at that tender age has made Sunday to my imagination ever since the most oppressive or least gracious and hallowed day of the week; and I should not wonder if the repression it riveted upon my youthful freedom had had much to do with the habitual unamiableness and irritability I discover in myself.

My boyish Sundays, however, had one slight alleviation. The church to which I was born occupied one extremity of a block, and sided upon a public street. Our family pew was a large, square one, and embraced in part a window which gave upon the street, and whose movable blinds with their cords and tassels gave much quiet entertainment to my restless fingers. It was my delight to get to church early, in order to secure a certain corner of the pew which commanded the sidewalk on both sides of the street, and so furnished me many pregnant topics of speculation. Two huge chains, indeed, extended across the street at either extremity of the church, debarring vehicles from passing. But pedestrians enjoyed their liberty unimpeded, and took on a certain halo to my imagination from the independent air with which they used it. Sometimes a person would saunter past in modish costume, puffing a cigar, and gayly switching ever and anon the legs of his resonant, well-starched trousers; and though I secretly envied him his power to convert the sacred day into a festivity, I could not but indulge some doubts as to where that comfortable state of mind tended. Most of my *dramatis personæ* in fact wore an air of careless

ease or idleness, as if they had risen from a good night's sleep to a late breakfast, and were now disposing themselves for a genuine holiday of delights. I was doubtless not untouched inwardly by the gospel flavor and relish of the spectacle, but of course it presented to my legal or carnal apprehension of spiritual things a far more perilous method of sanctifying the day, than that offered by men's voluntary denial of all their spontaneous instincts, of all their æsthetic culture.

I may say, however, that one vision was pretty constant, and left no pharisaic pang behind it. Opposite the sacred edifice stood the dwelling-house and office of Mr. O——r, a justice of the peace; and every Sunday morning, just as the sermon was getting well under way, Mr. O——r's housemaid would appear upon the threshold with her crumb-cloth in hand, and proceed very leisurely to shake it over the side of the steps, glancing the while, as well as I could observe, with critical appreciation at the well-dressed people who passed by. She would do her work, as I have said, in a very leisurely way, leaving the cloth, for example, hanging upon the balustrade of the steps while she would go into the house, and then return again and again to shake it, as if she loved the task, and could not help lingering over it. Perhaps her mistress might have estimated the performance differently, but fortunately she was in church; and I at all events was unfeignedly obliged to the shapely maid for giving my senses so much innocent occupation when their need was sorest. Her pleasant image has always remained a fixture of my memory; and if I shall ever be able to identify her in the populous world to which we are hastening, be assured I will not let the opportunity slip of telling her how much I owe her for the fresh, breezy, natural life she imparted to those otherwise lifeless, stagnant, most unnatural Sunday mornings.

II.

CONFLICT BETWEEN MY MORAL AND MY SPIRITUAL LIFE.

I have always, in looking back, been struck with the fact, and used at first to be somewhat disconcerted by it, that my conscience, even in my earliest years, never charged itself with merely literal or ritual defilement; that is to say, with offenses which did not contain an element of active or spiritual malignity to somebody else. For example, there was a shoemaker's shop in our neighborhood, at which the family were supplied with shoes. The business was conducted by two brothers who had recently inherited it of their father, and who were themselves uncommonly bright, intelligent, and personable young men. From the circumstance that all the principal families of the neighborhood were customers of the shop, the boys of these families in going there to be fitted, or to give orders, frequently encountered each other, and at last got to making it an habitual rendezvous. There were two apartments belonging to the shop,—one small, giving upon the street, which contained all the stock of the concern, and where customers were received; the other, in which the young men worked at their trade and where we boys were wont to congregate, much larger, in the rear, and descending towards a garden. I was in the habit of taking with me a pocket full of apples or other fruit from home, on my visits to the shop, for the delectation of its occupants, several of the other lads doing the same; and I frequently carried them books, especially novels, which they were fond of reading, and their judgments of which seemed to me very intelligent. The truth is, that we chits were rather proud to crony with these young men, who were so much older than ourselves, and had so much more knowledge of the

world; and if their influence over us had been really educative, almost any beneficial results might have been anticipated. I do not know exactly how it came about, but one step probably led to another, until at last we found ourselves providing them an actual feast, some of us supplying edibles and other portables from our own larders and cellars. I used, I recollect, to take eggs in any number from the ample, uncounted, and unguarded stores at home, cakes, fruits, and whatever else it was handy to carry; and I do not know to what lengths our mutual emulation in these hospitable offices might not have pushed us, when it was brought to a sudden stop. Among the urchins engaged in these foraging exploits were two sons of the governor of the State, who was a widower, and whose household affairs were consequently not so well looked after as they might have been. By the connivance of their father's butler, these young gentlemen were in the habit of storing certain dainties in their own room at the top of the house, whence they could be conveniently transported to the shop at their leisure without attracting observation. But the governor unfortunately saw fit to re-marry soon after our drama opened, and his new wife took such good order in the house, that my young friends were forced thereafter to accomplish their ends by profounder strategy. And so it happened that their step-mother, sitting one warm summer evening at her open but unilluminated chamber-window to enjoy the breeze, suddenly became aware of a dark object defining itself upon the void between her face and the stars, but in much too close proximity to the former to be agreeable, and naturally put forth her hand to determine the law of its projection. It proved to be a bottle of madeira, whose age was duly authenticated by cobwebs and weather-stains; and from the apparatus of stout twine connected with it

there seemed to be no reasonable doubt that some able engineering was at the bottom of the phenomenon. Search was made, and the engineers discovered. And to make a long story short, this discovery did not fail of course to propagate a salutary rumor of itself, and eke a tremor, to the wonted scene of our festivities, begetting on the part of the *habitués* of the place a much more discreet conduct for the future.

But this is not by any means the only or the chief immorality that distinguished my boyish days. My father, for example, habitually kept a quantity of loose silver in a drawer of his dressing-table, with a view, I suppose, to his own and my mother's convenience in paying house-bills. It more than covered the bottom of the drawer, and though I never essayed to count it, I should judge it usually amounted to a sum of eight or ten dollars, perhaps double that sum, in Spanish sixpences, shillings, and quarters. The drawer was seldom locked, and even when locked usually had the key remaining in the lock, so that it offered no practical obstacle to the curiosity of servants and children. Our servants, I suppose, were very honest, as I do not recollect to have ever heard any of them suspected of interfering with the glittering treasure, nor indeed do I know that they were at all aware of its exposed existence. From my earliest days I remember that I myself cherished the greatest practical reverence for the sacred deposit, and seldom went near it except at the bidding of my mother occasionally, to replenish her purse against the frequent domestic demands made upon it, or the exaction of my own weekly stipend. My youthful imagination, to be sure, was often impressed on these occasions with the apparently inexhaustible resources provided by this small drawer against human want, but my necessities at that early day were not so pronounced as to suggest any thought

of actual cupidity. But as I grew in years, and approached the very mundane age of seven or eight, the nascent pleasures of the palate began to alternate to my consciousness with those of my muscular activity,—such as marbles, kite-flying, and ball-playing; and I was gradually led in concert with my companions to frequent a very tempting confectioner's shop in my neighborhood, kept by a colored woman, with whom my credit was very good, and to whom, accordingly, whenever my slender store of pocket money was exhausted, I did not hesitate to run in debt to the amount of five, ten, or twenty cents. This trivial debt, growing at length somewhat embarrassing in amount, furnished the beginning of my moral, self-conscious, or distinctively human experience.

It did this all simply in making me for the first time think, with an immense though still timorous sigh of relief, of my father's magical drawer. Thus my country's proverbial taste for confectionery furnished my particular introduction to *the tree of knowledge of good and evil*. This tragical tree, which man is forbidden to eat of under pain of finding his pleasant paradisiacal existence shadowed by death, symbolizes his dawning spiritual life, which always to his own perception begins in literal or subjective darkness and evil. For what after all is spiritual life in sum? It is the heart-felt discovery by man that God his creator is alone good, and that he himself, the creature, is by necessary contrast evil. But this life in man, being divine and immortal, is bound to avouch its proper grandeur, by thoroughly subjugating evil or death to itself; that is, absorbing it in its own infinitude. Hence it is that man, constitutionally requiring the most intimate handling of evil, or the intensest spiritual familiarity with it, actually finds *himself provisionally identified* with that principle, and so far furthered consequently on his way to immortal life.

The sentiment of relief which I felt at the remembrance of this well-stocked drawer remained a sentiment for a considerable time, however, before it precipitated itself in actual form. I enjoyed in thought the possibility of relief a long time before I dared to convert it into an actuality. The temptation to do this was absolutely my first experience of spiritual daybreak, my first glimpse of its distinctively moral or death-giving principle. Until then, spiritual existence had been unknown to me save by the hearing of the ear. That is to say, it was mere intellectual gibberish to me. Our experience of the spiritual world dates in truth only from our first unaffected shiver of guilt. Our youthful innocence, like every other divine-natural endowment of humanity, dwells in us in altogether latent or unconscious form, and we never truly recognize it until we have forever forfeited it to the exigencies of a more spiritual and living innocence. It is sure, for example, never to come to direct consciousness in us until we are seriously tempted to do some conventionally opprobrious thing, and have incontinently yielded to the temptation; after that, looking back at ourselves to see what change has befallen us, we become aware of our loss, and immediately, like the inapprehensive spiritual noodles we are, we bend all our energies to recover this fugacious innocence, and become henceforth its *conscious* guardians!—as if man were ever capable by *consciousness* of embracing anything good! As if the human *conscience* were *ever* open to anything else but evil in some of its myriad-fold modulations!

I doubtless relieved myself of debt, then, by two or three times borrowing freely from my father's drawer, without any thought of ever making restitution. But it is idle to pretend that my action in any of these cases was spiritually criminal. It was clandestine, of course, as it could hardly help being if it were

destined ever to take place at all, and was indeed every way reprehensible when judged from the established family routine or order. I had no idea at the time, of course, that the act was not sinful, for no one existed within my knowledge capable of giving me that idea. But though I should have felt excessively ashamed of myself, doubtless, if my parents had ever discovered or even suspected my clandestine operations, yet when my religious conscience became quickened and I had learned to charge myself with sin against God, I practically never found that acts of this sort very heavily burdened my penitential memory. I did not fail, I presume, to ventilate them occasionally in my daily litany, but I am sure they never any of them gave me a sense of spiritual defilement, nor ever cost me consequently a pang of godly sorrow. The reason why they did not spiritually degrade me in my own esteem was, I suppose, that they were at worst offenses committed against my parents; and no child, as it seems to me, with the heart of a child, or who has not been utterly moralized out of his natural innocence and turned into a precocious prig, can help secretly feeling a property in his parents so absolute or unconditional as to make him *a priori* sure, do what he will, of preserving their affection. It would not have seemed so in ancient days, I grant. The parental bond was then predominantly paternal, whereas of late years it is becoming predominantly maternal. At that period it was very nearly altogether authoritative and even tyrannous with respect to the child; while in our own day it is fast growing to be one of the utmost relaxation, indulgence, and even servility. My father was weakly, nay painfully, sensitive to his children's claims upon his sympathy; and I myself, when I became a father in my turn, felt that I could freely sacrifice property and life to save my children from unhappiness. In fact, the family senti-

ment has become within the last hundred years so refined of its original gross literality, so shorn of its absolute consequence, by being practically considered as a rudiment to the larger social sentiment, that no intelligent conscientious parent now thinks of himself as primary in that relation, but cheerfully subordinates himself to the welfare of his children. What sensible parent now thinks it a good thing to repress the natural instincts of childhood, and not rather diligently to utilize them as so many divinely endowed educational forces? No doubt much honest misgiving is felt and much honest alarm expressed as to the effect of these new ideas upon the future of our existing civilization. But these alarms and misgivings beset those only who are intellectually indifferent to the truth of man's social destiny. For my own part, I delight to witness this outward demoralization of the parental bond, because I see in it the pregnant evidence of a growing spiritualization of human life, or an expanding social consciousness among men, which will ere long exalt them out of the mire and slime of their frivolous and obscene private personality, into a chaste and dignified natural manhood. This social conscience of manhood is becoming so pronounced and irresistible that almost no one who deserves the name of parent but feels the tie that binds him to his child outgrowing its old moral or obligatory limitations, and putting on free, spiritual, or spontaneous lineaments. Indeed, the multitude of devout minds in either sex is perpetually enlarging who sincerely feel themselves unfit to bear, to rear, and above all to educate and discipline children without the enlightened aid and furtherance of all mankind. And it is only the silliest, most selfish and arrogant of men that can afford to make light of this very significant fact.

But to resume. What I want particularly to impress upon your understand-

ing is that my religious conscience in its early beginnings practically disowned a moral or outward genesis, and took on a free, inward, or spiritual evolution. Not any literal thing I did, so much as the temper of mind with which it was done, had power to humble me before God or degrade me in my own conceit. What filled my breast with acute contrition, amounting at times to anguish, was never any technical offense which I had committed against established decorum, but always some wanton, ungenerous word or deed by which I had wounded the vital self-respect of another, or imposed upon him gratuitous personal suffering. Things of this sort arrayed me to my own consciousness in flagrant hostility to God, and I never could contemplate them without feeling the deepest sense of sin. I sometimes wantonly mocked the sister who was nearest me in age, and now and then violently repelled the overtures of a younger brother who aspired to associate himself with me in my sports and pastimes. But when I remembered these things upon my bed, the terrors of hell encompassed me, and I was fairly heart-broken with a dread of being estranged from God and all good men. Even now I cannot recur to these instances of youthful depravity in me without a pungent feeling of self-abasement, without a meltingly tender recognition of the Divine magnanimity. I was very susceptible of gratitude, moreover, and this furnished another spur to my religious conscience. For although I abounded in youthful cupidity of every sort, I never got the satisfaction of my wishes without a sensible religious thankfulness. Especially rife was this sentiment whenever I had had a marked escape from fatal calamity. For I was an ardent angler and gunner from my earliest remembrance, and in my eagerness for sport used to expose myself to accidents so grave as to keep my parents in perpetual dread of my being brought home

some day disabled or dead. I distinctly remember how frequently on these occasions, feeling what a narrow escape I had had from rock or river, I was wont to be visited by the most remorseful sense of my own headlong folly, and the most adoring grateful sentiment of the Divine long-suffering.

To sum up all in a word: my religious conscience, as well as I can recall it, was from infancy an intensely *living* one, acknowledging no ritual bonds, and admitting only *quasi* spiritual, that is natural, satisfactions. There was of course a certain established order in the house as to coming and going, as to sleeping and waking, as to meal-times and morning prayers, as to study hours and play hours, and so forth. I certainly never exhibited any willful disrespect for this order, but doubtless I felt no absolute respect for it, and even violated it egregiously whenever my occasions demanded. But at the same time nothing could be more painful to me than to find that I had wounded my father's or mother's feelings, or disappointed any specific confidence they had reposed in me. And I acutely bemoaned my evil lot whenever I came into chance personal collision with my brothers or sisters. In short, I am satisfied that if there had been the least spiritual Divine leaven discernible within the compass of the family bond; if there had been the least recognizable subordination in it to any objective or public and universal ends, — I should have been very sensitive to the fact, and responsive to the influences it exerted. But there was nothing of the sort. Our family righteousness had as little felt relation to the public life of the world, as little connection with the common hopes and fears of mankind, as the number and form of the rooms we inhabited; and we contentedly lived the same life of stagnant isolation from the race which the great mass of our modern families live, its surface never dimpled

by anything but the duties and courtesies we owed to our private friends and acquaintances.

The truth is that the family tie — the tie of reciprocal ownership which binds together parent and child, brother and sister — was when it existed in its integrity a purely legal, formal, typical tie, intended merely to represent or symbolize to men's imagination the universal family, or household of faith, eventually to appear upon the earth. But it never had the least suspicion of its own spiritual mission. It was bound in fact, in the interest of self-preservation, to ignore this its vital representative function, to regard itself as its own end, and coerce its children consequently into an allegiance often very detrimental to their future spiritual manhood. For any refining or humanizing influence, accordingly, which the family is to exert upon its members, we must look exclusively to the future of the institution, when it will be glorified for the first time into a natural or universal bond. It is a denial of order to demand of the subterranean germ what we expect of the full corn in the ear. If, for example, the family as it once existed had ever been conscious of its strictly representative virtue; if it had for a moment recognized that spiritual Divine end of blessing to universal man which alone inwardly consecrated it, — it would have incontinently shriveled up in its own esteem, and ceased thereupon to propagate itself; so defeating its own end. For the only spiritual Divine end which has ever sanctified the family institution and shaped its issues is the evolution of a free society or fellowship among men; inasmuch as the family is literally the seminary of the race, or constitutes the sole Divine seed out of which the social consciousness of man ultimately flowers. Thus the only true Divine life or order practicable within the family precinct, the only sentiment truly spiritual, appropriate to the isolated as such,

would have been fatal to its existence, as it would have taken from it its proper pride of life; for it would have consisted in each of its members freely disowning all the rest in the faith of a strictly unitary spiritual paternity or being to all men, and a strictly universal natural maternity or existence.

We seem in fact only now becoming qualified to realize the spiritual worth of the family considered as a representative economy. For unquestionably we do as a people constitutionally reject — in the symbols of priest and king — the only two hitherto sacred pillars upon which the ark of man's salvation has rested, or which have based his public and private righteousness; and it is very clear that we could not have rejected the symbol unless the substance had first come empowering us so to do. That is to say, we as a people are without any proper political and religious life or consciousness which is not exclusively generated by the social spirit in humanity, or the truth of an approaching marriage between the public and private, the universal and the particular interests of the race; so that our future welfare, spiritual and material, stands frankly committed to the energies of that untried spirit. Happy they who, in this twilight of ever-deepening spiritual unbelief within the compass of the old symbolic Church, and hence of ever-widening moral earthquake, confusion, and desolation within the compass of the old symbolic State, intelligently recognize the serene, immaculate divinity of the social spirit, feel their souls stayed upon the sheer impregnable truth of human society, human fellowship, human equality, on earth and in heaven! For they cannot fail to discern in the gathering "clouds of heaven," or the thickening obscuration which to so many despairing eyes is befalling the once bright earth of human hope, the radiant chariot-wheels of the long-looked-for Son of Man, bringing freedom, peace, and unity

to all the realm of God's dominion. But these persons will be the promptest to perceive, and the most eager to confess, that the family bond with us, as it has always been restricted to rigidly literal dimensions, and never been allowed the faintest spiritual significance, so it must henceforth depend for its consideration wholly and solely upon the measure in which it freely lends itself to reproduce and embody the distinctively social instincts and aspirations of the race.

III.

SAME GENERAL SUBJECT.

Considering the state of things I have been depicting as incident to my boyish experience of the family, the church, and the world, you will hardly be surprised to hear me express my conviction that the influences — domestic, ecclesiastical, and secular — to which I was subjected exerted a most unhappy bearing upon my intellectual development. They could not fail to do so in stimulating in me, as they did, a morbid doctrinal conscience.

The great worth of one's childhood to his future manhood consists in its being a storehouse of innocent natural emotions and affections, based upon ignorance, which offer themselves as an admirable Divine mould or anchorage to the subsequent development of his spiritual life or freedom. Accordingly, in so far as you inconsiderately shorten this period of infantile innocence and ignorance in the child, you weaken his chances of a future manly character. I am sure that my own experience proves this truth. I am sure that the early development of my moral sense was every way fatal to my natural innocence, the innocence essential to a free evolution of one's spiritual character, and put me in an attitude of incessant exaction — in fact, of the most unhandsome mendi-

cancy and higgling — towards my creative source. The thought of God in every childish mind is one of the utmost awe and reverence, arising from the tradition or rumor of his incomparable perfection; and the only legitimate effect of the thought, accordingly, when it is left unsophisticate, is to lower his tone of self-sufficiency, and implant in his bosom the germs of a *social* consciousness, — that is, of a tender, equal regard for other people. But when the child has been assiduously taught, as I was, that an essential conflict of interests exists between man and his Maker, then his natural awe of the Divine name practically comes in only to aggravate his acquired sense of danger in that direction, and thus preternaturally to inflame all his most selfish and sinister cupidities. Our native appreciation of ourselves or what belongs to us is sufficiently high at its lowest estate; but you have only to dispute or put in peril any recognized interest of man, and you instantly enhance his appreciation of it a hundred-fold.

Our selfhood, or *proprium*, is all we have got to dike out the inflowing tides of the spiritual world, or serve as a barricade against the otherwise overwhelming influence of heaven and hell. My body isolates me from the world, or separates between me and the outward or finite; but I should be literally stifled in my own inward genesis, actually suffocated in my creative substance, were it not for this sentiment of selfhood, — the sentiment of a life within so much nearer and dearer to me than that of the world, so much more intimately and exquisitely my own than the life of the world is, as spiritually to guarantee me even against God or the infinite. The world gives me sensible constitution or existence, and if consequently you put yourself between me and the world, you doubtless inflict a sensible but not necessarily a vital injury upon me. But my selfhood, or *proprium*, is all I know

of spiritual life or inward immortal being, is all I am able consciously to realize of God himself, in short; and whenever, therefore, you impinge upon that, — as when you assail my vital self-respect, when you expose me to gratuitous contumely or contempt, when you in any manner suppress or coerce my personal freedom to your own profit, — you put yourself, as it were, between me and God, at all events between me and all I thus far spiritually or *livingly* know of God; you darken my life's sun at its very centre, and reduce me to the torpor of death. You fill my interiors in short with an unspeakable anguish, and a resentment that knows no bounds; that will stickle at absolutely nothing to give me relief from your intolerable invasion.

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The thought of God as a power foreign to my nature, and with interests therefore hostile to my own, would have wilted my manhood in its cradle, would have made a thoughtful, anxious, and weary little slave of me before I had entered upon my teens, if it had not been for nature's indomitable uprightness. It aroused a reflective self-consciousness in me when I ought by natural right to have been wholly immersed in my senses, and known nothing but the innocent pleasures and salutary pains they impart. I doubt whether any lad had ever just so thorough and pervading a belief in God's existence, as an outside and contrarious force to humanity, as I had. The conviction of his supernatural being and attributes was burnt into me as with a red-hot iron, and I am sure no childish sinews were ever more strained than mine were in wrestling with the subtle terror of his name. This insane terror pervaded my consciousness more or less. It turned every hour of unallowed pleasure I enjoyed into an actual boon wrung from his forbearance; made me loath at night to lose myself

in sleep, lest his dread hand should clip my thread of life without time for a parting sob of penitence, and grovel at morning dawn with an abject slavish gratitude that the sweet sights and sounds of nature and of man were still around me. The terror was all but overpowering; yet not quite that, because it called out a juvenile strategy in me which gave me, as it were, a new proprium, or at all events enabled me *bel et bien* to hold my own. That is to say, nature itself came to my aid when all outward resources proved treacherous, and enabled me to find in conventionally illicit relations with my kind a gospel succor and refreshment which my lawful ties were all too poor to allow.

There was nothing very dreadful, to be sure, in these relations, and I only bring myself to allude to them by way of illustrating the gradual fading out or loss of stamina which the isolated family tie is undergoing in this country, and indeed everywhere, in obedience to the growing access of the social sentiment. Man is destined to experience the broadest conceivable unity with his kind, — a unity regulated by the principle of spontaneous taste or attraction exclusively, — and it is only our puerile civic *régime*, with its divisions of rich and poor, high and low, wise and ignorant, free and bond, which keeps him from freely realizing this destiny. Or rather let us say that it is the debasing influence which this civic régime exerts upon the heart and mind of men, that keeps them as yet strangers even in thought to their divine destiny. Now the isolated family bond is the nucleus or citadel of this provisional civic economy; and practically, therefore, the interest of the isolated family is the chief obstacle still presented to the full evolution of human nature. Accordingly, even in infancy the family subject feels an instinct of opposition to domestic rule. Even as a child he feels the family bond irksome, and finds his most precious enjoyments

and friendships outside the home precinct. I do not say that the family in this country *consciously* antagonizes the social spirit in humanity, or is at all aware, indeed, of that deeper instinct of race-unity which is beginning to assert itself. For the family with us is not an institution, as it is and always has been in Europe, but only a transmitted prejudice, having no public *prestige* in any case but what it derives from the private worth of its members. Still it is a very rancorous and deep-rooted prejudice, and speculatively operates every sort of vexatious hindrance to the spread of the social spirit. The "rich" family looks down upon the "poor" family, the cultivated family upon the uncultivated one, the consequence being that this old convention which we have inherited from our European ancestry still profoundly colors our practical ethics, and blights every effort and aspiration towards race-harmony.

I have no desire, either, to intimate that I myself suffered from any particularly stringent administration of the family bond. My intercourse with my parents was almost wholly destitute of a moral or voluntary hue. Whether it was that the children of the family were exceptionally void in their personal relations of malignity or not, I do not know; but strive as I may I cannot remember anything but a most infrequent exhibition of authority towards us on my father's part. And as to my mother, who was all anxiety and painstaking over our material interests, she made her own personal welfare or dignity of so little account in her habitual dealings with us, as to constitute herself for the most part a law only to our affections. I presume, however, that our childish intercourse with one another was unusually affectionate, since it incessantly gave birth to relations of the most frankly humoristic quality, which would have been repugnant to any tie of a mere dutiful regard.

Nevertheless, I was never so happy at home as away from it. And even within the walls of home my happiest moments were those spent in the stable talking horse talk with Asher Foot, the family coachman; in the wood-house talking pigeons, chickens, and rabbits with Francis Piles, the out-door servant; in the kitchen in the evenings hearing Dinah Foot, the cook, and Peter Woods, the waiter, discourse of rheumatism, Methodism, and miracle with a picturesque good faith, superstition, and suavity that made the parlor converse seem insipid, or, finally, in the bedrooms teasing the good-natured chambermaids till their rage died out in convulsions of impotent laughter, and they threatened the next time they caught me to kiss me till my cheeks burnt crimson. These were my purest household delights, because they were free or imprescriptible; that is, did not appeal to my living heart through the medium of my prudential understanding. But sweet as these "stolen waters" were, they were not near so refreshing as those I enjoyed outside the house. For obviously my relation to the household servants, however democratic my youthful tendencies might be, could not be one of true fellowship, because the inequality of our positions prevented its ever being perfectly spontaneous.

I was indebted for my earliest practical initiation into a freer sentiment to the friendly intimacy I chanced to contract with my neighbors, the shoemakers, whom I have described in a former chapter. Unfortunately, these plausible young men had really no more moral elevation than if they openly cultivated some form of dubious industry; and they were willing, I think, to take advantage of our boyish frankness and generosity to an extent which, on the whole, rendered their acquaintance very harmful to us. I cannot in the least justify them, but, on the contrary, hand their memory over to the unflinching

Nemesis which waits upon wronged innocence. But at the same time I must say that their friendship for a while most beneficially housed my expanding consciousness, or served to give it an outward and objective direction. They had, to begin with, such an immense force of animal spirits as magnetized one out of all self-distrust or timidity, barely to be with them. And then they were so utterly void of all religious sensibility or perturbation that my mental sinews relaxed at once into comparative ease and freedom, so that the force of nature within me then felt, I may say, its first authentication. They gave me, for example, my earliest relish of living art and art criticism. There was no theatre at that time in the city, but its place was held by an amateur Thespian company, whose exhibitions they assiduously attended; and the delight they manifested in the drama, and the impassioned criticism they indulged in

upon its acting, made me long for the day when I, too, should enter upon the romance of life. They were also great admirers of the triumphs of eloquence, and I used to bring collections of speeches from our own library to read to them by the hour. It was a huge pleasure to be able to compel their rapt attention to some eloquent defense of liberty, or appeal to patriotism, which I had become familiar with in my school or home readings. There was an old workman in the shop, an uncle of the principals, who sacrificed occasionally to Bacchus, and whose eyes used to drip very freely when I read Robert Emmet's famous speech, or the plea of the prisoner's counsel at the trial scene in the *Heart of Midlothian*. He even went so far in his enthusiasm as to predict for the reader a distinguished career at the bar; but apparently prophecy was not my friend's strong point. [End of the manuscript.]

Henry James.

THE CONSUMING FIRE.

As in the fiery furnace stood the three,
 Naught burning but the bonds that bound them fast,
 While the great multitude looked on aghast,
 And, full of wonder, stilled their cries, to see
 That like unto the Son of God seemed He
 Who stood among them till their trial was past —
 So may I, in Thy fiery furnace cast, —
 Thy Holy Spirit's fire consuming me, —
 Have burned away, before it is too late,
 My weary burdens, and the chains of sin,
 The things I dare not bring before Thy face,
 The clinging, hindering sins I love and hate.
 Burn, burn them all, and make me pure within,
 And my poor heart fit for Thy dwelling-place.

R. N. Taylor.

THE LAST STAND OF THE ITALIAN BOURBONS.

THOSE of us whose memories recall the early months of 1861, which ushered in our civil war, may be interested in synchronizing with that gloomy period of our history the salient events which at the same time were inexorably closing the career of Bourbon royalty in Italy.

In the previous November, Victor Emmanuel had entered Naples. Garibaldi, refusing all honors, titles, wealth, — half in patriotic pride and half in bitter indignation against Cavour, on account of the pressure which had constrained him to turn over his conquest to the king without completing his programme by an assault on Rome, — had sailed away to Caprera in a fishing-smack. Hero and very child that he was! What he had conquered by the unselfish greatness of his soul he would certainly have lost through the simplicity of which certain volunteer aulic counselors — Alexander Dumas, the elder, for instance — were thronging to Naples to take advantage. Cavour saved at once the dictator and his work by taking affairs out of his hands. As to a march on Rome, it would not have been a simple contest with Lamoricière and his papal zouaves, but an assault on the flag of France, which would have involved Italy in a French war. A Garibaldi could gallantly shut his eyes to all this, for he scorned diplomacy. The Italian statesman appreciated him none the less while he breathed more freely when the hero abdicated and withdrew in wrath to his island home.

The week subsequent to the entrance into Naples, Francis II., defeated on the Garigliano and at Capua, took refuge, with his young Bavarian queen and younger brothers and sisters, in Gaeta, where he was at once besieged by Generals Cialdini and Menabrea. On this

last promontory between the Neapolitan and the Papal States young Bourbon royalty stood gallantly at bay. The investment could be maintained, however, only on the land side. No Italian naval force was permitted to coöperate, for a few French vessels rode at anchor in the harbor, representing Napoleon's persistent interference in Italian affairs; and, though themselves taking no active part in the defense, the fleet kept open the communications from without by which Francis received such supplies as he might need, as well as provided an ever-open door of departure.

The young king showed himself, during this siege, in no respect wanting in soldierly courage; but, apart from this, he did nothing to win the affections of his defenders, the regard of his *quasi* allies, or the respect of his assailants. A siege carried on under these circumstances could be very little more than *pro forma*; and the attention of those who watched and waited in Rome was far less occupied with the operations of the Italian army than with the presence of the French fleet and with the ebbs and flows of French politics.

That Napoleon was hopeful, or even desirous, of saving the falling dynasty no one imagined, — probably not even Francis himself. That the French emperor was anxious only to retard the progress of Italian nationalization, and to retain his influence in Italian politics, in the faint hope that some unexpected turn of fortune would put it within his power to secure the throne of South Italy for his cousin, Lucien Murat, was plain then to not a few, and is now, of course, well understood. He yielded this aim and policy only as he saw more and more clearly its utter hopelessness, and the cost to him of the attempt. Early in December, it was said that

Napoleon had written to Francis ; condemning, indeed, the course of the Italian government, but advising him to make no further resistance. Yet the French vessels continued none the less to occupy the bay of Gaeta. The Italian admiral could take no part in the siege, and it dragged on ; or, rather, the issue was frankly turned over to diplomacy.

In the mean time the fever of political excitement was increasing in Rome. The vanguard of the Piedmontese had advanced, in September, as near as Tivoli ; and this was enough to turn the heads of the populace. About the 21st of November, there appeared, moreover, a French pamphlet, *Le Pape et l'Empereur*, actually discussing the limits of Napoleon's duty to the Pope ; and, close upon this, it was rumored that the Count of Morny had come to Rome, bearing an ultimatum for his Holiness, and announcing the approaching withdrawal not only of the French vessels from Gaeta, but also of the French troops from Rome. Napoleon was, as it would seem, once more upon the Liberal tack.

There was not a very exalted estimate current that winter, certainly not in Rome, of the motives of the imperial policy, whichever way it might veer. The pro-papal leanings which had been evident in the autumn and the presence of the French vessels in the bay to Gaeta were quite as often attributed of the influence of the Princess Metternich as to any settled principles of statesmanship ; and it was now whispered in semi-diplomatic circles, on the authority of a monsignore, "who knew the facts," that, to secure a change in the councils of St. Cloud, Count Cavour had had recourse to female counter-diplomacy, and, taking a hint from the dealings of Louis XIV. with Charles II., had sent a certain fair countess from Turin to Paris, in the hope that she might supplant the princess in influence with the emperor.

It is strange — or at least it seems so to us now — that many of the Americans and English at the time resident in Rome not only were skeptical of the ultimate success of the Italian revolution, but even sympathized with the old *régimes* which were then, one by one, giving way before it. The enthusiastic new-comer was quietly assured by the better informed old resident that the apparently rising tide would soon ebb again, as in 1849 ; and that the inevitable reaction would reestablish more firmly than before the thrones now placed in seeming jeopardy.

But whether Napoleon was or was not then feeling his way towards a radically anti-papal policy, both in Rome and in France, he did, at all events, give Francis notice that he could no longer extend to him even a negative support. The siege of Gaeta was suspended from the 9th to the 11th of January ; the French vessels departed ; Admiral Persano at once invested the port by sea ; and the attack was now pressed in earnest on every side.

The capitulation of Gaeta, on February 13th, relieved the long suspense. The ex-king and queen of the Two Sicilies withdrew by sea to Rome. Simultaneously with these tidings from the south came news of the vote in the Prussian Chambers that it was neither the interest nor the policy of Prussia to place any obstacle in the way of Italian unity ; and also of language addressed by Napoleon to the Corps Législatif, which implied that his policy at Gaeta and at Rome was and must be the same.

By the early Italian spring of 1861, therefore, it seemed certain that the revolution which had rolled downwards from the Alps and surged upwards from Sicily was now at last about to close in upon Rome itself. To meet this threatened catastrophe by counter-revolution, to stem the tide of coming perils, all the subtle statesmanship of Antonelli, reinforced by such strength as could be con-

tributed by Bourbon doggedness and by the lingering hopes of the Lorraine dynasty of Tuscany, was now put forth. Rome became from this time, in the language of a French writer, "a hot-bed of conspiracies, of attempts at restoration, and of organized brigandage in South Italy." There was thenceforward, all this spring, ever a *si déce* on the Piazza di Spagna of some consultation or plotting of Antonelli with Francis, General Bosco, and representatives of the dispossessed princes of Central Italy.

A considerable number of the disbanded Neapolitan troops had betaken themselves to the valleys and villages of the Abruzzi Mountains, and thence kept up a guerrilla warfare, with frequent banditti incursions upon the peace of the nearer provinces; sorely harassing the new government in their efforts to bring Piedmontese order out of Bourbon chaos. That these brigands were supplied with money by Francis, and that they were encouraged, and even on occasion protected, by the Roman authorities, was well known. In vain the national forces attempted to protect the country or to break up these bands; for whenever hard pressed they took refuge across the nearer frontier in the "neutral territory of the Holy See," whither the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel could not follow them without embroiling the Italian government with Napoleon, yet whence, if they were nominally disarmed and interned, they invariably "escaped," armed, into the Abruzzi again, as soon as the way was clear to them, to resume operations once more.

While Antonelli thus threw himself into the intrigue to restore Bourbon rule at Naples, Pius IX. welcomed the late royal family with somewhat ostentatious hospitality. The Quirinal Palace was placed at their service for such time as they might need a residence at Rome. The shadow of a court gathered round them there. Some grim festivi-

ties were said to have been observed on certain state occasions; and during the rest of the winter and in the spring which followed they were not infrequently seen driving in the Villa Borghese or on the Pincio. The young queen ever won upon the kindly interest and sympathy of every one who looked upon her almost girlish figure, her fair face and placid brow, and who thought what it must be to be the wife of an exiled king of Naples. Francis sat silent, gloomy, saturnine; not a man from whom, as he grew older, his late kingdom could apparently have had much to hope as an improvement upon his father, the unlamented King Bomba.

But had all the ex-royalty of Italy been concentrated bodily in Rome, and had the Quirinal been a very Vesuvius of reactionary energy and activities, it would have availed nothing. The political genius of Cavour, sustained as it was by the confidence and resolution of the Italian people, was irresistible. The Italian Parliament met on the 18th of February, and accorded to Victor Emmanuel the title of King of Italy. On the 20th of the month following, the cabinet was reconstituted so as to include representatives from the whole nation, and especially from the southern provinces. In April, Cavour spoke the famous words, "*Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato*," and Rome was formally declared to be the capital of Italy.

In Rome itself popular patriotism was now seething. Patient it had ever been, and all-enduring; but occasionally, at all risks, it was not able to deny itself an opportune "demonstration." Even so early as December, when the news came that Napoleon had forewarned Francis of the early withdrawal of his vessels, on the morning of Tuesday, the 18th, a number of tri-colored placards bearing the audacious legends, "*Viva Vittorio Emanuele! Viva l'annessione!*" were discovered, by the horrified police, posted in different parts of

the city, on the walls of houses in the Piazza di Spagna, in the Corso, and even on the Propaganda. They were of course promptly torn down, and only those early abroad had the opportunity of seeing one: but they were the talk of all Rome before night, and how they could have been so posted in such places was a puzzle which no one could solve. In Liberal circles, however, of which many Americans enjoyed a sort of honorary membership, the mystery was soon explained. Not all the cardinals kept their own carriages; and therefore certain livery establishments were, it seems, provided with the proper equipage to supply to them, — a large, ponderous, old-fashioned red coach, blazoned on its panels with a cardinal's hat, and by its color proclaiming its character from afar. Now, some daring wits had, in the name of one of these princes of the church, hired such a carriage on this night; and some inside, and others, disguised in livery, on the box and behind, drove about the city during the small hours almost with impunity. Those inside pasted the placards and handed them out through the windows to the lackeys behind. The driver chose suitable places, and, turning the carriage so as to bring the back near the walls, — a very easy thing to do where there were no sidewalks, — the lackeys could quickly affix the placards while the coach drove on without stopping. No papal police would think of watching a cardinal's carriage; and if any one of them noticed it, he would only suppose that there was some pressing business going on at the Vatican.

The police afterwards, however, owed the Liberals a bitter grudge for thus outwitting them; and when Gaeta fell they were on the keen watch for patriotic bursts. The Italians were indeed, as one of the Liberals said at the time, "in the highest glee and the Neri in most dolorous mood." This particular patriot added that he was himself "in-

vited to eat macaroni in three places, in honor of the fall of Gaeta."

"That evening," to quote a journal entry for the 15th, "there was quite a touching demonstration on the Corso. About dusk, or a little before, it was filled with the best dressed people, ladies included, walking. No noise, no excitement; everybody intensely pleasant, greeting everybody else with a 'Buona sera' or a 'Bella serata;' saying nothing else, but tacitly sympathizing with each other in the general happiness." It would seem as though such a demonstration would be harmless enough, even in the eyes of the papal police, and certainly offer no ground for repressive procedure. But no: "soon a company of dragoons came in to clear the Corso, when the people quietly opened everywhere before them, and the whole assembly melted away down the side streets." Later in the same evening, a homeward-bound pedestrian, coming up the Condotti, was suddenly startled by a green Bengal light succeeded by a white light blazing out high up on the Spanish Steps. There was undoubtedly also to have been a red light, to make up the national tri-color; but probably the match failed which was set to ignite it. The whole neighborhood was of course illuminated, instantly and brilliantly, — the long ascent of the steps, the piazza below, the piazzetta in front of the church above. The police were promptly on the spot, but no one was to be seen.

Four days after this, however, — that is, on the 19th, — it was noted in the journal just quoted that "some fifty persons had just been exiled by the government: some say, for taking part in the quiet demonstration upon the Corso, on the evening of the 14th; and some, for eating macaroni that night in honor of the fall of Gaeta." The government, not being obliged to give any reason, left it in doubt which was the ground of action; but it was evident that if its

strict and eminently paternal regimen could not forestall this patriotic wit of the Roman Liberals, they would at least be brought afterwards to strict account. Such discipline did not, at all events, do much to conciliate the good-will of the Roman people towards the papal government.

The popular enthusiasm at the progress of a revolution which was to bring back to Italy a golden age had additional reason in the great distress among the lower classes, which had been witnessed during the winter and spring. This distress was produced largely by the heavy taxes and by the monopolies in the sale of some of the necessities of life, by which the government supplied its treasury, rewarded ostentatious political devotion, or, as was popularly believed, sustained the brigands, through whom they hoped to set up Bourbon rule again in Naples. "The suffering from starvation is terrible," wrote a lady: "the men who carry bread from the bakers are often stopped in the streets and the bread forcibly taken from them. All provisions are dear and beyond the means of the poor: but I hope this is almost over now. The Romans are wonderfully patient and enduring." It was currently reported, and, whether true or not, believed at the time, that when some one remonstrated with Cardinal Antonelli for giving such a monopoly to his brother, on the ground that the people had scarcely bread to eat, he replied, with a sarcastic laugh, "Let them eat hay, then; or grass, since spring is coming."

Not always, however, could this characteristic Roman patience be depended on; for the record is found under date of February 11th, but two days before the fall of Gaeta, "There have been two flagrant cases of robbery committed lately upon Americans. Young Mr. C. was, on Saturday night, attacked in his own entry by two men armed with knives, and robbed of all he had about him, — watch, gold chain, diamond pin,

and purse. Some one else, last night, was attacked in Mr. R.'s entry, in the same manner; but he was strong enough to defend himself, and put the fellow to flight." But, however sternly prompt to punish sympathy with the national movement, to "irregularities" of this kind the police paid no attention. An American seized a thief who had just robbed him, in the midst of the crowd on the Corso, during the carnival, — seized him with the stolen purse still in his hand; and, holding him by the throat, marched him up to a policeman, and delivered him then and there into custody. The policeman merely restored the purse, and, telling the thief that he was a fool to allow himself to be caught in this manner, let him go!

Small wonder that the Roman people gave little welcome and scant greeting to the young ex-king and queen of Naples, with whose presence in Rome they so closely associated the miseries of that weary spring! The royal pair occasionally drove through streets silent of any vivas for them; they assisted at some function of the church, protected from possible insult more by the Swiss guard of the Pope than by any popular sympathy with the expiring cause of which they were both the representatives and the victims.

Another, and so far as the writer is concerned a last glance at this hapless pair, thus passing out of history, is found in the following extract from a journal description of the ceremonies at St. Peter's on Thursday of Holy Week of the same year: —

At the *lavanda*, — that is, the formal pontifical foot-washing, — "I remained long enough to see first the pilgrims come in, and then the royalties. Of the latter, first came Queen Christina of Spain, accompanied by her son," — she, by the way, on whom, of all royal womankind, the Pope had bestowed the golden rose! . . . Next came the Neapolitan royal family, — the king in

his uniform, and the queen, of course, in black and a veil. He had a very disagreeable look; something malignant about it. He looked even worse than in the photographs; for in these his features are in repose. He seemed to be near-sighted, and kept contracting his brow most loweringly and repulsively. With the queen we were all pleased. She is perhaps not beautiful, but very bright and interesting, — a face full of spirit. Near Francis were, apparently, his three brothers, every one of whom was better looking and had a better expression than the king. His four or five young sisters also were, all but one, pleasing-looking girls. General Bosco,

the only one of his prominent generals who was faithful to him from first to last, was with him; his stepmother, also, I believe."

These last Bourbon royalties of Italy remained in Rome for some years, vainly hoping and attempting to create a favorable occasion for stirring up a reaction, or at least a conspiracy of one kind or another, in the late kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Certainly, nothing that the Pope or Antonelli could do to aid them in these laudable efforts was left undone. At last, one by one, they left Rome for Austria or for Bavaria. Bourbon rule in Italy was at an end forever. *Exeunt omnes.*

William Chauncy Langdon.

DE SENECTUTE.

THE new translation by Dr. Andrew Peabody, of Cambridge, revived an old interest in the *De Senectute*, and being now unfortunately familiar with the subject I felt called upon to bear testimony as follows.

We drift toward old age imperceptibly. None of us can tell the exact moment when our sun crosses the equator. Suddenly we notice that the days have grown shorter. Some morning we rub our eyes, and look! there it is behind us, — the high wall, unscalable, that separates us from youth. We are on the wrong side. We may cling to our old dress, amusements, occupations, friends, — it is of no use. We are outside the pale. The youngsters gaze down upon us with indifference, tinged with contempt; keep both, my lads, for your own use. I hold with Steele that a healthy old fellow in easy circumstances (who despises hair-dye, let me add) has the happiest condition of existence. An essayist who wrote eighteen hundred years before Steele has made Cato say

as much and more: "If I were offered the chance to be young again, — *Valde recusem*, — I would emphatically refuse."

Thus I spoke to my friend Thompson, a nobody like myself. We had been young together. Our parents were respectable, but poor. The star of our nativity was of the ninth magnitude, — a two and sixpenny star. Youth, I admit, has the charm to console for the lack of money. We were needy, but we did not mind it much. Voltaire, who was rich, said sneeringly to Piron, who was very poor, "Vous n'êtes pas riche, mon pauvre Piron." "Non," said Piron, "mais je m'en . . . ; c'est comme si je l'étais."

Wealth came to us when we were elderly and inert, as it did to Tityrus, in the first *Eclogue*. Thompson growled that the struggle of his life had been to make the end of his income meet the end of the year. The pleasure of victory was now taken away from him; he was reduced to opulence. What was

he to do for occupation? Tityrus lay under his beech-tree and made the woods resound with the name of Formosa Amaryllis. For men of his age in this climate the grass were a dangerous couch; and Formosa Amaryllis in the nineteenth century is not satisfied with loud and empty compliments. She prefers to see her name on parcels from the jeweler's shop.

I went on with my discourse. Senex, to be happy, must know his place; he will not try to be as good as new, — a *senex recoctus*, who affects youth and the manners and pleasures of young men, lingering about the banquet like a disreputable servant in search of heel-taps. He will be too much of a gentleman to indulge in dissolute stories, foul with wine and grease like a dirty tablecloth. He will have too much sense to relate jokes and anecdotes of Egyptian antiquity which, like the letters in the Flying Dutchman's mail bag, were meant for men dead years ago; and he will not be pompous and garrulous, abounding in highly colored, not to say imaginary, reminiscences of the wonderful things done by himself and his fellows in their young days, most of which his surviving friends probably wish were buried out of sight and forgotten. He should never give advice unless it is earnestly asked for, and very little of it even then. Such a man will improve with age, like good wine and Turkey rugs, softened, mellowed, toned down, unaggressive.

T. Your model old man reminds me of the typical Irish gentleman: the most perfect specimen of the gentleman, if you could only meet one. You have heard the saying.

I. You will admit that the condition of the ordinary veteran has been improving since tradition begins. It must have been a dreary moment in the career of the noble savage, our ancestor, when his wind and sight began to fail him, and he could no longer hunt for his share of the larder, nor hold his own in a scrim-

mage with his neighbors. He became a burden to his relatives; there was no place in the world for him, and he was duly put out of it, — knocked in the head by the heir at law with the Kith club kept for that sacred purpose in the family cave, and gathered to his children, roasted or baked according to their taste or conveniences for cooking. Trollope's fixed period was the universal law. When mankind advanced to houses and farming and became reasonably certain of getting their daily meals, the old man was kept alive. New uses were found for him. Savages are conservative and governed by precedent. He was a chronicle of the past. He sat at the gates and told how things were done in the times of the fathers, and his experience seemed wisdom. Savages are also very fond of listening to story-tellers; and the inclination natural to age to talk about himself and his contemporaries, made him an object of delightful and respectful interest. We see this stage in Nestor, in the Iliad. If Nestor were to be reproduced in this generation he would seem a garrulous old bore. Cato's position was much better than Nestor's, but not nearly so good as that of the nineteenth-century old man. Modern science and modern pursuits make him almost as good as new, or at least keep him middle-aged. He has spectacles and false teeth, umbrellas and India-rubber goloshes, fires and gaslight. He can drive in C-spring carriages and move about like the gods without the weariness of motion. He can be a trader or a professional man as long as he pleases. For the weaker brethren there are directorships in banks and insurance companies, trusteeships in clubs or hospitals or public libraries, and so on down to vestryman. There is no end to this kind of occupation but death or *dementia*, and almost any old fellow can have a *tolerabilis senectus* in this way. There is little excuse for the worst disease of age, *ennui*, — *tedium senile*. Nor

do years bring to a man who fills places of this kind the loss of consideration that Caius Salinator and Spurius Albinus — *homines consulares*, ex-consuls — so bitterly complained of to Cato.

T. You omit the newspaper, a resource and pastime within reach of the poorest. The newspaper is the magic mirror of our time. We see the whole world in it twice a day, and news "doth the spirit move like rum and true religion." The dullest inhabitant of the earth of Indolence loves to nod over his paper; and with what he gets from it, and a few castaway opinions he picks up derelict, can make quite a respectable figure.

I. I shall also take note of the pleasure we get in the care of our health. The modern invalid, instead of being despised and destroyed as in the aforetime, derives a certain dignity and importance from his infirmities. He rather boasts of *my* cold or *my* gout as if it were a possession to be proud of, and keeps his sign up of "Whines and Ails" like a dram shop. If he can afford professional services, an army of smiling and gossiping physicians are ready to visit him; if his means are limited, there are patent medicines of all kinds, from the mild tonic to some fierce drug, — a *doppia purgazione*, as the Italians say. Hunyadi before breakfast, hot water before dinner, — he can improve each shining hour. He will also meet many friends in the same physical and mental condition with whom he can have a pleasant interchange of ailments, and discuss what to eat and what to avoid; carefully connoting dishes with their attendant diseases.

T. I have in my library Every Woman her own Housekeeper, published by John Perkins, of London, in 1809. I will send it to you for your friends. In the table of contents of this curious receipt book, the penalty of indulgence is placed alliteratively beside each kind of food, as thus: Apples and Asthma —

Custards and Colic — Gravy and Gout — Jelly and Jaundice — Pickles and Piles — Appetite and Apoplexy — Drams and Death.

I. We are not as active and strong as we once were, and many of the pleasures of young men have gone from us; but, as Cato says, we have ceased to care about these things, — *sed ne desideratio quidem*. Taking one thing with another, I aver that a man is as well off in our stage of life as in the earlier. Healthy, wealthy, and wise old men have said so.

T. I doubt that they really believed it. There is something ridiculous about old men even in each other's eyes. "Nil habet senectus durius in se quam quod homines ridiculos facit." I have changed the line, for it is truer of age than of poverty. All your modern improvements are merely alleviations, — anodynes that dull the pain of the stings of time. The awful fact is ever present: we are condemned to disease, decay, death, and undergo a portion of our sentence every day. Have you read Edgar Poe's story of the prisoner who noticed each morning when he waked that there was one window the less in his dungeon? So with me: I notice the loss of some faculty or taste every day.

I. Then it is surely wise to make the most of what is left. As long as there is a window in your prison, let the sun shine in. The man who tries to see life without its illusions hardly sees life at all. Any one can analyze life into the contemptible and the miserable; but it is all we have got. Even the vulgar excitement of brass bands and pink fire is better sense than your dreary pessimism. You are rich: sweet are the uses of prosperity. If you were a pauper, I would throw up your case. Poverty and old age together are indeed too heavy a load for man to bear. You are in good health and in good repute.

Salus, honor et argentum,
Atque bonum appetitum

make a comfortable residuum.

T. Dregs is the better word, — dregs of a life unfulfilled. I lament the happiness I could not grasp. Now it is too late. What a lying proverb: Better late than never! Late may sometimes be better than never, but very seldom. There is a saying that every man smells once of the rose that blooms in the garden of Eden. My chance to sniff at it has come when I have nearly lost the sense of smell. Another lying French proverb tells us “*Tout vient à point à qui sait attendre.*” Only the ghost of *Tout* comes if one has to wait long. Hope deferred, like dinner delayed, destroys the appetite. What might have been gold when Polk was President is paper at a ruinous discount under Arthur. When Jacob won Rachel after fourteen years’ service she was not the same Rachel, nor was he the same Jacob. I asked for fresh bread; I got it stale and hard as a stone.

I. There was a Rachel, then! Why were you not as pertinacious as Jacob?

T. I had read Ovid’s “*Nubere si qua voles, differ,*” long before I saw Punch’s celebrated advice. I thought Look before you leap a good maxim, and I looked too long. Matrimony is like the ministry, — not to be entered into without a call. I never felt my calling sure, and I was quite sure I could not afford a wife. Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. I had a dread of discomfort, overcrowding, little tempers, the noise of children; the worry culminating when to the pinched papa comes the first shrill cry for pocket money. The horse leech is not the only parent whose daughters cry, “Give, give.” Now come the twaddlers, who tell me I ought to have somebody to inherit my money. I do not see that it is of much consequence to the world at large whether a Smith or a Jones leaves offspring or not; nor to a dead man who is to spend his money. We would all take it with us if we could. It is too late. I am not silly enough to marry

a young woman, and the loves of my youth are faded, when they are not gone. Some have become matrons in protuberant health, and some still languish on the native thorn, “unclaimed blessings,” as Max O’Rell calls them, prim, perpendicular, angular, angels no longer, — *non angli, sed anguli*. I met some of them lately at a small and early tea. They said it seemed like old times. To me it seemed like a resurrection party, and I, a social metempsychosis, recollected having existed in some previous and pleasanter state of probation.

To return to Cato: —

Much of his contention is idle stuff. He sneers at the inconsistency of mankind. All men, he says, wish for old age, and complain when it comes to them: *omnes optant accusant adepti*. What all men wish for is long life, not old age. A youth lives with the feelings of the immortals; one would be happy forever if one could stop at five and twenty. And again, *nemo est tam senex*, nobody is so infernally old that he does not pray to live longer. The dread of death is instinctive in man and in all animals, and to us mere consciousness is a pleasure we do not care to give up. And what an uncommon old man is this Cato! He has none of the pains of age, *nec afflixit senectus*; and none of its weakness, *sed aliquid pristini roboris*. He married his second wife at eighty. He was a very vain man; like the Priscus Adams, he thought “all was vanity or vexation of spirit.” He had his delight in talking about himself, and his fellow citizens were obliged to listen, as he was rich, powerful, and the most famous man of his day in Rome. He boasts of his rank and influence as a crown, — *apex senectutis est auctoritas*; he compares himself to the pilot (*gubernator*), who apparently does no work, but who steers the ship. How does all this apply to you or to me, who are single, old, and feeble, and have never risen even to the rank of corporal in the grand army

of the unknown? Yet this exceptional veteran, old only in the number of his years, warns us that we must not give up to old age, but fight it. Keep mind and memory busy to avoid senility. "Pugnandum contra senectutem, semper agens aliquid." There is something dreary and almost humiliating in this daily struggle with destiny.

I. But he mentions other ways of mitigating age that are within our easy reach, and are not dreary. He lent money at high rates, and he loved to lay it up. Accumulation — literally, the growth of the pile — is a constant pleasure. Age does not weary of its infinite variety. Money, at our time of life, gives in this way the most enjoyment. He studied Greek in his declining years, and had such joy in the language that he dreamed in Greek. He liked books. We have half a dozen languages and literatures, and thousands of books to choose from. Cato enjoyed a joke, and although those that have come down to us as his are not good he probably heard better than he made. Then gardening and farming were *incredibilia delecta*. "No man is so old that he may not hope to live another year to see his flowers bloom and his fruits ripen." Here again he was right. Nature does not grow old, and never suggests age to us. The trees and the grass and the birds seem the same year after year. As we advance in life we enjoy nature more and more. Paradise was and will be a garden. Cato gave dinners frequently, *propter sermonis delectationem*, for the pleasure of conversation as well as of eating and drinking. Old people never weary of their dinner. Even deaf ears seem to hear the sweet jingle of silver and glass.

T. I find dinner parties cheerful enough in a way, but not in the old way. Time changes old friends and ices warm hearts. Our jolly club mottoes in college, "Fide et amicitia," "Dum vivimus vivamus," have an empty sound

to me now. I find keeping myself alive all I can manage; *fides* means little or nothing, and the *amicitia* is mostly dead or forgotten. I fear that the survivals are mostly *olla amicitia*, pot friendship, the high consideration of the invited: so many of our brilliant acquaintances are like the stars in the hymn,

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The man who feeds us is divine."

Cato had another remedy for age. Cicero omits to mention it, but Horace has indiscreetly preserved it for us. "*Sæpe mero caluisse virtus*:" He frequently heated his great qualities with wine. I do not blame him. A good dose of this sparkling liquid rubs off the rust from the old man; the shadows of his approaching fate vanish; he is strong, happy, hopeful, young, again. For an hour or two it is the elixir of life. Ponce de Leon toiled painfully through the swamps of Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth. He might have found it in Jamaica, or Antigua, or Santa Cruz, or even in New England, had he lived a few years later.

I. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says that drinking is the only resource when a man has survived his *émotions à l'égard du beau sexe*, if he has retired from business, and has no scientific, literary, or charitable hobby to ride.

T. Cato's principles were cynically loose. You remember the *sententia dia Catonis* in Horace, and how he increased his income by hiring out his female slaves. He married the second time to keep up appearances. Do you notice he does not allude to the gratification old people derive from their grandchildren? Evidently he had not the domestic virtues. The truth is, Cato was a coarse, sensual, hard, and disreputable old man, a typical Roman. You and he, in the excellent reasons you have offered why old people should be happy, forget the real difficulty, — the nearness of the end. The world is indeed "full of pleasant people and of curious things," but

it will not last. Years ago, in a Mexican village, I heard a young girl sing,

“Que bonito es el mundo,
Lastima que go me muera.”

There is our trouble: “Every second dies a man.” The air is full of death. Charon sees souls falling into Hades thick and fast, noiseless and white, like snowflakes. One cannot help feeling an infinite pity and sadness when one thinks of the thousands of kind, harmless, often happy beings who are so incessantly thrust out of existence. And I lament over myself especially. I shall soon have to give up the *bonito mundo*. Finis for me must be written in a year or two. “Wie hässlich bitter ist das Sterben!” Do you think that a man who knows he is to be hanged the next morning would enjoy his dinner, even if Ude or Francatelli came back to cook it? There are healthy, happy, careless fellows, friends of the gods, like the Phæacians, who are satisfied with the hour when they are comfortable, and put aside thoughts of a future; but to men of my temper Cato’s talk is empty and childish. When a man has reached the home stretch, in the course of life, he cannot help seeing the end of the race and the Judge’s stand. That is another rub. What will the Judges say of a man like me, who dies and leaves no sign of his existence behind him, and is put under ground as an empty bottle is thrown into the dust bin? No! You and Cato

and the Phæacians, with your cheery, self-encouraging talk, get your “calm contentedness of seventy years” as the beasts do, — for want of thought.

The gloomy Thompson leaves me alone with his “fleeting world and piteous.” It is evening, and nearly dark. As the fitful firelight dances upon the parlor wall, the shadows take on the shape of the fair faces I liked to look at years ago. They seem to ask me with their sad *Geisteraugen* why I still sit waiting here. I am coming, my darlings, I am coming, but not quite yet. Why should I? I have a good cook, and a housekeeper who is willing to do anything for me. The wood blazes brightly on a clean-swept hearth, my chairs are easy, my books and *bibelots* lie about me within reach. I have also the pleasure of watching the doings and the sayings of the actors who are making the world of to-day. It is true that I have little personal relation to what is going on beyond the amusement of the hour, but I am interested and amused, like a spectator at the play who has a good front seat. A selfish existence, perhaps, — but on the whole I am glad to be a Phæacian. No, not quite yet. Comfort, if it does not replace youth, love, hope, makes life endurable, I may say pleasant. It is the only solid standpoint in this world of phantoms. There are days in the Indian summer as fair as any in the spring.

F. Sheldon.

AIVAZOFSKY.

It was near the close of one of the short, brilliant afternoons of the Northern winter, and after a week of persistent picture-staring, that I had almost accomplished the whole vast round of that doubly imperial palace of art, the Hermitage of St. Petersburg. The pro-

longed strain of attention had brought my faculties wellnigh to that stage of deadness to impressions familiar to all frequenters of art galleries, — my brain confused with a shimmer of the color and traits of all the schools, in whose masterpieces that Northern treasure-

house of painting is so marvelously opulent. I stood before the door of a single unexplored room. "This apartment," said my attendant *commissionaire*, "is the gallery of our yet unformed Russian school, and contains scarcely anything worthy of attention."

I entered, nevertheless, the small chamber facing the splendid plaza of the Winter Palace, and discovered a space dim with an air of neglect, and evidently unfrequented even by native visitors. It was obviously the corner of the vast palace unpenetrated by the pride of the authorities. The walls were mostly unhung with pictures, their gaping blanks decorated at best by about a score of canvases, — for the most part, indifferent historical pieces, interpolated here and there by yet more indifferent portraits of Russian sovereigns. An elaborate scene or two, marked with the name of Bogoluboff or Lossenko (the reputed founder of the Russian school, in 1757), appeared at first glance to exhaust the merits of the entire collection. It was not so, however. As I turned to the wall from which I had entered, where the light from the great square fell in a direct generous blaze, and again to the spaces on my right in the half shadow, Russia's genius in color was revealed! It was the hand and art of Ivan Aivazofsky, — the name then first seen by me as I glanced at the catalogue of the Imperial Collection in my hand. The numbers on four canvases of the largest size corresponded to the name of the painter on the list of the native school. Two were marine pieces, inspired by views of the Black Sea, and two were studies directly from the artist's brain, their subjects marked respectively *The Deluge* and *The Creation*. There was in these pictures a quality that instantly summoned back to my fagged faculties their lapsed energies of admiration.

The art before me varied in its technical detail from none of the conventional rules, but both in inspiration and

coloring it was differentiated from all the historic and Western schools. In it were force, vividness, intensity, to the highest limit, and these combined with a weird sombreness of treatment that recalled Doré and even Dante. The marine views, in their sweep and freedom of coloring, suggested the flowing, powerful brush of Turner, while the daring imaginativeness of the original scenes was akin to that of Ary Scheffer himself. But what separated these canvases from all comparisons, withdrawing them from every hint of the schools and art of the West, was their dominating imagination, which was neither Western nor European, but a veiled glow born evidently of the fire of the Orient and the genius of its struggling, mysterious races. The observer beheld, as if standing on the very shore, a vision of sunrise over the Euxine, — the low-lying Cimmerian darkness cloven with a rush of purple splendor out of the East, flooding down over sullen gray waves, cut like life and breaking into foam and spray against a violet coast; and again, a gleam of light rayed from the extremity of a funnel of blackness deep as eternity, — the sublime and audacious but simple conception of the Creation! Such in tone and power were these paintings. Their motive was melancholy, — the motive, indeed, of all Russian art.

One peculiarity more, however, there appeared in the work of Aivazofsky, — and I know not whether it is to be judged a virtue or defect of his art, though an element common in literature: in studying his scenes the mind of the observer was drawn insistently back to the painter himself; recognizing instinctively in the art a subtle and powerful relationship to the personality of the artist. Piqued by a curiosity so awakened, as well as by a singular fascination of his work, I was not long in acquiring what was known of the painter in St. Petersburg.

Aivazofsky was not a resident of the capital; he was an unfamiliar personality even in Russia; the available details of his life were then, as now, meagre. He was born in the Crimea, at Theodosia, on the shore of the Black Sea, in 1817. His family was not Russian, but Armenian, descended from the ancient family of Aivaz, or Haivaz, which prior to its settlement in the Crimea had been established for more than two hundred years in Galicia. The members of this family, however, with the tenacity of their Eastern race, had retained during the long exile all the instincts of their Asian origin.

Like his elder brother, Gabriel, who became a half century ago one of the foremost of Russian historians, Aivazofsky inherited genius. He was sent as a boy to be educated in St. Petersburg, where his precocious artistic talents drew the attention of the Czar Nicholas, by whose special order he was made, at the age of sixteen, a pensioner of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. Graduating a few years later, he traveled in Italy, and returned to Russia; making, in an almost incredibly brief time after, a "tremendous reputation," as it was called, by his landscapes, his *genre* pictures, and his sea sketches and naval battles. He easily took rank as the first of native marine painters, was elected professor in the Imperial Academy, his *alma mater*, and was decorated with the order of St. Anne of Russia.

As early as his twenty-fifth year Aivazofsky had become known also outside of Russia. Before that age, in fact, he had obtained his third medal from Continental societies. In 1848 he was elected to honorary membership in the Academy of Fine Arts in Amsterdam, and not many years later received the decoration of the Legion of Honor at Paris.

The general remoteness of his themes and the high imaginativeness of their treatment have been, no doubt, the con-

spiring elements which have kept the fame of Aivazofsky caviare to the public. His singular merit, however, has been for more than a quarter of a century thoroughly familiar to the circle of his profession in Europe. To borrow a phrase used of a kindred profession, he may be said in some sense to wear the enviable reputation of being a painter for painters. Dowered so generously with native gifts and inspired from a novel field of imagination, he has certainly achieved much with which to instruct his Western brethren in art. The works by which his talent is best known in Europe are those which have been sent from time to time to the exhibitions of the French Academy, where he is peculiarly distinguished. Among these are, A View on the Southern Shore of the Crimea, A Turkish Café at Rhodes, The Armenian Monks in Venice, Calm on the Mediterranean, The Island of Capri, A Pirate Bark attacked by a Russian Brig, and A View of Venice.

By some fatality of their selection, almost none of these pictures which have reached Western salons exhibit his art at its best, few of their subjects being those instinctive to his genius. Of the themes of his brush exposed in museums and private galleries throughout Russia, and in which his imagination has had freer play, the following are representative: Sunset on the Steppes, Fields of Wheat in Little Russia, Trebizond by Moonlight, A Storm at the Foot of Mt. Athos, Tempest on the Black Sea, Winter in Great Russia, The Steppes of New Russia, and various naval scenes from Russian history.

During my stay in St. Petersburg, I returned often to the Hermitage, to gather fresh impressions of the painter's powerful studies in the Imperial Collection. I left the capital, however, with my curiosity unsatisfied about Aivazofsky. The mystery of his personality, persistently suggested by his art, was unsolved. Three months later I found

myself on the shore of the Black Sea, looking from the frozen harbor of Odessa towards the warm lands of the South. Among my companions of travel over the lower steppes were two Russian architects in the imperial service, on their way to the Crimea, arrested here in Odessa, like myself, by the impassable Euxine. With the delicate courtesy of the noble Russian class, they came one evening to propose to an American stranger the pleasant relief of a visit in a resident family, whose friends they were. In half an hour we were entering the low doorway of a villa-like structure in a secluded street of the city. Our greeting, extended in perfect accent in whatever tongue we chose, whether Russian, English, German, French, or Italian, was from a household of beautiful women. The oldest of their number was a lady advanced in age, alert in faculties, with a noble figure and face, and carrying her nearly eighty years with the self-possession and ease of middle life. The next in years was our hostess, her daughter, a woman of fifty, whose pale face, dark hair and eyes, and exquisite air of high intelligence and noble breeding gave the impression of a most rare personality. Three others were her daughters, who in feature and manner copied the beauty and refinement of their mother.

The apartment into which we were welcomed corresponded to the grace of our entertainers. Along its sides were divans in the Oriental fashion; dressed skins and soft Asian rugs were on the polished floor; the walls were ornamented with objects of curious interest, relieved by engravings and occasional bits of color. There was nowhere anything of stiff conventional fineness, but over all an air of ease, softness, elegance, and art. We had entered the home of Ivan Aivazofsky! Wooed by imperial favor and the flattery of aristocratic society in St. Petersburg, invited by his renown toward the art capitals of the West, the

painter had refused the fascinations of fame, to establish his modest home here, by the remote verge of the Black Sea.

During my enforced sojourn in Odessa, Aivazofsky, as was usual with him, was absent in Armenia. Many renewals of my visit, however, in his charming and hospitable circle discovered the missing key to the painter's personality which I had sought. Aivazofsky's temperament is, as I then learned, the melancholy. He is not in love with the world nor with reputation, but with solitude, with his art, and more than all with nature in the regions of his birth and childhood. The tone and *motif* of his mind, like those of the genius of his race, are in the minor key. Moreover, the Asian strain in his lineage and blood has bound him with its link of fatal passion to the East. He is a representative artist of Russia, but of something added. The North for him is too remote and cold; its skies are too monotonous, its plains too unrelieved to be always endured. His genius is sombre, but he is yet the son of the South and of sunny lands, shadowed though they are by awful mountains and washed by dark waters.

Aivazofsky's life has been largely passed around the borders of that mysterious sea whose waves he so marvelously pictures. The mood of the Black Sea is his own. He is enamored of this sea as of another self. He has watched it in childhood, and appears never to tire of catching on his canvases its scenes of weird and splendid loveliness, infinitely varying under sun and storm, under twilight and morning. The whole circle of lands around these waters is the instinctive home of his imagination. Ararat, the Caucasus, and the Euxine are the trinity of natural elements that draw the worship of his genius; and no trinity of nature could be more august.

Moving in these brilliant and quaintly classic regions and over this remote sea covered with the twilight of fable, Aivazofsky moodily forgets the world, and

seldom returns even to the charmed circle in the quiet street in Odessa. Tiring of the too vivid contrasts and splendor of these scenes, he drops at intervals down through the gates of the Bosphorus and Hellespont into the mellow lights of the Ægean and the Levant. He pays the tribute of worshipful art under the snow-crowned altars of Samothrace, and halts at the feet of cloudy Athos to gather the impressions of tempest.

In the whole range of geography there is no realm more fascinating with weird and changeable scenes, with the solemn grandeur of waters and mountains, with august solitudes and historic memories, than that which Aivazofsky has elected as the central field of his art, — the coasts of the Black Sea. And in this romantic realm, endowed with a power to reproduce its sublimities, he is

without a rival, — solitarily plucking its marvelous fruits of poetry.

In the broad field of art, Aivazofsky's place is in that modern triad of Russian genius, — voicing in color, as Turgenieff in literature and Glinka in melody, the genius of an emergent people, whose joy is in the minor and whose aspiration is a sob. But to the imagination of Muscovy, which in development is that of a *quasi*-barbarous, youthful stock, this painter adds through birth the instinct of a polished and ancient race, — the race of Armenia. His conditions would seem the ideal ones of an artist. To students of the West he should be at least known, and a master; since, independently of his individual gifts, the novel inspiration of the Slave which he represents is destined yet to play its powerful rôle in the education of the future.

William Jackson Armstrong.

THE SONG OF SILENUS.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuissent,
Et liquidi simul ignis; ut his exordia primis
Omnia et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis;
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas;
Iamque novum terræ stupeant lucescere solem,
Altius atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres;
Incipiant silvæ cum primum surgere, cumque
Rara per ignaros errent animalia montis.

VIRGIL, ECL. VI. 31-40.

I.

WHAT old reveler, what monster, riding hither on an ass,
Bald, and fat, and red of visage? Say, you, shall we let him pass?

He is drunken, he is swinging by the handle his canteen, —
Hist! it is the god Silenus! Quick to cover, or be seen!

Wait till from his ass he tumbles on the greensward, and erelong
We shall have him at our mercy, we shall win from him a song.

For he is not half the dullard that he seems, with his queer ways;
We it is that are the dullards, if we hear and do not praise.

He will sing, if so his mood is, sweetly as a great god can ;
If he chooses, he will charm you with the seven pipes of Pan.

Twist a chain of flowers and follow, softly through the shadows creep,
Till beside some rock or fountain you shall find him sound asleep.

II.

So we gathered long-stemmed lilies, bluebells from their rocky shelf,
Roses blooming first that morning, each a little morn itself ;

And the flowers the name still bearing which Apollo's favorite bore,
With the syllable of sorrow marked upon them evermore.

Then a potent chain we twisted, and, to please him unaware,
Wrought a crown of tender vine-leaves, since the old man's head was bare.

And within the hour we held him in the charmed, flowery knot,
While we shouted, Ho ! Silenus ! till he owned that he was caught ;

Till the reeds that by the river once in voiceless shadows grew,
And are now a power on earth, he lifted to his lips and blew.

Loud and mirthful, weird and solemn, low and tender, came the strain ;
Pausing oft he changed the measure, blew, and paused, then blew again.

And amid the many pauses, as if from the leaves he twirled,
He retold the famous story of the making of the world.

Wind and tree forgot their murmur, and the nisy brook its tongue,
While he mingled truth and legend in his music, for he sung :

III.

"Mark you how the bright Aurora through the golden gateway steals,
And the Night as swiftly follows on her silent-running wheels ?

"Mark you how the constellations roll through heaven's arch by night,
All the noiseless alternations of the darkness and the light ?

"Have you marked the change of seasons, and the tides that rise and fall,
And the wind that ever varies, and the law that runs through all ?

"How one thing another follows, and not very far away ;
After waking comes the slumber, after life and growth decay ?

"Know that through the framework of the universe a soul,
All-pervading, all-foreseeing, lives and regulates the whole.

"Know that as in æons perished all from a beginning rose,
So in æons uncreated waits for all a final close.

IV.

- "Once there were no lands nor waters, and no glorious rolling air,
And no sunlight breaking earthward, and no starlight anywhere :
- "Only nothingness, an ocean that extended more and more,
With its billows that were silence and that broke upon no shore ;
- "And the many-figured atoms, rough, and smooth, and round, and square,
Falling in the void in silence, just as snow-flakes in the air,
- "Till a single atom, shaken by an unknown impulse, swerves,
Sends its thrill through all the others, crossing parallels with curves.
- "Round, in ever narrowing circles, were the nebulous masses whirled ;
Centred in the inmost spiral lay the seed that is the world.

V.

- "There in mist it lay and hardened slowly to a granite core,
Whereon dropped the ceaseless atoms as on the eternal floor.
- "Afterwards, the heaven, pressing with its mighty hemisphere,
Rose, the thinner from the denser, like a bubble, crystal-clear ;
- "And the luminous globular wonders, — one by day, the rest by night,
Floating in the liquid ether. And the world was filled with light.
- "Next, the mighty flood of waters outward from the centre rolled,
Wrapped the earth, o'er all its surface, in a blue and trembling fold ;
- "Till the hollows were created, and adown the mountain steeps
Fell the waves to roar forever in their dark and lonely deeps.

VI.

- "Fell the waves and rose the mountains, and the windy reach of shore,
Wading outward, far and farther beat away the foam and roar.
- "Streaming clouds began to gather, 'gan the scathing fire-balls fly,
And the elemental tempest shook the great frame of the sky.
- "Land and water were at warfare, earth and air were racked with pains ;
Earth was furrowed into valleys, pounded here and there to plains.

VII.

- "Then the land was filled with beauty, all its undulating sweep
Silver-threaded with the waters flashing backward to the deep ;
- "Belted o'er with shining forests that began to drink the breeze,
Fanning silence into music with their millions of great trees.
- "Came and went the gorgeous seasons, sang the breezes, sang the brook ;
Passed the grand primeval splendors, with no human eye to look !

"By the river-marge the ripples fondled with the tuneless reeds;
On the ground, for countless ages, trees in silence dropped their seeds.

"Inland from the distant ocean rolled the murmur of his lips,
While as yet he recked no navies, felt the burden of no ships.

"Oh, the mighty preparation for the lord that was to be!
Oh, the waiting of the forest! oh, the solemn, solemn sea!

VIII.

"First, the noisy waves were peopled, and a race of monsters seen,
Dying in their generations, and an æon passed between.

"To the air came flying reptiles, — came and went, and left their bones,
Which to those who read the ages are as letters in the stones.

"To the hills came walking creatures, of a less repulsive mien;
But they died, as died the others, and an æon passed between.

"Thus the forms of being followed in succession slow, each race
Somewhat fairer than the former and more perfect in its place.

"Last of all her many children which the common parent bore,
Man appeared, a god in figure, lord of all her boundless store."

IX.

Mute we sat; the skilled Silenus filled our ears with heaven's tide,
As he sang the great creation and a thousand things beside, —

Sang the interstellar spaces where the blest immortals dwell
In a sacred calm together, while the world goes ill or well;

Where they bask in pleasant sunshine, counting not the days or years,
And the sound of human sorrow never finds their blessed ears;

And the mystery of the mountains, and the wonder of the sea,
And the power of floods and earthquakes, all the changes that would be:

How the race of men would perish, when our mother Earth no more
Can sustain the teeming millions that must feed upon her store;

How the sun would slowly darken to a cinder till destroyed,
And with all his burnt-out planets still keep falling down the void;

How the sky would fall in ruins, and the earth into decay,
With the dead sun dropping downward like a pebble thrown away;

And at last how every atom would resume its separate form,
Through the gulfs of darkness falling, just as in the primal storm.

X.

So he sang till on the water melted evening's golden bar,
Till the fire died on the hilltops, sang until the evening star,

Till we saw the silent Archer climb his zenith-winding stair,
And across the northern heavens stream the dark Egyptian's hair.

Then he paused as if to listen, half in earnest, half in fun,—
But he grasped his empty wine-bag, and the old man's song was done.

XI.

Homeward as we carried in our hearts a new delight,
Much we mused upon the story, much upon the seer, that night,—

How the ugliest of bodies may contain the keenest soul,
As the richest wine may sparkle in a very common bowl.

And the wind that journeyed with us shook the dewdrops on the grass,
While we heard far down the valley some one shouting for his ass.

Samuel V. Cole.

THE LAKES OF UPPER ITALY.

III.

THE fate of things of beauty is to become hackneyed. The choicest poetry and music are repeated until everybody is tired of them; the masterpieces of art are vulgarized by constant reproduction, and even the beauties of Nature lose their freshness by being overrun and overpraised. The lake of Como has come to be a mere by-word for beauty; it can hardly be mentioned without an apology, yet it is impossible to pass by the Helen of Italian waters in silence. Many mountains, streams, and cascades have an individuality of their own; the presence of the unseen *genius loci* is felt, often unconsciously, by mankind. One might suppose that this influence would be strongest where Nature's haunts are still inviolate, among solitary peaks and pathless woods; but for me, at least, the lake of Como possesses it in the highest degree,—a personality so distinct and

feminine that a beautiful woman might be jealous of it. The charm does not lie exclusively in the scenery, but is a composite result of climate, atmosphere, cultivation, and also, in a subtle, unrecognized way, of the works of art which are scattered along its shores. The lake of Como is no mountain nymph, but is like Titian's Venus lying naked on a magnificent couch with pearls braided in her hair.

The sheet of water is shaped like a long fish with a cloven tail, the three portions being of about equal size, the lower ones divided by a broad wedge of land, the base of which, to the southward, is known as the Brianza, the point being the promontory of Bellagio. Each has its characteristics; the two lower bays or branches are called respectively the *lakes* of Lecco and Como, the latter giving its name and fame to the whole expanse. There are none of the grand and rugged features of Lago Maggiore

here; the prospect is soft and alluring, embellished by two thousand years of cherishing care. The ancients were drawn hither from distant parts of Italy, and from the days of Augustus to our own, the most celebrated statesmen and men of letters have borne witness, in prose and verse, to that witchery which Ugo Foscolo declared distracted him from his work.

The town of Como, at the foot of the lake, is on the line of the St. Gothard railway, and it is to be feared that this facility of access will rob the proud little port of the aristocratic air with which she has borne herself through many centuries of change. The city is regularly laid out on the only flat bit of ground of any extent on the entire circumference of the lake, and gains distinction from this peculiarity above the straggling, clambering towns of the neighborhood. A fragment of wall, and a massive square gate-tower, pierced by three tiers of arched openings after the manner of the Coliseum, are relics of Frederick Barbarossa's fortifications, which withstood many assaults and sieges. The churches are older than the defenses; the original cathedral, now the collegiate church of San Abbondio, dates, as it stands, from the tenth century, being founded on the remains of one still more ancient. It is a remarkable specimen of late Lombard architecture; the first sight of it in a suburb near the railway raises the traveller's hopes very high; it has two towers of unusual solidity for that style, and five naves of different heights, and is externally an imposing structure, but the interior is a wreck of poverty-stricken restoration. San Fedele is reckoned as still older than San Abbondio, and its singularity is even more marked. The building takes one by surprise; a beautiful octagonal apse and cupola with round-arched galleries, and an extraordinary side-door with a triangular arch, thrust themselves upon the street between or-

dinary houses that shut off the rest of the church in a most provoking way. Within there are traces of the original structure, and of its old, semi-barbarous sculptures, discernible amid horrible modern alterations, but it is a piteous instance of pious desecration. Both these churches are more interesting than the cathedral, which is nevertheless a beautiful black and white marble edifice of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a happy combination of Italian Gothic and early Renaissance, the older and nobler style predominating. It gains by proximity to the Broletto or town-hall, a fine municipal palace of the thirteenth century; this building looks rather long and low, overtopped as it is by a tall square tower; it stands upon two streets, and presents to them both a front with an upper row of Gothic windows and a rich central balcony, and a lower one of round arches through which are seen short, stout, octagonal columns, as the ground-floor is occupied by an open pillared hall, serving as a public thoroughfare and place of business. The Broletto forms an angle with one side of the cathedral, and the space inclosed between these noble samples of ecclesiastical and secular architecture is a good post of observation on a *festa* in summer, as the peasants come out of the hot sun of the market-place with their fruit-carts into this cool corner, and the church-door gives glimpses of rich tapestries, glimmering lamps, and groups of worshippers.

The striped effect of alternate courses of different colored marble (the Broletto has red introduced occasionally between the black and white) is apt to strike a spectator who is unused to it disagreeably. In the cathedral of Como, however, as in all old buildings of similar materials which have not been lately restored, the crudeness of the contrast has been softened by time, and results are obtained which are impossible where the stone is of but one tint. As in most

Italian cathedrals of the same period, the surfaces are not broken up by decoration, the sculpture being confined to the pilasters, door-ways and windows, which are elaborately carved without impairing the integrity of the whole. The restorations of the interior have not essentially interfered with the original intention, so that there is no shock or revulsion on entering; within and without, the church is in keeping with the town and see to which it belongs; it is stately, without assuming airs of sublimity, and one has all the more satisfaction in it because of this measure and proportion. It contains startling examples of the way in which the Renaissance artists, even of the earliest and best days, treated sacred subjects. One of the beautiful side-doors is surmounted by an *alto rilievo*, if I remember right, of St. John and the Virgin supporting the dead Christ, a group touching in its devout simplicity and pathos; immediately below it there is a fight between sea-deities riding marine monsters and slinging bundles of fish at each other, in the freest pagan enjoyment of irresponsibility. The door-posts of the opposite portal are pilasters covered with *bassi rilievi* of angels bearing the instruments of the Passion, while the lintel, towards which they are ascending, represents a procession of *putti* or wingless Cupids at play, and driving little chariots, the central figure being intended for the Infant Jesus, with the globe in one hand and the fingers of the other upheld in benediction, although there is nothing but these symbols to distinguish him from the other children. On a pier of the nave there are tablets with allegorical figures of two of the Christian virtues, and beneath them, set in chaplets of fruits and flowers, leering satyrs' heads which would throw Mr. Ruskin into agony.

The wealth and importance of the bishopric of Como in past times is attested by the opulence of its treasure, which I saw displayed on the feast of

San Abbondio, the patron of the city and region, or at least so I was assured, although the day was the 31st of August, and the calendar assigns him the 2d of April. On the high altar there were four silver busts of bishops of Como, larger than life, inlaid with gold and jewels, and a forest of gold and silver candelabra. Every side-chapel has its array of candlesticks, platters, vases, and lamps of the precious metals; that of San Abbondio boasted a splendid tabernacle, a church in miniature of carved wood gilded and colored, a most elaborate performance, with innumerable compartments and figures, *baroque* in taste, but of cunning and patient workmanship, and mellowed to a fine tone by time and dust. The church was adorned also with very large and handsome bits of tapestry representing scenes from the Old Testament on one side and from the New on the reverse; they are fine both in design and color, and were made expressly for the cathedral in the middle of the sixteenth century. Owing to these trappings it was not a good occasion to see the monuments and pictures, some of which are exceedingly beautiful; they are of the Lombard school, and one altar-piece by Luini, a Nativity, in which the herald angels are depicted as little celestial waits standing in a line and piping, on a cloud under the stable-roof, is intimately sweet and tender.

There are so many enchanting sites on the lake that from Pliny down to the Marchesa Trotti there have been lucky mortals who could not be satisfied with one habitation here. Among these *dilettanti* of Nature was Tolomeo Gallo, born in the sixteenth century at Cernobbio, a small town, now the first steam-boat-station from Como. His father was neither rich nor noble; but the sons, by their own ability and by the aid of powerful protection, got on well in the world. In that age patronage was an active force in the social system, so

vital indeed that without it no man, unless born in a position to be a patron himself, could make his way. Tolomeo's first influential friend was the historian Paolo Giovio, also of a Comasque family; and it is no disgrace to have had a lift in life from such a hand. The young man took holy orders, and was made bishop, archbishop, and cardinal, before he was forty years old. He bore his honors well, was charitable, munificent, a patron of art and letters, and a great benefactor to his native shores, where he built churches, colleges, and palaces. His brothers prospered in secular careers, and their descendants intermarried with the princely Milanese houses of Visconti, Borromeo, and Trivulzio. The family of Gallio is now extinct, I believe, but the name of the cardinal will live on Lake Como as long as his villas there last. One is at the head of the lake, the other at the opposite extremity close to Cernobbio, within half an hour's drive or row from Como. This has been known for the last fifty years as the Villa d' Este, the name given it by Caroline, wife of George IV. of England, to whom it once belonged, though it is actually a hotel named La Regina d' Inghilterra. The house has changed owners several times and has been greatly altered and added to since Caroline of Brunswick's occupancy. Cardinal Gallio's villa is swallowed up in an immense palatial vulgarity of pillared vestibules, salons, and galleries, with a magnificent double staircase of white marble; there are a few paneled rooms with the emblems of Cupid and Bacchus encrusted in gold on white wood-work, charmingly designed and executed in the style of the last century, but none of the original apartments can be identified. There is nothing distinctively Italian in the trim grounds immediately about the hotel, which stands low, close to the lake, and is shaded by sycamore trees worthy of an old English seat. But beyond the inclosure, and connected with

it by a stone bridge over a road, there is a hillside laid out in true rococo taste with grottoes, temples, artificial cascades and rock-work, and to crown all a mimic fortress erected by a Countess Calderara, who preceded Caroline as proprietress, to celebrate the return of her husband, General Pino, from the siege of some Spanish town, of which this was intended for a model.

Poor Caroline of Brunswick's sojourn at the Villa d' Este was unfortunate for her; the scandals which led to her repudiation and prevented her being crowned queen of England were connected with her life there, but she is still remembered gratefully in the neighborhood, and as she fades from recollection as a living woman she is becoming "a legend," as the French say. She opened a carriage-road from Cernobbio to Moltrasio, the next village of importance, which is called La Strada della Regina, and makes a beautiful walk or drive; at some places it skirts the lake, at others scales the cliff, passing for six miles or more continuously by private gardens, till it reaches the waterfall of Moltrasio foaming down over a black wall of slate rock crested with verdure. This road is the boulevard of the peasants and villagers; on holiday afternoons it is closely dotted with groups of them in Sunday clothes, strolling along chatting in their abrupt, bitten-off syllables. The dialect of the lake region is very odd, and every town has its own lingo. A foreigner who speaks good Italian will have no difficulty in making himself understood, but may be unable to understand in return. I was bewildered by answers in which the town of Comazzo, (properly pronounced Comatso) was called Comass, Moltrasio Moltras, *dieciotto* (eighteen) dess-dot, *sei meno dieci* (ten minutes to six) sez men dess, and the high-sounding name of Belgiojoso, Beljoose.

The lake of Como is well provided with waterfalls. The finest and most picturesque of them is at Nesso on the

eastern shore, opposite Moltrasio ; it breaks through a cleft in the mountain overgrown with dense greenery, and plunges between the houses of the village, which cling to the moist, mossy sides of the gorge, rushing into the lake beneath a steep bridge with a peaked arch. On the western side, still further northward, the pretty cascade of Camoggia skips down the sunny face of the rocks under the scanty shade of olive trees, turning a small mill-wheel where it reaches the lake. Near this is Comacina, the only island of Lago di Como, divided from the western shores by a strait ; a few acres of greensward, vineyards and olive orchards, among which lie the crumbling remains of fortifications that made this plot of earth a stronghold from the fifth to the twelfth century. The modern author, Cesare Cantù, entitles it, magniloquently, "the bulwark of Italian liberty," as the inhabitants of the mainland fled there for refuge from the barbarous hordes which swept over the country during the decline of the Roman empire, and held out against them when Rome itself fell. Comacina gradually acquired the right of sanctuary, and various important fugitives sought asylum there as in a church ; the town of Como at last grew impatient or jealous of the pretensions of the isle, and in the year 1169 destroyed its fortifications and banished its population. Some of them settled near by, in a hamlet still called Isola in memory of the home of its founders.

Beyond Comacina the western hills throw out a spur which, projecting half across the lake, interrupts the view, but makes a beautiful landmark in itself. It is the Dosso di Lávèdo ; the steep sides are laid out in gardens, with monstrous aloe plants and oleander shrubberies which blush from afar, and on the ridge, or back (*dosso*), there is a classic portico of elegant proportions, conspicuous for miles. This commands an entrancing prospect down the Bay of Como

on one hand, and on the other over the exquisite basin of Tremezzina, to the promontory of Bellagio and the widening upper lake. Landward, at the foot of the eminence, lies the Villa Balbiano, built by Paolo Giovio on the supposed site of Pliny's villa, called Comedy, and at one time the property of the insatiable Cardinal Gallio ; above the roofs of San Balbiano and Sala, almost contiguous villages, rise the ruins of an octagonal baptistery and a striking Gothic tower, an uncommon bit of architecture to find in the realm of Romanesque. Fragments of fine old churches and castles abound on these shores and hill-tops, but they impress the traveler less than such remains do elsewhere ; they are merged in the present living beauty of the scenery.

The Tremezzina is pronounced, by common consent of Italians and guide-books, the Eden of the Lombard lake district. Here the mountains of the western shore stand back a little, leaving room for a tract of leafy knolls and dells sloping to a small crescent-shaped harbor, of which the Dosso di Lávèdo and a narrow point of land tufted with foliage and ending in a single cypress tree form the piers. The chief and only town of this territory, which is no larger than an average New England farm, is Tremezzo ; it consists of one short street under low, straddling arcades, with wide granite or marble water-stairs on one side and on the other steep, narrow, crooked flights of steps, possibly considered by the inhabitants as streets, leading to houses, gardens, and vineyards on higher grades. They are mere slits between walls feathered with fern and maiden-hair, broken at irregular intervals by a window ledge bright with carnations and geraniums ; but every one of them makes a picture : in one, I saw at the foot of the stairs a gray-headed bel-dame in a dull red gown, helping a toddling, flaxen-haired child to climb the steps ; further up, a dark, handsome

young woman wearing a flowered neckerchief sat spinning at her threshold; and higher yet, a tall, slender, muscular man in blue cotton shirt and trousers and a broad straw hat was descending with a load of newly sawn boards on his shoulder. On the water-steps, the boatmen loll in suits of navy blue beside their light craft, furnished with white or striped awnings and cushions. The place is exquisitely pretty, and the view of the opposite heights is fine, the promontory of Bellagio standing out boldly towards the north, ending in an abrupt cliff with a dark, shaggy sylvan fleece. But Bellagio itself, at least if one lodges at the Villa Serbelloni, is to me by far the most beautiful and delightful situation on the lake.

The Villa Serbelloni has been rented as a *dépendance* by the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, and is reached from the town of Bellagio by long, breathless staircase streets, such as I have just described, or by the numerous sharp zig-zags of a carriage-drive from the hotel garden at the water's edge. The view grows lovelier at every turn as the road ascends, bordered by trees and tropical plants, until it enters the magnificent umbrage of the villa. The mansion is long, rambling, and barrack-like, but full of large, airy apartments, so disposed that almost every window overlooks one of the bays, some of the rooms commanding them both. The Serbelloni, who I am told are now extinct in the male line, have been known on Lake Como for four hundred years; they inherited this property from another old and noble family, the Sfondrati, who have set the stamp of antiquity upon it. The grounds cover the head of the promontory, and, well as I know them, I am unable to guess at their extent, they are so steep and thickly wooded and laid out with winding paths and roads; you can walk in them steadily for two hours without treading in your own footsteps. But I speak unadvisedly, as not many people

could walk there without pausing at every few yards. The woods open now and then upon lawns; the walks pass from the shade of the trees to wide sunny ledges bordered by branching palms and tall yuccas with pagodas of milk-white flowers, or by hedges of oleander heavily laden with rosy bloom, and pomegranates covered with fierce little scarlet cockades, then disappear suddenly into dark rocky tunnels wreathed in pendant garlands, through which, as in a *camera oscura*, are seen glimmering pictures of fairy land; emerging from these, you may find yourself on a broad road, or on the edge of a precipice two hundred feet above the water. The paths tend gradually to the highest point of the headland, on which are the ivied fragments of a mediæval castle built by the Sfondrati. Here an unexpected view of the upper lake breaks upon one through a ruined casemate, and not far hence, the three branches may be seen at once, a wonderful vision. You can descend by different paths from those which brought you up, with other grottoes and altogether novel outlooks, but not less beautiful; or strike across the intervening woodland, to be brought to a stand-still by a jutting crag, or a miry glen, or a too rapid slope covered with a slippery, resinous-scented mast from the pines. It is difficult to estimate the distance of such peregrinations.

Although some of the views are more extensive, none is more satisfying than one which is within a few steps of the house, and on the same level with it. An immense oak divides into two trunks not many feet from the ground, and overhangs the terrace, spreading its boughs like curtains over the outer edge, which is railed in by roses and jasmine, and forming a screen both from the sun and from the dazzling reflection of the water below. In this impenetrable shade there are seats and a table, and a perpetual breeze rustles the oak-leaves. The view down the twin bays of Como

and Lecco, more and more separated by an area of highlands and mountains rising and broadening as it recedes, is the most perfectly beautiful composition of nature I have ever beheld. It has no elements of the sublime, but above the nearer mountains on the eastern side of Lake Lecco, several silver-gray peaks of bare rock lift themselves against the azure sky,—the summits of Monte Grigna, severely harmonious in form and tint with the rest of the landscape, and asserting a force that preserves it from sinking into mere voluptuousness. The outlines of mountain and shore follow each other in what George Eliot calls “rhythmical succession,” and the colors are more marvelous than on Lago Maggiore. At dawn the lake is like a mirror which has been evenly breathed upon and then touched by a careless finger here and there. An hour later, just before sunrise, it is a vast plate of silver, stretching from the dark green eastern mountains to the western ones bathed in amber radiance; then the tiny fishing-boats appear by the score, with two little sails set, looking like white moths expanding their wings, or a scattered fleet of pea-blossoms. Later in the morning, the color of the water is sapphire, with parti-colored reflections, sometimes violet, sometimes roseate, for which I could never account; they are not cast by clouds, as I have seen them when there was not a flake in the sky, nor are they from the shore; I have watched them apparently rise to the surface, spread, deepen, and then fade like a blush. In the hot hours of the mid-afternoon the water and the land seem melting together like golden ore, and the mountains swim and float in glory. At sunset the lines grow firm again; the western peaks and ranges are dark, the eastern ones repeat the hue of the heavens, but more faintly, like an echo, and the lake is a second sky; after the landscape has dislimned itself into calm, sombre masses, the ashen heights

of Monte Grigna glow with a delicious apricot-color, growing purer until they seem as if they were sprinkled with gold-dust. The sky, though no longer bright, is still limpid, and the brief twilight is so clear that the smallest bush on the mountain’s edge stands out distinctly, yet as soft as if cut in black velvet. As it grows dark, the moon begins to shed a pale golden track the whole length of Lake Lecco, which scintillates where the ripples break against the land. Gradually diaphanous vapors rise from the water and glide out of the gorges, spreading and uniting until the distant mountains vanish and the nearer ones are veiled in a transparent, silvery gauze, which subdues the sheen of the moon in the heavens and makes her path on the water look like the reflection of the Milky Way. The scene becomes more dreamlike each moment, as if one’s own eyes were closing; the perfume rises from the orange-blossoms, the *olea fragrans*, and countless other intoxicating flower-cups, and the only sound is the cascade of Varenna on the mainland, which does not call loud enough to be heard during the day.

As the Villa Serbelloni is cooler and quieter than any of the hotels in the town, I joined some friends there on my latest and longest visit to the lake of Como. The season had not fairly begun. We had the house nearly to ourselves for a few weeks, although in the great corridor which runs along the whole front there was a large placard, no doubt a duplicate of others in more frequented situations, enumerating the attractions of the resort, recommending it to Italians for its beauty and its accessibility from their principal cities, to Germans for its cookery and for its being patronized by their princely families, and to English people on account of the regularity with which the services of the Church of England are celebrated there. As long as I stayed, the last inducement was a deception. Americans like the

boating and swimming in the tepid waters at first, but soon find it hard to desert the oak tree on the terrace; for, if the truth must be told, the effect of the scenery is enervating, and disinclines one even for active enjoyment. Collecting our joint stock of resolution, however, five of us set off one day to find the Villa Pliniana, not one of Pliny's country-seats (though according to some authorities, in the neighborhood of the summer abode he called Tragedy), but a place where there is a sinking spring, which he has described minutely in a letter that has come down to posterity. The locality must have been known and visited ever since his times, but there was no house there until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the existing one was built by a Count Anguisciola, or Anguissiola, of Piacenza. This nobleman took part in a conspiracy against the life of Pier Luigi Farnese, an execrable tyrant, and being the person who dealt the death blow, he was rewarded by the Emperor Charles V., then in possession of Lombardy, with the governorship of Como. Anguisciola, finding that he was in constant peril from the powerful enemies whom he had made by his crime, at the head of whom was Pier Luigi's father, the Pope Paul III., created a retreat for himself in a secluded position not easy of approach, and keeping aloof from public life he escaped their vengeance. The chronicle of the place is not continuous; I could learn nothing more about it prior to this century, except that Napoleon was there in 1797, after the treaty of Campo Formio, when meditating his first and unsuccessful return to Paris. The house looks as if it had a history; it stands withdrawn in a deep bight of the lake, a plain, rectilinear façade upon a single square terrace rising directly from the water; it has nothing to distinguish it except a certain symmetry, the mark of the *cinque cento*, and an air of bygone times, of melancholy and isola-

tion. It is more likely to be remembered by reason of its last owners than of any former ones. The shades of the Prince and Princess Emilio Belgiojoso still linger in tradition among the scenes of their romantic exploits. They were both rarely endowed by nature and in temporalities of every sort, — genius, beauty, accomplishments, old blood, high rank, great wealth; but they were several centuries behind their time in regard for appearances. The prince, after playing the lion in Paris for years, where his escapades had an exotic and melodramatic flavor, quitted it suddenly, under circumstances which Alfred de Musset briefly recounts in a letter written at the time. Belgiojoso was dressing to sing at a private charity concert, for his voice was one of the finest in Europe, when a great lady to whom he was attached burst in upon him with no baggage except her pocket-handkerchief, says Musset, and besought him to take her at once out of reach of her husband who was jealous; the prince set off with her immediately for La Pliniana, and the audience that was waiting to hear him sing waited in vain. The two remained in charmed exile for ten years, and then one fine day the lady left the prince without warning; a few months afterwards he died of love and a broken heart. Such is the version which is given by some of his surviving friends of the final episode of this exaggerated existence. The princess, his wife, was a Trivulzio, and appears like a modern incarnation of her family's crest, a winged mermaid or siren on a helmet. Musset and Heine, both unsuccessful aspirants for her capricious favor, have left portraits of her in verse as Paris knew her in her young time. There are persons living on the lake who remember her as she rode forth in 1848, in a general's uniform, one of them assured me, at the head of the troops she had raised for the Italian insurgents to join their patriotic outbreak. Many years afterwards she

returned to the Pliniana, an old woman, bent double from the effects of a stab in the back dealt her by a courier during her journey to the East, to spend her nights in writing historical and theological treatises, smoking a Turkish pipe, with a fire burning in her bedroom and windows wide open, summer and winter.

We found the haunts of these real though improbable personages perfectly fitted to their modes of life, but ill-adapted to any manner of being that is prosaic, commonplace, or even practical. Directly opposite Moltrasio on the eastern side of the lake is the small town of Torno, at which the steamboat does not touch, passengers being landed by a barge. Like the other towns that have not regular quays it is older, poorer, quainter-looking than those on the line of travel. There are no fine hotels at Torno, or shops and *cafés* under striped awnings. A narrow street ending in a still narrower path, the pitiless indigenous footpath of sharp stones, leads to the Villa Pliniana, now the property of the Marchesa Trotti, the Princess Belgiojoso's daughter. On the outskirts of the town there is an old church, Italian Gothic, with some good sculpture and *bassi rilievi* round the principal door; the interior is impressive, in spite of its gaunt bareness, from its fine, bold lines. Opening on the little churchyard there is a small cloister with only six arches, each framing a view of the lake; the wall is covered with tablets to the dead, two of which are in memory of young English women. One was Margaret, wife of Lawrence Oliphant of Condie, Scotland, aged twenty-seven, with the arms, crest, and motto "*Altiora peto.*" Both she and her countrywoman died in the early part of the present century; it is affecting to find their memorials here, and one speculates as to where and how they had lived. With a sense of quiet, induced by the simple English inscriptions and the thought of lives

that ended young and were possibly innocent and happy, we returned to the track of those other feverish, worn out human creatures. The path passes under a series of arches thrown out from the church wall like flying buttresses, and almost immediately enters a sylvan tract of trees and rocks, smelling of moss, fresh earth, and dead leaves. Overhead, the branches are endlessly interwoven; looking through them, one sees only more leaves and branches, until the eye loses itself in cool green, for the hill rises higher and steeper, clad to the top in forest; while looking down, far down, through the boughs and foliage there are glimpses of motionless blue water like a floor of ribbed agate. The way is long, and practicable only for pedestrians or cloven-footed quadrupeds. After half an hour's good walk from the town we reached a rift in the hillside, spanned by the single, high arch of a stone foot-bridge, through which the bright skeins of a mountain brook drop into a leafy gorge. The grated entrance of the villa is but a step further. Within the gate there is a deep, green shade of laurel trees, through which the path descends rapidly to the gardener's house, a large rose-colored cottage, then down between laurel walls to the *palazzetto* by a long flight of steps fringed with ferns, blue and pink hydrangeas at intervals refreshing the sight with their cool clusters. The house is plain and unpretending from this side, but after passing through a hall and corridor we found ourselves in a central courtyard, the *adytum* of the temple. The wings of the house form two sides of a quadrangle, covered with ivy, trumpet-flowers, and climbing white roses; the third is a wall arched over a rocky grotto half hidden in trailing verdure, through which gushes a clear torrent; the upper stories of the wings being connected by a balustraded gallery along the top of the wall, at each end of which a magnificent cypress stands sen-

try, the light, feathery foliage of the overhanging hillside waving between; on the fourth side is a paved and pillared *loggia* communicating between the lower rooms of the main house, and opening in three pointed arches on a view of the deeply recessed bay, a small, pale, variegated town with a tall tower and some red roofs lodged over against us between the cobalt-blue water and the green velvety lap of the mountain.

The *loggia* is furnished with a divan, tables, and easy-chairs; I sat down and tried to sketch the courtyard, but here, as it always happened on the Lake of Como, the charm of the spot held my hand in thrall. The sunshine beat from the cloudless sky on the dark cypresses and the bright green vineyards, the fountain poured and plashed, stirring a strong, cool breeze, the Gothic openings on the lake showed a landscape in each compartment, like a great triptych. If it was not the most beautiful human dwelling-place I had ever seen, it was the one which appealed most irresistibly to the imagination; nature, art, antiquity, history, and romance combined to lend it an ideal fascination.

The fountain is fed by Pliny's sinking spring, filling and emptying three times in the twenty-four hours under the occult influence, as it is now supposed, of the wind, which blows from opposite directions at regular intervals. It has been observed that when the wind sets strongly from any quarter for an entire day the phenomenon is not produced. The terrace on which the house stands is laid out as a garden, but the place is like some forest sanctuary, for a second and larger waterfall tumbling from the hilltop into the lake, and bridgeless, completely cuts off approach on the side furthest from Torno.

We took a row-boat from the town and pulled up to Bellagio in three hours. The evening was mild and windless, the lake perfectly smooth, and as the sunset faded from the sky a low-hung moon

shone dimly through gathering clouds. The stillness was broken only by the dip of our oars, and by the convent bells which now and then rang out from different heights, or the lesser tinkle of little bells which the fishermen fasten to the buoys of their nets, to guide them in the dark; their small, clear tones have a strange and witching sound in the twilight loneliness. By and by the stars came out in the sky, and lights twinkled at intervals along the shore, leaving the mountains in darkness.

Our energy being restored in some degree by this long excursion, the next thing was to see the country-seats near Bellagio on both sides the lake. It would be more easy to give a catalogue than a description of them, as, although each has its beauties, there is but one set of adjectives for them all, and one runs the risk of rhapsodizing. The most celebrated is the Villa Carlotta, close to Cadenabbia, opposite Bellagio, which belongs to the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The grounds are in better order than those of the Villa Serbelloni, though not to compare with them in extent or variety; the collection of coniferous trees is very rare and fine, and the magnolias are the pride of the place. But on the whole it is not worth a formal visit for what is to be seen out of doors. There is some famous modern statuary in the main hall, which is large and lofty, and has a reddish-brown gambrel ceiling ornamented with rosettes of white stucco, the walls being pale blue, the wood-work dark brown; the effect is agreeable, and sets off the sculpture extremely well. Most of the groups are mediocre, even Canova's, except his Cupid and Psyche. In this the attitude of Eros, poised yet scarcely pausing, the life, purity, and lovely youthfulness of both figures, and the exquisite, light touch with which they embrace, as if each feared to brush the down from the other's wings, are ineffably charming and graceful, but the general outline is

too regular; the pinions of Eros and the elbows of the pair look like half-open scissors, from a short distance. Thorwaldsen's Triumph of Alexander, a frieze surrounding the room, is the finest thing in it, full of antique spirit and nobility, "ganz grossartig," as the inevitable æsthetic German lady explained to her party. It recalls the procession on the column of Trajan, even to the dignified old captive following an elephant, with bound hands and bent head, but it impressed me, nevertheless, as an inspiration.

There is a broad walk beside the lake, from the Villa Carlotta to Cadenabbia, under the dense shade of a double avenue of great sycamores, which frame a long gallery of pictures: soft green mountains, punctuated by dark cypresses and indented with little bays and coves, bright towns sunning themselves and throwing their doubles on the blue water. I am conscious of alluding to these frames and settings much too often; but they occur continually, and always with new combinations. Turn wherever one will, the variety is endless, and removes the odiousness of comparison between the villas, each of which has its peculiar beauty and physiognomy. The Villa Giulia, once the property of the king of Belgium, is the most lordly of them; it occupies a plateau between the bays of Como and Lecco, which is reached from the former by a wide flight of a hundred and fifty granite steps, bordered on each side by a line of towering cypresses in close rank, opening a grand perspective from the top of the stairs. On my first visit to this villa in 1871, among its chief ornaments were the camellia shrubberies; twelve years afterwards I found that they had been almost entirely cleared away by the new owner, an Austrian nobleman, to make room for a regular English ribbon garden, in a style which has already fallen out of favor in Great Britain, with initials and ensigns armorial in geraniums

and colored leaves. However, as the ground is level, it makes a fine, free platform for a glorious view of Lake Lecco, and the principal walk edged by orange and lemon trees in huge *terra cotta* pots of Etruscan shape is an admirable decorative arrangement. The head gardeners of these great places are often men of great taste in their own calling; the dignified person who holds the post at the Villa Giulia looked with respectful contempt at the floral devices on the lawn, which are a fancy of his employer, Count B. Like many Italians of his class, his manner was at once stately and deferential, but on our asking if Count B. were at home, he volunteered the information that he was absent *per quistione di matrimonio*, adding that he had eight sons to marry. My companions and I laughed a little among ourselves at this hard bestead parent; the consequence of which was, though we spoke English together, that the next time we came the gardener told us, in gleeful confidence, that it was Count B. himself who was trying to marry again at eighty years of age. The way in which he kept his balance between what was due to his *padrone*, to us, and to himself, and preserved his propriety while making these gratuitous communications, was inimitable. I opine that the Italians are great gossips, from the frankness with which my neighbors at *table d'hôte* and fellow travelers in railway carriages imparted to me the affairs of their acquaintance, of whom naturally I had never heard; I soon knew much more about them than of people at home, next door to whom I had lived for twenty years. Their want of reticence in regard to love affairs seems to be still as great as when a Roman servant told Madame de Staël that she could not see his mistress because she was in love; two Italian guide-books allude to Prince Emilio Belgiojoso's "*amore infelice e tempestoso*" as if it were an historical event.

The descent from the Villa Giulia to Lake Lecco is by a winding walk, guarded from the edge of the bluff by a barrier so overgrown with roses and flowering creepers, that nobody can say whether it be iron, wood, or stone; on the other hand, there is a myrtle hedge starred with tiny white blossoms. The exit is by a short, broad flight of stone steps, overhung by the pink masses of the finest oleanders I saw in Italy, into a miniature haven full of boats, above which, on two sides, stand small houses with terraces and pergolas; a chain that barred our egress was lowered, and we pulled back to Bellagio round the head of the promontory, passing under the perpendicular cliff from which it is said that a wicked Countess di Borgomanero threw her lovers down in old times, one a day. I do not know why all the guide-books, English, German, and Italian, concur in stating that the Villa Giulia is no longer open to strangers, unless it be closed when Count B. is not absent "per quistione di matrimonio." All the proprietors on the lake are exceedingly kind and generous, as far as my experience goes, in allowing their beautiful homes to be seen even when they are living at them. The sole exception that we found was the rich Duke Melzi's villa, open twice a week on specified days; here, after paying a franc's entrance fee apiece, besides the invariable half-franc to the gardener, we were told that the house, which contains a picture-gallery, and some statues by Canova and Marchesi, mentioned in the guide-books, is no longer shown. I promised my angry comrades that I would denounce this greed and fraud to Murray, Baedeker, and Meyer, — a promise which

I did not keep, so I hereby endeavor to atone for my breach of faith.

All the places which we saw were well kept, and there is a great deal of skill in the disposition of the trees and shrubbery, the confines of the grounds being generally completely concealed; it is difficult to detect how limited they are. The most beautiful instance of this is the Villa Trotti, the property of the fortunate lady who owns La Pliniana, a mere strip of land as flat as a billiard table along the lake, with hills rising abruptly behind it. There are two avenues, one of sycamores, the other of lindens, fine specimens of their kinds, meeting at right angles and bounding the place on two sides; the ferneries and flower garden lie near the house; beyond them spreads a wide, smooth lawn, planted with consummate art in groups of magnificent firs, pines, and hemlocks of the rarest species, and with every variety of palm and palmetto. There are no statues, terraces, or any of the usual accessories of an Italian villa; a fountain rises from a simple marble basin in one slender jet, a mountain brook falls through a rockery, and then by a torn and stony channel down to the lake; there is no other sort of tree on the spaces of even turf except the many-storied evergreens and the great tropical fans at their feet. An old, gray campanile looks over their pinnacles from a short distance; on one hand there are craggy mountain-sides, on the other, across the celestial-colored lake, the ravishing graces of the Tremezzina. The mode of planting is unique, a perfect triumph of landscape gardening, and gives the place an indescribable charm of originality and poetry.

GRASS: A RUMINATION.

THE eye and the ear are inveterate hobbyists. This peculiarity in his perceptive faculties the observer of nature and the seasons must frequently have occasion to remark: one phase of growing life, one set of objects in the landscape, shall often so engage his attention as to render him comparatively dull to other impressions. The new season comes, clothing with wonder the whole woodland; but, for some unassignable reason, the observer finds nothing so sanitary and pleasing to his eye as willow green; or, among all the surprises of vernalization, he has regard only toward the hickory's richly colored buds, which seem to promise not mere leaves, but a blossom of royal dyes and dimensions; or, from among the various delicacies of vernal bloom in field and wood, his eye curiously singles out and visits with favor a flower with no more pretensions to beauty than the little pale starveling, plantain-leaved everlasting. "No doubt the blue and the yellow violets are abundant, but I happen to have seen only the white, fragrant kind, this spring," remarked one who looked with a loving prejudice. I do not account for these prepossessions and partialities; if I could account for them, I should understand why, during the season past, Nature's great commoner, the Grass, should have spoken with such unusual eloquence, convincing me that never before had I seen half its graces and virtues. Something, then, I have lately learned regarding

"the hour
Of splendor in the grass"

(supposed indeed to have been lost with our earlier Intimations of Immortality), and I may venture to corroborate the orphic strain which bids us believe that

"the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it shall do when it is man."

Being advised of this plotting and planning, it seemed possible to equal such foresight and sagacity by entertaining some speculations as to what poor man shall do when he is grass (if the road of this metempsychosis were traversable in both directions). That which all our lives we have under our feet is at length set above our heads, — the softly moving janitor, that follows us and shuts the gate opened for our mortal passing; the light touch soon removing all traces of the wound received by earth, when our sleeping chamber was delved. In fine, still weather you may lie close to the low gate, and, so lying, feel peace and comfort gliding in upon every sense; but do not venture, in any form, to repeat the old prayer, "Leeve moder, let me in!" lest the grass should hear, and, understanding the mother's sign, gather around, and quickly close over your repining humanity.

Plainly, the grass has its secrets; and a certain slyness or evasiveness characterizes all its behavior. It trembles at the slightest solicitation of the breeze, yet is there no sound arising from its agitation; herein it differs from the frank loquacity of the leaves of a tree. The stridulous gossip of the myriads that shelter among its blades only accentuates the silence of the grass. What busy traffic, what ecumenical gatherings, what cabals of the insect world, it could report! Probably no pageant in fairyland, could we obtain a pass into that jealous Chinese precinct, would be so well worth our admiration as would the hourly life of the inhabitants of this small plot of grass, when once we were inducted into its mysteries. The spirit of the greensward! Of what were the Greek poets thinking when, having assigned a naiad to every stream and a dryad to every tree, they forgot to give

the grass its deity? If the goddess Ceres ever held this position, she has since forfeited it by her partiality towards the grain-bearing grasses, she having bestowed her name upon these; whence *cereals* they still remain.

The grasses carry a free lance in all parts of the globe. In temperate climates alone are found those by nature fitted to unite in close, cæspitous communities; weavers, they, of the rich, seamless garment which Earth loves to have spread over her old shoulders. When turf is transplanted, with what aptness of brotherly love do root and blade hasten to knit themselves together, as though with the grass had originated the maxim, In union is strength! If I lived in the builded desert called city, I would give myself the luxury of an oasis; and if this were a scant one (perhaps a window-garden), and if limited to a single kind of vegetation, I would choose a strip of green turf; sure, so long as this flourished, that my connection with the country would not be wholly lost. If the city's poor and depraved might but have the gospel as preached by the grass!

A family of the utmost benevolence is that of the *Gramineæ*. Out of its nearly four thousand known species only a single individual (darnel) sustains the charge of being unwholesome. The grasses are a royal society of food-purveyors, extending over the whole earth, and affording such plenitude and variety that man should not fare meagrely, even if confined for his sustenance to this one group of plants. Flour from the cereal, sugar from the cane, — strength and sweetness; with these left, what should forbid to the children of the earth their bread and treacle? And not only man, but his serviceable dumb allies, the most patient, innocent, and intelligent of the brute creation, are nourished by the bounty of the grasses. In a different sense from that intended by the Hebrew prophet might it be affirmed that

"all flesh is grass," all tissue and fibre remotely spun from this stout, durable thread. Some poor children living in a village suburb were asked what they had done at times when there had been no food in the house. "Oh, we went out-doors and ate grass," they replied, making no marvel of the case. Necessity, with a grain of salt (if necessity could afford the condiment), might perhaps manage a repast off the tenderer portions of the grass stem. A pity that Nebuchadnezzar left no record of the impressions gained during the time in which he "did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven." While the rest of the Babylonians ate grass at a remove, by eating the ox that ate the grass, their king was getting down very close to first principles. If, by this simple gramineal diet, he did not acquire a curious ruminating knowledge which let him into the feelings and cogitations of the gentle grazing beasts, his neighbors, then the lesson of wisdom and humility must have been but imperfectly learned.

Whatever the etymological affinities of *grass*, *cresco*, and *grow*, the plant itself may be taken as the readiest and most universal type under which to represent nature's crescent, unwearying energy. The year around, it cherishes good hopes, and continues to speak them, when other plant life is wholly silent. "The trees look like winter, but the grass is like the spring." It had hardy nurture from the beginning, the snow having cradled its seed; for the farmer thinks no time more acceptable for sowing than early in the spring, after a light snowfall. Summer's swarthy flame and that kind of white heat which we name frost may cut off growth above ground, but such is the recuperative power at the root that but one abundant rain or but one sunshine holiday is needed to start again the star y-pointing spear of the grass. There is no better economist of its resources than the grass.

Says Thoreau, in *Walden*, "It grows as steadily as the rill oozes out of the ground. It is almost identical with that; for in the growing days of June, when the rills are dry, the grass blades are their channels, and from year to year the herds drink at this perennial green stream." Although it is so dry to the touch, the veins of the grass are not scantied. A drop of moisture collects at the base of a culm, on its being pressed between thumb and finger; and children, for sport, pit one such stem against another, to see which will carry away its own and the other's glistening bead, — drops of the life-blood of the grass.

But here I have a good calendar to advise me whether the year runs high or low; to indicate not only the season, but the month also. It is March. I should not mistake the time, seeing those piebald locks which the earth wears: here a thread or tress of forward green, there a shock of the old dead gray or brown. It is April, — witnessed by the wild mob-rule conduct of the grass, its pushing emulousness, in which, for no plain reason, one blade outstrips by half its nearest neighbor, and no two blades show the same length. It is May (the Anglo-Saxon Month of Three Milkings), and the grass moves on, a banded strength, the inequalities it had in April having disappeared. Now, who are you, so light and expeditious, that you boast you'll not let the grass grow under your feet? Let it! Take care, for it grows between your steps, silently mirthful, triumphant without vaunting. On a summer morning, with copious dew, the grass has its exultation. Innumerable caps of liquid hyaline I see, poised aloft on the points of innumerable bayonets. Some sudden, wild enthusiasm has seized these bladed myrmidons; what this may be I have to fancy, and also what rallying word or note of huzza would best match with spirited sound a sight so thrilling.

June, the Month of Roses, Meadow

Month, — which shall it be? The latter, if respect be had to numbers; since what are all the roses of all the world as compared with the infinite flowerage of the grasses, which this month fulfills? Think what bloom is represented by one panicle of June grass, or by one stately spire of timothy or herd's grass, with its delicate purple anthers flung out each way, like so many pennons from the windows of a tower! To the flower of the grass was given a recon-dite loveliness, — prize only of the faithful, refined, and loving eye, patient to investigate. Fair Science takes her little learners out into the open, and there teaches them by a parable: "Consider the lilies of the field." "But," return the little learners, "we can't see any lilies." Then says smiling Science, "They are all around you;" and, gathering a stalk of blossoming grass, or, yet better, of wheat, she proceeds to divulge in its obscure and curious inflorescence vanishing traces of an ancient lily-resembling type, from which the grasses have descended.¹ It appears that while one branch of a great botanical family rose to vie with Solomon (by their bright colors winning the admiration and friendly offices of the insect world), another branch of the family eschewed such ambitions, and obtained the wind as a lover. Science dissects the unremembering flower, and shows us by what crowding together of its parts and gradual suppressions the liliaceous form has been lost save to the nice eye of the specialist. Had not the grasses practiced humility, or had they not stooped to conquer, it might have come to pass that man had asked for bread and been given a lily.

In much the same way as he forecasts the profit he will have from the woolly flock does the farmer count upon the fleeces grown by his fields (whose shear-

¹ See the admirable essay *The Origin of Wheat*, in Mr. Grant Allen's *Flowers and Their Pedigrees*.

ing-time, also, is in June). There are hay-scales in his mind, and such calculation in his eye, that he can foretell with considerable accuracy and very definite cheer what will be the yield of this or that "piece," — whether a ton, ton and a half, or two tons to the acre.

Lovely and pleasant all its life, it follows that the grass rejoices in a fragrant memory. Whether curing for hay in the field, or already gathered, the "goodliness thereof" goes never to waste. I think sleeping on the haymow will yet be recommended as therapeutic for any that may be "sick or melancholious;" the breath of the hay being every whit as efficacious as that Chaucerian tree whose leaves were "so very good and vertuous." Needless to gather those special herbs so much esteemed as remedies, when the barn is full of more excellent simples that cure with their aroma.

You can tell the time of year by an

inspection of the barns; nor is it always necessary to see the interior. As you rode swiftly by one of these old harvest storehouses, you saw the setting sun shoot arrows of gold through the building from side to side between the warped boards. That was an evening in spring; now, in autumn, the garrison is quite impervious to all such archery, every chink and cranny being caulked with the hay, which reaches even to the high beam on which the swallows had their nests.

The yield of the summer meadows has not all been stored under roof. In the midst of the field where sunburnt Labor conquered with scythe, rake, and fork is raised a monument of the victory. The great cone of the haystack, rightly viewed, is no less interesting than are the pyramids themselves. If I mistake not, clear-seeing Morning "opes with haste her lids," to gaze upon this record of human enterprise, lifted from the home plains.

Edith M. Thomas.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

WHEN the civil war determined by its result the political position of the black people in the Southern States, there was a general belief among their friends that the race had thereby received a complete enfranchisement as American citizens; that they were made free to all our national inheritances; that all the problems of their future involved only questions of a detached nature, — such slight matters as their rights in hotels and railways, in fields of labor,

¹ This article was sent in advance of publication to several gentlemen whose position and experience especially qualify them to comment upon the assertions made and the suggestions offered. Among these correspondents were General S. C. Armstrong, at the head of the Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va.; Colonel T. W. Higginson, author of *Army Life in a Black Regiment*; and Hon.

or at the polling booths. But those who by their eagerness to bid the negro welcome to his new place in the state did so much credit to the spirit of hope and friendship of our time could not see the gravity of this problem.¹ Never before in the history of peoples had so grave an experiment been tried as was then set about with a joyous confidence of success. Only their great military triumph could have given to our hard-minded, practical people such rash conduct. H. Chamberlain, formerly governor of South Carolina: their comments appear as foot-notes. The editor regrets that, while Southern statesmen and others of distinction wrote with more or less freedom upon the subject of the article, their communications were confidential, and he is obliged to adopt their opinions as his own, when adding an occasional note. — EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

fidence. Here, on the one hand, was a people, whose written history shows that the way to the self-government on which alone a state can be founded is through slowly and toilsomely gained lessons, handed from father to son, — lessons learned on hard tilled and often hard fought fields. The least knowledge of the way in which their own position in the world had been won would have made it clear that such a national character as theirs could be formed only by marvelous toil of generations after generations, and an almost equally marvelous good fortune that brought fruit to their labor. There, on the other hand, was a folk, bred first in a savagery that had never been broken by the least effort towards a higher state, and then in a slavery that tended almost as little to fit them for a place in the structure of a self-controlling society. Surely, the effort to blend these two peoples by a proclamation and a constitutional amendment will sound strangely in the time to come, when men see that they are what their fathers have made them, and that resolutions cannot help this rooted nature of man.

But the evident novelty of this undertaking and the natural doubt of its success do not diminish the interest which it has as an experiment in human nature: far from it, for this trial of the African as an American citizen is the most wonderful social endeavor that has ever been made by our own or any other race. If it succeeds, even in the faintest approach to a fair measure; if these men, bred in immemorial savagery and slavery, can blossom out into self-upholding citizens, fit to stand alone in the battle with the world, then indeed

we must confess that human nature is a thing apart from the laws of inheritance, — that man is more of a miracle in the world than we deemed him to be.

Although this experiment of making a citizen of the negro grew out of a civil war, and necessarily led to the awakening of much hatred among the people where it was undertaken, there is no reason to doubt that it is being very fairly tried, and that if ever such changes are possible they will be here. There was no deep antagonism between these two diverse peoples, such as would have existed if either had been the conqueror of the other; on the contrary, a century or two of close relations had served to develop a curious bond of mutual likings and dependencies between the two races.² It was only through slavery that it could have been possible to make the trial at all.

American slavery, though it had the faults inherent in any system of subjugation and mastery among men, was infinitely the mildest and most decent system of slavery that ever existed. When the bonds of the slave were broken, master and servant stayed beside each other, without much sign of fear or any very wide sundering of the old relations of service and support.³ As soon as the old order of relations was at an end, the two races settled into a new accord, not differing in most regards from the old. External force during the period of disturbance prevented this natural social order from asserting itself in all the South; but in the States that were not "reconstructed," as in Kentucky, it might have been possible for any one who had known the conditions of 1860

² The planters and people of the South never feared their household servants, but they did fear their field hands. Insurrection with them was the standing bugaboo, the mere suspicion of which would throw a whole community into terror, during which the masters often perpetrated cruelties, honestly supposing them preventives. The civil war drew into the Southern army first only such whites as could be spared, yet when the exigency drove almost every available man into the army

there was no insurrection. On the contrary, I have yet to learn of a single instance where a family servant or a field hand abused his opportunity. — Ed.

³ There were two kinds of American slavery before the war, domestic and agricultural. The former was probably the most gentle slavery practiced on earth; the latter was the reverse. No punishment was more dreaded by the house-servant than to be sent to the negro quarters. — Ed.

to live in 1870 for weeks, in sight of the contact of whites and blacks, without seeing anything to show that a great revolution had been effected.⁴

The important relations between men are not matters that can be managed by legislative enactments, so the black soon found his way back to the plantations as a freeman, and hoed the rows of corn or cotton in the same fields with as much sweat of brow and far more care than awaited him of old. In place of the old lash, his master had the crueller whip of wages and account books. He could not be sold, but he could be turned off; his family could not be severed at the auction block, but they were more often parted by the death that came from the want of the watchful eye of a foresightful master, or by poverty. He was no longer crushed, but he was left without help to rise.⁵

To the mass of those born in slavery the change was one of no profit. When the excitement of the change was over they seemed to feel like children lost in a wood, needing the old protection of the stronger mastering hand. It was clear to even the best wishers of the newly freed slaves that the generation that first saw the dawn of freedom must pass away before it would be known just how the race would meet the new life.

The forecast of the unprejudiced observer was exceedingly unfavorable. Every experiment of freeing blacks on this continent has in the end resulted in even worse conditions than slavery brought to them. The trial in Hayti, where freemen of the third generation from slaves possess the land to the exclusion of all whites, has been utterly disastrous to the best interests of the

negro. In that island, one of the most fertile lands of the world, where Africans in the relatively mild slavery of resident proprietors had created great industries in sugar and coffee culture, the black race has fallen through its freedom to a state that is but savagery with a little veneer of European customs. There is now in Hayti a government that is but a succession of petty plundering despotisms, a tillage that cannot make headway against the constant encroachments of the tropical forests, a people that is without a single trace of promise except that of extinction through the diseases of sloth and vice.

In Jamaica the history, though briefer, is almost equally ominous. The emancipation of the negro was peaceable, and was not attended, as in Hayti, by the murder or expulsion of the whites. Yet that garden land of the tropics, that land which our ancestors hoped to see the Britain of the South, has been settling down toward barbarism, and there is nothing left but the grip of the British rule to keep it from falling to the state of the sister isle. Nor is the case much better where, as in the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, the negro blood has to a great extent blended with that of the whites. There the white blood has served for a little leaven, but the mingling of the races has brought with it a fatal degradation of the whole population that puts those peoples almost out of the sphere of hope.

Such are the facts of experience in the effort to bring together the races of Africa and of Europe on American ground. They may be summed up in brief words, — uniform hopeless failure,

⁴ This is true because freedom was a change in relations rather than in the practical realities of life. The destruction of the buffalo is a more serious fact to the Indian than emancipation was to the negro. In the altered relations of the whites and negroes there was little visible change, because in six generations the two races had become adjusted to each other. — S. C. A.

⁵ Does not this rather mean that after two hundred years or more of labor drill he was thrown on himself? And was he not better off *plus* this labor drill than was his whilom master who had succeeded in evading it? Consider the increase of wealth in the South; count the negro paupers; ask who is caring for the majority of the negro blind and infirm. — S. C. A.

a sinking towards the moral conditions of the Congo and the Guinea coast.⁶ I am not criticising the policy that enfranchised the blacks when their freedom came. I am not deploring the freeing of these Africans of America: that was the least of evils. These people were here in such numbers that any effort for their deportation was futile. It was their presence here that was the evil, and for this none of the men of our century are responsible. Whatever the dangers they might give rise to, they would be less if the Africans were freemen than if they were slaves. The burden lies on the souls of our dull, greedy ancestors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who were too stupid to see or too careless to consider anything but immediate gains. There can be no sort of doubt that, judged by the light of all experience, these people are a danger to America greater and more insuperable than any of those that menace the other great civilized states of the world. The armies of the Old World, the inheritances of mediævalism in its governments, the chance evils of Ireland and Sicily, are all light burdens when compared with this load of African negro blood that an evil past has imposed upon us. The European evils are indigenous; this African life is an exotic, and on that account infinitely hard to grapple with.⁷

The twenty years that have passed since the Emancipation Proclamation gave the name of freedmen to this folk have removed the freedmen into the past and put their children in their place. More than half the blacks who are liv-

⁶ The cases cited are hardly parallel. The conditions of climate and surrounding civilization were very different in Hayti, Jamaica, and elsewhere. American slavery was a great educator of its chattels, and their gain by emancipation was the loss of the whites. The experience of our Southern States has no analogue. — Ed.

⁷ I have always felt, as the result of my contact with and observation of the negro, that he did suffer from the want of support afforded by ancestral virtue and experience in the ways of freedom. This will probably make his progress less sure and

ing — certainly the larger part of those who are now of vigorous body — have never felt the influence of actual bondage; though perhaps the greater part of them were born during the days of slavery, they were but children when the war came, and never were sensible of the old system.

The economic history of these years since the war, though still too brief for any very sound opinions, seems to point to the conclusion that we may for the present, at least, escape the sloth which fell upon Jamaica and Hayti with the overthrow of slavery. The South has advanced in every branch of material wealth, though without much immigration to swell its activities. All its important staples except rice, especially those which are the result of negro labor, have increased in quantity much beyond the measure of the days of slavery. Even if we allow that the increase in the number of blacks has been as great as appears from the comparison of the census of 1870 with that of 1880, it is clear that the negro laborer is doing as much work as a freeman as he did when a slave, and is probably doing more.⁸ That he is doing it contentedly is clear from the general absence of disorder, even throughout the regions where the blacks are the most numerous. This is as far as it goes a matter of great encouragement and hope. It should not, however, blind our eyes to the danger which still lies before us. At present the negro population still feels the strong stimulus of the greatest inspiration that can be given to human beings. The very novel experience of a passage from rapid than that of the white race; but that the tendency stated by Professor Shaler exists in the case of the negro in any different sense from what is true of other races, even our own, I do not believe. — D. H. C.

⁸ This statement appears to me to refute the special conclusion as to the negro's tendency to revert to his ancestral conditions. The race is industrious, and if it is, it seems to me there can be no tendency to reversion to lower states, but rather an impetus toward higher. — D. H. C.

slavery to freedom affected this sensitive people as by an electric shock. The ideas of advance in life, of education, of property, have yet something of the keenness that novelty brings. Let us hope that they will wear until the habits of thrift and labor are firmly bred in them.

The real dangers that this African blood brings to our state lie deeper than the labor problem; they can be appreciated only by those who know the negro folk by long and large experience, — such as comes to none who have not lived among them in youth, and afterwards had a chance to compare them with the laboring classes of our own race in other regions. Those who study this people after their tests of human kind are all made up and fixed by habit easily overlook the peculiarities of nature which belong to the negroes as a race. They are confounded by the essential manhood of the colored man; they are charmed by his admirable and appealing qualities, and so make haste to assume that he is in all respects like themselves. But if they have the patience and the opportunity to search closely into the nature of this race they will perceive that the inner man is really as singular, as different in motives from themselves, as his outward aspect indicates.

The important characteristics of the negro nature are not those that mark themselves in any of the features which appear in casual intercourse. Human relations are so stereotyped that we never see the deeper and more important qualities of any men through such means. The negro nature, charming in many respects, is most favorably seen in

⁹ True. "Intensely human" was General Saxton's brief answer to a long list of inquiries. — T. W. H.

¹⁰ I lived nearly two years on the Sea Islands, in the most intimate intercourse with the very subdivision of the negroes described, and felt a constant sense of mental kinship with them at the time. — T. W. H.

¹¹ My attention was first called to this fact by

what we may call the phenomena of human contact: quick sensibilities and a mind that takes a firm hold of the present is characteristic of the race. Even if we watch them for a long time we find that the essential structure of their minds is very like our own.⁹ I believe that one feels closer akin to them than to the Indians of this country or to the peasants of Southern Italy. The fundamental, or at least the most important, differences between them and our own race are in the proportions of the hereditary motives and the balance of native impulses within their minds.

This sense of close kinship felt with the negro may be due to the fact that for many generations his mind has been externally moulded in those of our own race. I fancy there would be none of it with native Africans; indeed, I have found little trace of it in intercourse with the blacks of the Sea Islands,¹⁰ who represent a people nearer to Africa by several generations, and deprived of that close contact with the whites which would give their minds an external resemblance to those of our own race.

When we know the negro well, we recognize that he differs from our own race in the following respects: —

The passage from childhood to adult age brings in the negro a more marked and important change in the tone of the mind than it does in the white. In youth the black children are surprisingly quick, — their quickness can be appreciated only by those who have taught them; but in the pure blacks, with the maturing of the body the animal nature generally settles down like a cloud on that promise.¹¹ In our own race inheritance has brought about a correlation

my late master, Louis Agassiz. He had excellent opportunities of observation upon this point during his residence in Charleston and his frequent visits to the South. Personal observations and many questionings of persons who had a right to an opinion have served only to corroborate it. — N. S. S.

In the main, I find Mr. Shaler's statements in regard to negro characteristics and distinctive

between the completion of development and the expansion of the mental powers; so that, unless one of our youth distinctly reverts towards some old savagery, the imagination and the reasoning faculties receive a stimulus from the change that this period brings. But, with rare exceptions, the reverse is the case with the negro: at this stage of life he becomes less intellectual than he was before; the passions cloud and do not irradiate the mind. The inspirational power of the sexual impulses is the greatest gain our race has made out of all its past. We can hardly hope to impose this feature upon a people; such treasures cannot be given, however good the will to give them.

Next we notice that the negro has little power of associated action, — that subordination of individual impulse to conjoint action which is the basis of all modern labor of a high grade. I have never seen among them anything approaching a partnership in their business affairs. They are so little capable of a consensus that they never act together, even in a mob, except for some momentary deed.¹² This ability to coöperate with their fellow men is a capacity which is probably only slowly to be acquired by any people; it is indeed one of the richest fruits of a civilization. In this point most negroes in Africa as well

as in America are below the American Indian. They show us in their native lands as well as here no trace of large combining ability; they do not build any semblance of empires. Combining power seems to have been particularly low among the West Coast tribes that furnished the most of our American-African blood.

Along with these defects goes another, which is less clearly manifest in casual intercourse, but which is in fact a more radical want. It is the lack of a power of continuous will. Few of us can see how much we owe to this power, the most precious of our inheritances. It is the power of continuous will, of will that goes beyond the impulse of passion or excitement, that most distinctly separates the mind of man from that of the lower animals. The gradations of this power mark the limits between savage and civilized man. In the negro the ability to maintain the will power beyond the stimulus of excitement is on the whole much lower than in the lowest whites. They are as a class incapable of firm resolve.¹³

At first sight it might be supposed that slavery has weakened this capacity, but it seems to me that the enforced consecutive labor which it gave must have accustomed the race to a continuity of effort that they knew nothing of in

features admirable, but from the above my own and my associates' experience leads me to differ. After careful study, each year for fifteen years, of three hundred negro children of from five to thirteen years of age in our primary department, and of four hundred adults of from fourteen to twenty-five in our Normal School, our deductions are not those of Mr. Shaler. We have not found a lack or a "clouding" of brain power to be the chief difficulty of the maturing negro, though we admit, of course, a decided race difference in intellectual development. I consider that where on an average from twelve to fifteen out of every hundred boys of our own race are able to receive a college education, not more than two or three negroes would be similarly capable. As to the differences between mulattoes and pure blacks, we find the former usually quicker, the latter simpler, stronger, with more definite characteristics; and this is also the case among our Indians. — S. C. A.

¹² What I should say is that their impulse of organization is very strong, but that through ignorance they cannot keep together, like whites. — T. W. H.

¹³ The negro is certainly lacking in the capacity for associated action. From the debating society to the general convention, the assembled negro demonstrates this. But the individual negro has remarkable resource. I am tempted to say that in a tight place, under familiar conditions, I should prefer the instinct of the black to the thought of the white man. After all, the best product of civilization is what we call "common sense;" and as the chief want of the negro I should put "level heads" in place of "continuous will" or "firm resolve," in which we do not find them lacking. Our labor system at Hampton furnishes a severe ordeal, and while many fail, many also endure it successfully, and the test seems a fair one. — S. C. A.

their lower state. So that they have gained rather than lost in consecutiveness, through slavery. Lastly, we may notice the relatively feeble nature of all the ties that bind the family together among these African people. The peculiar monogamic instinct which in our own race has been slowly, century by century, developing itself in the old tangle of passions has yet to be fixed in this people. In the negro this motive, more than any other the key to our society, is very weak, if indeed it exists at all as an indigenous impulse.¹⁴ It is a well-known fact that we may find among them a high development of the religious impulse with a very low morality. Along with this and closely linked with it goes the love of children. This motive is fairly strong among the negroes; it gives reason to hope that out of it may come a better sense of the marital relation.

Although these defects may not at first sight seem in themselves very serious differences between the two races, yet they are really the most vital points that part the men who make states from those who cannot rise above savagery. The modern state is but a roof built to shelter the lesser associations of men. Chief of these is the family, which rests on a certain order of alliance of the sexual instincts with the higher and more human faculties. Next come the various degrees of human coöperation in various forms of business life; and then this power of will, that gives the continuity to effort which is the key to all profitable labor; and last, but not least, the impulse to sexual morality. If the black is weak in these things, he is in so far unfit for an independent place in a civilized state. Without them the framework of a state, however beautiful, is a mere empty shell that must soon fall to pieces. Like all other mechanisms,

the state has only the strength of its weakest part.

It is my belief that the negro as a race is weak in the above mentioned qualities of mind. Conspicuous exceptions may be found, but *exceptio probat*. Here and there cases of higher-minded black men give us hope, but no security. The occurrence of Miltons and Shakespeares makes us hope that to those elevations of mind all men may in time attain, but it is a hope that is very near despair.

Let no one suppose that these opinions are born of a dislike for the black race; on the contrary, I am conscious of a great liking for this people. They seem to me full of charming traits, but unhappily they are not the hard-minded attributes that sustain a state. The negro has, on the whole, greater social sensibilities than any other uneducated man. He is singularly ready to respond to any confidence that may be placed in him. He acquires the motives and actions of social intercourse with noticeable readiness. He has within a certain range a quick constructive imagination and therefore reads character remarkably well. He has a very quick, instinctive sympathy, and is in a discontinuous way affectionate. When he neglects his wife or his children, the fault generally arises from the lack of consecutive will, and not from want of feeling. His emotions are easily aroused through the stimulus of music or motion, and the tide of life that then fills him is free and unrestrained. The religious sense, that capacity for a sense of awe before the great mystery of religion, is also fairly his, though its expression is often crude and its feelings are readily confounded with the lower passions.

I have now set forth the fear that must come upon any one who will see what a wonderful thing our modern Teutonic

¹⁴ Is it not too soon after slavery to justify this statement? Slavery necessarily discouraged monogamy; but the multitude of cases in which slaves

after escaping from slavery have gone back into danger to bring away their wives indicates an indigenous impulse. — T. W. H.

society is; how slowly it has won its treasures, and at what a price of vigilance and toil it must keep them; and therefore how dangerous it must be to have a large part of the state separated in motives from the people who have brought it into existence. I cannot expect to find many to share this fear with me, for there are very few who have had any chance to see the problem fairly. But to those who do feel with me that the African question is a very serious matter, I should like to propose the following statement of the prime nature of the dangers, and the means whereby they may be minimized, if not avoided.

First, I hold it to be clear that the inherited qualities of the negroes to a great degree unfit them to carry the burden of our own civilization; that their present Americanized shape is due in large part to the strong control to which they have been subjected since the enslavement of their blood; that there will naturally be a strong tendency, for many generations to come, for them to revert to their ancestral conditions. If their present comparative elevation had been due to self-culture in a state of freedom, we might confide in it; but as it is the result of an external compulsion issuing from the will of a dominant race, we cannot trust it.¹⁵ Next, I hold it to be almost equally clear that they cannot as a race, for many generations, be brought to the level of our own people. There will always be a danger that by falling

¹⁵ True, unless that external force shall be in some shape continued. There is serious danger of a proletariat class, especially in the Gulf States, where an Anglo-African population is massed together, but the outlook is *not hopeless*. Why may not these people continue to improve in the future, as they have improved in the past fifteen years, and from the same causes, namely, their own efforts, aided by the directly educative forces, by commercial activity, and by the general steady tendency towards an orderly social state? It cannot be too strongly urged that the most willing outside aid is the wise training of their best young men and women, who, as teachers and examples, mingle with and leaven the whole lump. So long as ignorant leaders, either religious or political, can

to the bottom of society they will form a proletariat class, separated by blood as well as by estate from the superior classes; thus bringing about a measure of the evils of the slavery system, — evils that would curse both the races that were brought together in a relation so unfit for modern society.

The great evil of slavery was not to be found in the fact that a certain number of people were compelled to labor for their masters and were sometimes beaten. It lay in the states of mind of the master and of the slave: in the essential evil to the master of this relation of absolute personal control over others untempered by the affection of parent for child; and to the slave in the subjugation of the will that destroyed the very basis of all spiritual growth. The mere smart of the lash was relatively of small account: if every slave had been beaten every day it would have been a small matter compared with this arrest of all advancement in will power that his bonds put upon him. It is clear that the best interests of the negro require that these dangers should be recognized, and as far as may be provided against by the action of the governmental and private forces of the state. It seems to me that the following course of action may serve to minimize the dangers: —

In the first place, the gathering of the negroes into large unmixed settlements should be avoided in every way possible:¹⁶ the result of such aggregations is keep control there is undoubtedly danger. — S. C. A.

¹⁶ Where these aggregations exist in the South, the establishment of well-taught schools in their midst is immediately remedial. We can cite counties in Virginia, peopled mostly by blacks, where the influence of a single teacher has practically changed the social condition. Our graduates who go out into these neighborhoods show us results which are most encouraging; not only is there an increase of intelligence, but a decrease of vice. It is on the testimony of Southern whites that we rely, and they do not hesitate to tell us that the work of one strong man or woman can and does change the standard of a whole community. — S. C. A.

the immediate degradation of this people. Where such aggregations exist, we see at once the risk of the return of this people to their old ancestral conditions, and it is from a study of these negroes, who are limited in their association to their own people, that I have become so fully satisfied that they tend to fall away from the position which their intercourse with the whites has given them. Of course this separation of the negro from his kind cannot be accomplished by any direct legislation. Such action is not in the possibilities of the situation nor in the system of our government. But where there are such aggregations, the force of public and private action should be brought to bear to diminish the evils that they entail, and as far as possible to break up the communities. The founding of public schools in such communities, with teachers of the best quality, affords the simplest and perhaps the only method by which these tendencies can be combated. To educate a people is to scatter them. There are now many devoted teachers in the South who are working to this end. These schools should give more than the elements of a literary education, for such teaching is of even less value to the black youth than it is to the children of our race: the schools should give the foundations of a technical education, in order that the life of the people be lifted above the dull routine of Southern cotton-farming, and that the probability of migration may be increased.

When there is a chance to do it, the regions where the negroes have gath-

¹⁷ This has been curiously tested in Florida, and with results which contradict this view. About 1770 a large colony of Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans was brought to St. Augustine. Their descendants, known generally as Minorcans, are far inferior mentally, morally, and physically to the Florida negroes. I have seen many of them. — T. W. H.

¹⁸ I think the destiny and the best hold of the large majority of blacks is to become cultivators of small farms, and their progress in this direction is rapid and hopeful. In the breaking up of

ered in dense unmixed communities should be interspersed with settlements of whites. Fortunately, there is only a small part of the South where the negroes show much tendency to gather by themselves. These are mainly in the shore regions of the Atlantic and the Gulf States, where the climate is tolerable to the African, but difficult for those of European blood to endure. Any colonies of whites in these districts should be drawn from Southern Europe, from peoples accustomed to a hot climate and miasmatic conditions.¹⁷ Elsewhere in the South the negroes show a commendable preference for association with their white fellow citizens. There is no trace of a tendency to seclusion. In the cities they are gathered into a quarter which becomes given up to them; but this is owing rather to their poverty and to the exclusiveness of the whites than to any desire of the blacks to escape from contact with the superior race; so that this people is still in very favorable conditions for benefiting by social intercourse with the whites.

There is clearly a tendency for the negro to fall into the position of an agricultural laborer, or a household servant.¹⁸ Neither of these positions affords the best chance for development. It is very much to be desired that there should be a better chance for him to find his way into the mechanical employments. Negroes make good blacksmiths and joiners; they can be used to advantage in mill work of all kinds, provided they are mingled with white laborers, to which the prejudice of race now offers no material barrier.¹⁹ The immediate need the old estates, the negro and his almost equally emancipated brother, the poor white, get their full share. Their landed wealth to-day is surprising, and they are moving with the general movement about them. — S. C. A.

¹⁹ In my judgment, the persons who most influence the Southern blacks are not the whites, but the colored preachers, — a class whose ignorance forms a very great obstacle, and who particularly need "academies, high schools, and colleges." — T. W. H.

of the South is not for academies, high schools, or colleges which shall be open to the negro, — he is yet very far from being in a shape to need this form of education, — but for technical schools which will give a thorough training in craft work of varied kinds. Every well-trained craftsman would be a missionary in his field. As a race they are capable of taking pride in handiwork, that first condition of success in mechanical labor. Such occupations tend to breed forethought, independence, and will power. There is no better work for a benevolent society than to take up this task of improving the technical education of the negro as a means for his temporal and especially his political salvation. Technical schools are not costly to start compared with good literary colleges. Three or four teachers can do valuable work, in an establishment that need not be very costly, and might be partly self-sustaining. At present there are deplorably few opportunities for negroes to learn craft work in an effective way; a few schools have made some essay towards it, but none of them have proposed it as their main object.

The federal government would do well to found a number of technical schools, in the Southern States, under state control, but perhaps with federal supervision. These schools need not cost over twenty thousand dollars per annum, beyond the value of their products. They should train young men for trade work alone, requiring for admission the simplest elements of an education. The expense of teaching and feeding the students might be borne by the government. The pupils should be trained for the commoner departments of manual labor. I would suggest the following occupations as well fitted to

give useful employment and as easily taught: smithing, turning, furniture making, carpentering, wheelwright work, management of steam engines, the art of the potter.

The desired results might be attained by a method of apprentice labor, the government paying competent masters for the instruction of youths by placing several of these together in large shops. The price of their indentures need not be more than one hundred dollars per annum. Of course this system would require supervision, but it seems clear that the cost of maintaining ten thousand such apprentices need not exceed about a million dollars per annum. While the effect of such education in lifting the negro would be immense, it would in time give one trained mechanic in about each fifty a good practical education.

One of the best results that would follow from this method of technical instruction would be the wider diffusion of the negro over the country. Under the present system it is not possible to scatter the six millions of negroes in the South throughout the country, though it is from a national point of view very important that it should be done. The risk of degeneration in the communities where they are now gathered together would then be much reduced. If, on the closing of the war, we had begun to educate ten thousand negroes each year in technical work, we should perhaps have spent somewhere near thirty million dollars on the work, and should have brought up near two hundred thousand black men to occupations that would have bettered their physical and moral conditions.²⁰

I confess a dislike to seeing this work done by means of the federal government, for there are many risks of abuse

²⁰ The most manifest solution of this great negro problem is in the education of the race. The technical education on which Professor Shaler lays such stress is a part of it. Some negroes have very fair mechanical talents and take to the work naturally. They vary, like other people. Education must be effected by environment. A redistribution of the negro population must precede any high development. To this end technical training is of great value, since it loosens the negro's hold on a particular spot. — Ed.

attendant on it. But the difficulty is a vast one; it is indeed a form of war against a national danger, and requires national resources for effective action; and the need justifies the trespass upon the usual principles that should regulate governmental interference with the course of society.²¹

Even if all possible means be taken to keep the negro in the course of progress that his previous conditions have imposed upon him, success will depend on the rate of increase of the two races in the Southern States. The last census shows an apparent relative increase of the blacks. It is probable that this census was the first that gave a true account of the numerical relations of the races in the South; that the desire to avoid taxation during the slaveholding days led to a general understating of the numbers of slaves on most plantations. These numbers were not taken by actual count, but by questioning the owners. The census of 1870 was of the most viciously imperfect nature in some of the Southern States, its result being to underestimate the population in regions where the negroes were most abundant. The very high death-rate among the negroes in all the large cities where statistics are obtained, and the evident want of care of young children in negro families in the country districts,

²¹ I find myself heartily in accord with Professor Shaler in his practical considerations. Our duty and interest must lead us to aid the negro, and this aid will best come in the way of some special agencies such as Professor Shaler suggests, though I cannot favor the plan of putting this work or burden to any extent on the federal government instead of the States. Such a course is contrary to our scheme of division of duties and powers between the State and the nation, and will be attended by results likely to deprive such efforts of much of their usefulness. — D. H. C.

²² There seems to be no doubt as to the decrease in the mulatto element, although, as a rule, the young blacks prefer the lighter shades; they do not like to "marry back into Africa." The color feeling, though quiet, is deep and strong, but the white man as a factor is less potent than formerly. To-day, in the more northerly of the Southern States, the pure-blooded negro is the exception rather than the rule.

make it most probable that the increase of adults is not as rapid among the negroes as among the whites.

From extended observations among these people in almost every year since the war, I am inclined to believe that there are two important changes going on in the negro population. First, we have the very rapid reduction in the number of half-breed mulattoes.²² It is now rare indeed to see a child under fifteen years that the practiced eye will recognize as from a white father. This is an immense gain. Once stop the constant infusion of white blood, and the weakly, mixed race will soon disappear, leaving the pure African blood, which is far better material for the uses of the state than any admixture of black and white. The half-breeds are more inclined to vice and much shorter-lived (I never saw one more than fifty years old), and are of weaker mental power, than the pure race.²³

The other change consists in a rapid destruction by death, from want of care and from vice, of the poorer strains of negro blood. Any one who knows the negroes well has remarked that there was a much greater difference among them than we perceive among the whites of the same low position in England or elsewhere. It is clear from the history of the slave trade that this African blood

The difference in the original strains of negro blood is marked, but, personally, I have not been able to make any trustworthy observations in regard to the superiority of one over another. I have often noticed the varied types among the eight hundred youth who are taught at Hampton: there are black skins with European features, blonde or even auburn coloring with African noses and lips, but neither color nor features seem to be decisive. Of averages one can speak with some certainty as to probable lines of development; of individuals it is not safe to dogmatize.

There appears to be no "dead line" of progress for the negro. The possibilities of some among them are not to be limited to the level of the majority of the race, and it is too soon to generalize as to distinctive types. — S. C. A.

²³ The pure black in the former time always had a larger money value than a mulatto of the same age and general appearance. — Ed.

was drawn from widely different tribes. Even the leveling influence of slavery has not served to efface these aboriginal differences. The most immediate result of the struggles which this race is now undergoing is the preservation of those households where there is an element of better blood or breeding, which secures the family from the diseases incident to thriftless and vicious lives. Thus we have some compensation for the evils that lead to this rapid death-rate.

Now and then, in studying a negro population, we find some man or woman, evidently of pure African blood, whose face and form have a nobility denied to the greater part of the race.²⁴ We often find the character of these individuals clear and strong, apparently affording the basis for the truest citizenship. Every such American-African is a blessing to the state, and a source of hope to all who see the dark side of the problem that his race has brought to this continent. It is to be hoped that all such strains of blood will live, and their inheritors come to be leaders among their people.

I believe that the heavy death-rate among the negroes is not altogether due to vice or neglect. This is really a tropical people; the greater part of the South is as foreign to their blood as the equatorial regions to our own. Their decline in the more northerly States of the South could be predicted by experience,

for in no part of the world has a black skin been indigenous in such high latitudes. There is little doubt that the tide of immigration which is rapidly filling the open lands of the Northern States must soon turn to flow into the South. This will tend further to break up the negro population of that region, driving its weaker members to the wall.²⁵

Still, though these influences may serve to minimize the danger arising from the presence of this alien blood, there can be no doubt that for centuries to come the task of weaving these African threads of life into our society will be the greatest of all American problems. Not only does it fix our attention by its difficulty and its utter novelty among national questions, but it moves us by the infinite pathos that lies within it. The insensate greed of our ancestors took this simple folk from their dark land and placed them in our fields and by our firesides. Here they have multiplied to millions, and have been forced without training into the duties of a citizenship that often puzzles the brains of those who were trained by their ancestry to a sense of its obligations. Our race has placed these burdens upon them, and we, as its representatives, owe a duty to these black-skinned folk a thousand times heavier than that which binds us to the voluntary immigrants to our land.²⁶ If they fall and perish without a trial of every

²⁴ Very marked among the Florida blacks, men and women. — T. W. H.

²⁵ While they indubitably are of the tropics, they have a curious natural affiliation for the higher civilization into which they have been thrown, and in spite of ignorance, disease, and intemperance they multiply where the red man melts away. They cling to the skirts of our civilization; there is a black fringe on the edge of most towns in this country; the negroes are here to stay. Before the vigorous pressure of immigration it is possible that they may yield somewhat, fall back here and there, but nothing more. — S. C. A.

²⁶ All other foreign elements assimilate, and in the third generation are fully Americanized. The negro is the closest imitator of all: but in spite of the oceans of white blood which have been poured into his veins; in spite of the obliteration of the

remembrance of his fatherland, its language and its traditions; in spite of the closest of contact with the race which enslaved him, he remains substantially the most foreign of all our foreign elements. The lines of his life are parallel with, and not convergent to, our own, and here lies the danger.

But what would the cotton mills of Christendom do without him? Who would fit into our industrial and household life as he does? We need him, the nation needs what he can do; but his training must be directed by ideas, and not by demagogues. The work of the old taskmasters is still telling tremendously, and the old "uncles" sometimes shake their wise gray heads over the rising generation. It is a many-sided education that they need, and the result of anything less seems to justify the reply of the colored school-girl, who, on being criticised for careless sweeping, answered, "You can't

means that can lift and support them, then our iniquitous share in their unhappy fate will be as great as that of our forefathers who brought them here. If they pass away by natural laws, from inability to maintain themselves in a strange climate or utter unfitness to understand the ever-growing stress of our modern life, it may be accepted as the work of nature; perhaps, by some severe philosophers, as a beneficent end of the most wonderful ethnic experiment that the world has known. But they cannot be allowed to perish without the fullest effort in their behalf. So much we owe to ourselves, to our time, and to our place before the generations that are to be.

If the negro is thoughtfully cared for, if his training in civilization, begun in slavery, is continued in his state of freedom, we may hope to find abundant room for him in our society. He has a strong spring of life within him, though his life flows in channels foreign to our own. Once fix in him the motives that are necessary for citizenship in a republic, and we may gain rather than lose from his presence on our soil. The proper beginning is to give him a chance to receive the benefits of the education that comes from varied and skillful industry.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

I have read with great interest the notes of the gentlemen who have permitted their criticisms of this paper to be published with it, as well as many others which, to my regret, do not appear. The second note by the editor needs qualification. It is true that there was a wide difference between household slavery and that of the large Southern cotton, rice, and sugar plantations. But by far the larger part of the Southern slaves were held on places essentially

git clean corners and algebra into the same nigger."

Technical training is important, wisely directed mental work is essential, better ideas must somehow be put into better men, but it is the spirit of

like the Northern farms, in a bondage that was strongly affected by their near relation to the master's family. The sixth note denies the parallel between the experiment in the United States and in the West Indies. Undoubtedly there is a diversity in the conditions, for the results differ; but to lay this diversity on the climate "fetish" is to get out of the path of inquiry. The "surrounding civilization" in Jamaica did not differ essentially from that of South Carolina.

Note seventeen, concerning the Minorcan settlement of Florida, seems to me not to militate against the opinion that Southern Europeans, as a whole, will make the best colonists for the Gulf States. A discussion of the Minorcan settlements would probably show plenty of reasons for the decay of this people, if they have decayed.

I cannot agree with Colonel Higginson that the negro preacher has the influence which is so generally attributed to him over the laymen of the black race. The negro as by an instinct and insensibly strives to simulate the white. His religious advisers naturally have a very great hold upon him, and their education is of importance; but the two most important developing agents for this race in their present general state are free contacts with whites in the ordinary work of the world and a wide and long-continued technical training; of course not excluding the elements of what is ordinarily called education. I do not deny that now and then a negro appears who justifies the highest education, — men like Joseph Bannecker, for instance.

I am very glad to find that in most points I am so fortunate as to be of one mind with General Armstrong, who has done more than any one else to help the enfranchised blacks on their way towards the Sermon on the Mount that must permeate it all. Practical Christian education, without dogma and without cant, is the great need of the negro, as well as of most of his brethren, of whatever shade or type. — S. C. A.

a true citizenship. I regret to differ from him in my estimate of the value to the negro of a high purely literary education. The time may come when such a training will bear the same relation to their inheritances that it does to those of the literate class of our own race, but

as a rule the little colored girl was right: "You can't get clean corners and algebra into the same nigger." That combination is with difficulty effected in our own blood. The world demands the *clean corners*; it is not so particular about the *algebra*.

N. S. Shaler.

KNOX'S UNITED STATES NOTES.

THE work of Mr. John Jay Knox, lately comptroller of the currency, upon *United States Notes*¹ is a useful monograph. The style is that of an official report rather than that of a philosophical study of the subject, and the reader must trace for himself the connection between the several events recorded, and supply such reflections as seem to him appropriate upon the wisdom or the folly of Congress in the gradual development of the system of "coining" paper money. But Mr. Knox has furnished all the facts which are necessary for a full understanding of the subject, in a concise and readable form; and as we have now reached a point in constitutional interpretation, if not in legislative practice, where there is no further progress to be made in the direction we have been going, Mr. Knox's work may be accepted as the full history of a completed incident in constitutional development.

It is a little remarkable that two deliberate omissions by the convention of 1787 should have been followed by an assertion in each case, by the Supreme Court, of the right of Congress to do what the Constitution, by its ostentatious silence, withheld the power to do; that in each case the financial necessities of the government led to the passage of the acts, — certainly not author-

ized by the plain terms of the Constitution, — the validity of which was so sustained; and that the two judicial decisions relating to these laws have done more in the past and are capable of doing more in the future to make the United States government sovereign and supreme, in the broadest sense, to the fullest extent, and in all its relations, than any other event in our history, with the possible exception of the civil war. The first of the two acts referred to was, of course, the charter of the second bank. In the convention of 1787 it was proposed that Congress should be allowed to grant incorporations, and the power was expressly refused; that is to say, being urged thereto, the convention deliberately declined to confer the privilege, on the ground that the clause would empower Congress to charter a bank. Yet the new government was hardly organized when a bank was chartered; and, the exercise of the power having been called in question a quarter of a century later, it was affirmed by Chief Justice Marshall in a decision which ultimately overthrew the school of "strict construction," and made the United States a nation, with the power to preserve and protect itself, and to enforce its own authority at home and abroad.

The authority to "emit bills of cred-

¹ *United States Notes*. A History of the Various Issues of Paper Money by the Government

of the United States. By JOHN JAY KNOX. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

it" was withheld from Congress in a similar way, but the denial was more emphatic than it was in the case of corporations. The men who framed the Constitution had present before their eyes the evils of government paper money. They were substantially unanimous in holding that the States ought not to be permitted to issue such currency; and the prohibition upon them in this regard was allowed to stand. Some members, however, believed that, great as the evil might be, the possibility of its becoming a necessary expedient required that the power to emit bills of credit should be allowed to the general government. After a long and careful discussion of the subject the clause was struck out of the draft of the Constitution. Although no direct prohibition of an issue of bills of credit was inserted, the universal belief at the time — based on the theory that no powers were possessed by Congress except such as were conferred in express terms — was that the prohibition was absolute. Who could have supposed that the first issue of treasury notes, under the act of June 30, 1812, was to be the first step on a road which we have followed to a point where the ultimate goal of "fiat money" is in sight? These notes were for not less than \$100 each, they were reimbursable at a specified time, and they bore interest. They were not a legal tender, and no person needed to become the possessor of one of them, save by his own voluntary act. In principle the notes differed in no important respect from small government bonds to secure a short loan.

One by one the differences between such notes and "bills of credit," as they were known in revolutionary and pre-revolutionary times, disappeared. Notes of as small denomination as five dollars were issued under the act of 1815, and these were available as circulating notes in the pockets of the people, as the large notes of 1812 had not been. The next

step was taken after the financial imbecility of Jackson and his followers, notably illustrated by the war upon the Bank, which brought about the crisis of 1837. The payment of interest on notes was no longer promised, or, as there was a lingering idea that non-interest bearing notes might not be constitutional, the fancied obstacle was overcome by promising interest at the rate of one mill per annum on each one hundred dollars. Then at the beginning of the civil war notes were issued, bearing no interest and payable at no definite time; that is, on demand. Finally the last step was taken, and promises to pay which could not be met, or which might legally be met by other promises of the same sort, were issued as a forced loan, and made a legal tender between man and man. Upon the series of enactments which gave the country this currency for a standard of value, there have been three decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States: first, that Congress could not make such notes a legal tender in the payment of debts contracted before their issue; second, that, in time of war and great financial necessity, Congress might make such notes a legal tender in the payment of debts contracted either before or after their issue; third, that Congress may, at any time, and at its own discretion, make whatever it pleases a legal tender in the payment of all debts whatsoever.

Mr. Knox, we have already said, has made his work a record of facts, and not a philosophical treatise upon the subject of government paper money. But every observer of governments knows that a tendency so pronounced as that which has been briefly noted is not arrested when the last barrier to the free exercise of a right is removed. There is no present temptation to emit irredeemable paper money, stamped "This is ——— dollars," or even to increase the issue of promises to pay which are nominally redeemable. But

evidently, should the fancied necessity arise, there will be little disposition to choose the hard but safe system of finance, when there is open to Congress the seductive course of issuing a forced loan, by which, however much the cost of a war may be increased by it, the payment of that cost is postponed indefinitely. There are very many persons among us who are fully convinced not only that a greatly increased issue of paper money would be harmless, but that it would be positively beneficial to business. Those who know better are not eager to offer active resistance to the advocates of "soft money," because they are sure to be denounced at once as capitalists, monopolists, and slaves of the banks. Moreover, the American people are a long-suffering race, who reconcile themselves to things as they are, whether to the impertinences of hotel clerks, to the petty extortions of the newsboy who pockets five cents for a three-cent paper, or to the all-pervading evil of bad money. The unpleasant discovery by the Supreme Court of the fact that Congress has unlimited power over the legal tender has excited surprise, but it has incited no one to energetic action. A few newspapers have abused the court, as though that would mend matters. Two or three Senators and an equal number of Representatives have introduced resolutions to amend the Constitution, but not one of them has accomplished, or even tried to accomplish, anything. Constitutional change is peculiarly difficult and infrequent in this country, and this particular change can never be effected until strong leaders become not merely champions of the cause, but persistent agitators. To introduce a resolution and to let the matter rest there is about as effective as aiming a pistol at the moon, and then concluding, out of consideration for the moon, not to fire.

This being the case, in common with all the rest of the American people we

give up the fight and trust to luck until the required leader appears. If the country can avoid a war for a quarter of a century, and if it shall be favored during that time with a reasonable degree of commercial prosperity, the danger may be escaped. In that time the debt will be nearly or wholly paid. The increase of wealth will be very great, and the credit of the government will stand so high that only a very reckless demagogue would propose to meet an unusual demand upon the treasury by forcing irredeemable paper money into circulation. In short, the country may not adopt the silliest and most short-sighted financial policy that is possible, because it may not be under the necessity of borrowing any money at all. This is a slender reliance, it must be confessed, but it is the only one we have.

There is one chapter of Mr. Knox's book which is not covered by the title of the work. It is devoted to a full account of the distribution of the surplus in Jackson's time. The author finds a reason for including this chapter in his work; but most readers will think the connection somewhat strained, and will surmise that Mr. Knox wrote it having in view some other use than that which he has made of it, and having it on hand put it into the volume. Although it is artistically somewhat misplaced, yet it is well worth possessing for its own sake, for it is the fullest and best account yet printed of one of the strangest passages in our political history. Is there not, moreover, a suggestion that the country may make constitutional progress — if it be progress — in this respect, as well as in the matter of the issue of notes? No one could have dreamed, when the issue of large interest-bearing notes payable at a definite time was proposed in 1812, that the power would ever be discovered in the Constitution under which irredeemable legal tender notes, intended to circulate as money and to be the standard of value even for gold

and silver, could be emitted. Nor was it supposed, when the idea of "depositing" with the States "for safe keeping" the surplus, unusable revenues of the government was conceived, that any statesman would ever advocate the policy of maintaining a system of excessive national taxation for the express purpose of obtaining a surplus to be given to the States for the relief of local taxation. And yet, why not? The principle is fully established. The money "deposited" in 1836 has never been called for by the national government, and cannot be called for until Congress has passed an act directing that a demand be made for it. To all intents and purposes, therefore, it is a gift to the States. Manifestly, if the government may distribute its surplus among the States when it is free from debt, it may do so when it has a debt which Congress does not regard it as expedient to pay too rapidly. Nor is there any difference in principle between devoting to such a purpose the proceeds of taxes which, originally barely adequate to meet current expenditures, have, by the twofold process of enlarged yield and diminished government charges, become excessive, and a direct imposition of taxes in order to obtain a distributable surplus.

This matter bids fair soon to rise to the rank of a political issue. The Democratic platform this year specifically condemns the policy of a distribution of the surplus. Doubtless its position on the question has been deliberately chosen; and in the present unformed state of public opinion, probably three fourths of the voters of the country would say off-hand that the position is the right one. But who can say what those same voters will think when it is art-

fully put before them that, while this policy means no increase of national taxation, it does involve a perceptible reduction of that direct local taxation which is discharged by going to the city treasurer's office and handing to that official a check or a roll of greenbacks? Indeed, it might be asked if any Senator of either party, who voted for the Blair Education bill during the late session of Congress, can make a distinction, however fine, between the principle of that bill and that of a frank and undisguised distribution of the surplus.

Here, again, we run for luck. It may not be worth the while of any demagogue to base an appeal to the people upon this subject of taxation. If not, the States and the nation may be confined within their present respective spheres of taxation and revenue. But fancy a movement springing up in those States where taxes are most unwillingly levied and most unwillingly paid to demand of Congress relief by the measure here suggested. We need not trace the process by which it would gain strength, and perhaps by and by become irresistible. Let those who think this to be impossible reflect upon the history of the internal improvements controversy. Once it was deemed unconstitutional to appropriate money to repair the Cumberland Road, the main and the only post-road over which the government mail could be sent to Ohio and the rest of the Northwestern Territory. To-day members of all parties vote to appropriate money for clearing snags out of shallow channels in a river in Oregon or Washington Territory, for the sole object of enabling the owners of timber tracts on the upper waters to float their logs to market.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ANY New Englander whose recollection goes back to the years between 1840 and 1850, and who was in any degree related to what was called the Transcendental or Liberal movement, will have his memories and associations stirred to a lively degree by Mr. Higginson's biography of Margaret Fuller. The book presents, as nothing has hitherto done, a picture of that vanished epoch and its actors, with their hopes at once unreasonable and infinite, their theories benevolent but impossible, their creeds flattering to the human heart but born of strange hallucinations instead of any real knowledge of the world they lived in. My individual reminiscences of those days would be faint had not family tradition kept certain figures alive in my remembrance. These odd and fantastic personages, who came and went at our house, belonged to a sort of phantasmagoria beyond my sympathies, but influenced my wonder and imagination like other unexpected phenomena I encountered. My father had not only become a Unitarian, but had built a church almost at his own expense, and was an eager propagandist. Leading Boston Unitarians were interested in the struggling society, and not only many of the most noted preachers of the day, but almost any enthusiast with a newly discovered Truth to impart, came to X, as I will call our little village. My father exercised unbounded hospitality, and invited all co-workers and all co-thinkers to visit him, and the result was that there were apt to be two or three bright-eyed and long-haired zealots at our house every week. My father was a born lover of ideas, and for about ten years quite gave himself up to the study of new theories; and whoever had a novelty was welcome, no matter, it seems to me now, how near its frontier line

was to the wildest absurdity. "It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry, when everybody's got boots on," as Mrs. Poyser said pithily, and in those days all ideas were equipped and were on the road.

Most of our visitors were vegetarians, and some of them confined themselves exclusively to one variety of food. Mr. — ate rice, and hardly anything else; invariably remarking with an air of exhilaration when he helped himself to the last in the dish, "When I get so I cannot eat rice, I think I shall die." He thrived under this diet, and had the loftiest theories concerning the ultimate possibilities of the human race when they should be brought to his way of thinking. It was, however, enough for him that he individually had satisfactorily reached the solution of the human problem, and he did not force his example upon others. He rose early, and as soon as he left his room took a tumbler, went to the well, and proceeded to drink glass after glass of water until breakfast was ready. "It purifies, it restores, it quickens me," he would remark blandly at intervals to any one who looked on with admiration or terror, as the case might be. Mr. W——, on the other hand, was a fiery zealot in his views, and his life was embittered by the sight of my father's family growing up in opposition to his own theories. "Are we beasts of prey?" he would demand, "that we should eat cooked meat?" (*sic*). He stayed in our house for some weeks, and mounted his hobby, and rode it to such good effect that a sensible diminution was effected in the amount of animal food consumed at our table, and an increase in the way of baked potatoes, milk, etc. Animal food, he declared, destroyed vigor, by burning and otherwise consuming the tissues; it led to

premature old age, loss of hair, teeth, etc. It induced alcoholism; being in itself a dangerous stimulant, it made the human body dependent on something that would excite. It caused restlessness. "Do you wish to see your children nervous, restless, like lions or tigers?" he would ask. Now with a diet of potatoes and milk, the crotcheter declared, there was no possibility of disease entering the frame, and accordingly any one brought up on that diet might, so to speak, live forever, so exactly were the elements of the two combined calculated to restore waste and revive tissue, etc. Another favorite idea of Mr. W——'s was that the brain needed the direct action of the sun's rays, and that, accordingly, every person should sit for at least an hour each day, with his head uncovered, in the sunshine. That he practiced this habit I well remember; for I can recall his rigid, upright figure, in a kitchen chair, established in the middle of the laundry-yard, while with the utmost good humor and decision he insisted that I should take off my head gear and keep him company. Another visitor, not a preacher, but a wild visionary in general, came to our house periodically, and always with some new fancy lodged in his brain. He was a man of much abstruse scientific knowledge, and was always inventing something which never succeeded; but he was a very dirty man, and his hands were at once our wonder and our disgust. On one occasion, when he made his appearance, my father rose to see him, extending his hand in welcome; but the visitor folded both his hands behind him, and said resolutely, "My dear sir, you must excuse me, but I cannot shake hands with you; I shake hands with no one. Too much of what is vital and spiritual essence is lost in this idle dalliance which the world calls 'friendly greeting.'" And we all rejoiced that his vital and spiritual essences were too precious to be wasted, for we did not like the touch of his hands. One vis-

itor, who broached his least idea with a circumstance as if, at last, something of real importance were to be proclaimed to the world, delighted us children by saying upon his taking breakfast with us, "Breakfast is my best meal; it is, I may say, my only meal. When I eat my breakfast, I eat for the day." He seemed to do so, but criticism of such an Homeric appetite was uncalled for, when he had told us he ate but once in the twenty-four hours. He had expected to leave in the morning, but the day turned out rainy, and he remained to dinner. Judge, then, of our amazement when, being helped bountifully for the second time, he remarked in a lazy, absent-minded way, "This is my best meal; it is, I may say, my only meal," etc. We laughed outright, alas, and had to be sent away from the table. Few of these thinkers and enthusiasts had any sense of humor. My father, however, when once driving one of them up the mountain, turned to him and said, "Mr. —, if I take you up to the top I shall insist that you preach me a sermon." "I will," was the reply, "and my text shall be, 'And the devil taketh him up to an exceeding high mountain.'" A constant lady visitor, M — G —, who spent with us weeks at a time, was intensely interested in anything a little off color in the way of religious creeds. Theodore Hook, who when asked if he was willing to accept the Thirty-Nine Articles blandly replied, "Oh, certainly; forty, if you like," was no circumstance to M — G —, who would accept any theory or any creed, provided it conflicted with the orthodox views she had renounced. This promiscuous greed for novelty was, however, so much the mark of the period that it merely made her seem eager and hopeful, until, a few years afterwards, it carried her into Bloomer dress, and left her stranded at high tide as a silly woman whose good taste could not be trusted. One evening, at our house, she was conversing with

a well-known lecturer on geology, whom she questioned incessantly.

"How long, Mr. —, do you suppose the world has existed? For an infinite time, I suppose."

"Infinite? Madam, infinite is a long word."

"But your discoveries all show that the accepted chronology is worthless. Don't you suppose it has existed billions and billions, even trillions, of years?"

"I think a billion will do, madam," said the geologist. "Suppose, just to be fixed and definite, we say the world has existed a billion of years."

"But why," said M—— G——, throwing her whole soul into the question,—"why be fixed, why be definite? Why dwarf the illimitable grandeur of scientific revelation for the sake of a feeble consistency with the accepted orthodox scheme of things? Sir," her eyes flashing, "I would not, if I were you, consider a billion of years anything."

In fact, the revolt against dogmatic creeds allowed new beliefs and dogmas which showed a wonderful receptivity on the part of these zealots. When phrenology, magnetism, and spiritualism, one after the other, were embraced, one saw that the person who begins by denying everything strikes an ultimate balance by believing everything.

— In the Grand Chorus of Birds as translated by Mr. Swinburne, the feathered folk, addressing the earth-bound human race, boast, —

"Thus are we as Ammon, or Delphi, unto you,
Dodona; nay, Phœbus Apollo ;"

moreover, flinging this twittered gibe : —

"And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird
that belong to discerning prediction."

To this day, perhaps, the birds have retained a perception of the curious and mystified regard in which they are held by us; and so they amuse themselves now and then by setting us particularly difficult problems in divination. I had

not been instructed in the rudiments of this science, else I should have understood with what purpose a small bird, one day last winter, flew to my window, and clinging to the sash for a full moment peered into the room; by its quick, critical glance seeming to say, "So this is the sort of winter-lodge these human beings keep!" I was loath to accept so barren an interpretation of the bird's action as that its object in flying to the window was merely to secure some cob-webbed speck that promised food. Very lately, also, as the chimney-swifts of the neighborhood were holding their usual evening muster, two of these birds flew into my chamber, hovered for a brief space uttering the short, shrill note characteristic of their kind, then out again, and away to join their comrades of the airy campus. I felt that my chamber had been singularly honored by these birds. Perhaps they had flown in to deliver an invitation, bidding my thoughts to come out and aloft into good company; if so, to have mistaken their kind errantry would have been of a piece with the dull blunder of Rhæcus when he missed the wood-nymph's message. In my augury there was something very auspicious about this visit from the chimney-swifts, but an octogenarian friend to whom I related the incident considered it in a more serious light. Had a bird come to her window—much more had it entered the room—she should have understood that a "warning" had been sent her. "Depend upon it" (these were her words), "it means something, — just what I can't tell now; but wait a spell, and you'll see!" That this cautious old soul has been able to keep her faith in supernatural monitions of this sort is probably owing to her discreet practice of waiting a "spell." It has been observed that several days or even weeks may elapse before she finds the sequel which fits with nice precision the conditions of the portent. Now, as the sequel may pertain to calamity within

her own household or that of a neighbor; to nature's mismanagement of rain, frost and heat forces; or even to disasters of a national character, something is sure to happen to justify her presagement of mischief. Allow her time enough, and she will give you a wholly satisfactory interpretation of any bird that may visit your casement. It is impossible that you will not admire the artless ingenuity of her post-fact prophecies.

— A literary friend of mine, who is a little irritable and subject to attacks of extreme views, has made a rather late discovery of the fine qualities of modern French literature. Accordingly, in order to be well off with the old love before being on with the new, he has taken to reviling the German. How many people, he wants to know, have gone to the study of German because of the alluring tradition that Carlyle was to "find what he wanted there"? And of the number how many have come to make the reflection that if, indeed, he found it he must have taken it all away with him? The trouble is, perhaps, that my friend went to the Germans for imaginative literature. And now he finds their literature essentially unpoetic. Their fiction, he says, is diffuse and tedious. In his worst moments he insists that their poetry is dull. At first attractive, the monotonous canter or jog-trot of its metres becomes wearisome, with the noisy click and clank of their consonant-encumbered rhymes. Moreover, it is always *Blumen* and *Blumen*, and never any particular species of flower; always *Duft* and *Luft*, *Klagen* and *Schlagen*, *Herz* and *Schmerz*, and never any specific variety of sound, or color, or feeling. It is as if only the commonest aspects of nature or life had ever been apprehended, and these few meagre "properties" had been handed on from one poet to another as perpetual heirlooms. This is, no doubt, the exaggerated view of a late convert to another

cultus. Yet it is no wonder that he is charmed with the recent school of French poets. How delicate, how subtle, how opalescent, with all manner of vanishing gleams of beauty, natural and spiritual, seems this poetry, compared with that of their more heavily moulded neighbors! The sonnets of Sully Prudhomme, for example, — it is impossible to translate them; tint and perfume have vanished from the pressed flower. But one is possessed to attempt it, as in the three sonnets offered here: —

SIESTE.

Je passerai l'été dans l'herbe, sur le dos,
La nuque dans les mains, les paupières mi-closes,
Sans mêler un soupir à l'haleine des roses,
Ni troubler le sommeil léger des clairs échos;

Sans peur je livrerai mon sang, ma chair, mes os,
Mon être, au cours de l'heure et des métamorphoses,
Calme, et laissant la foule innombrable des causes
Dans l'ordre universel assurer mon repos;

Sous le pavillon d'or que le soleil déploie,
Mes yeux boiront l'éther, dont l'immuable joie
Filtrera dans mon âme au travers de mes cils,

Et je dirai, songeant aux hommes: "Que font-ils?"
Et le souvenir des amours et des haines
Me bercera, pareil au bruit des mers lointaines.

SIESTA.

All summer let me lie along the grass,
Hands under head, and lids that almost close;
Nor mix a sigh with breathings of the rose,
Nor vex light-sleeping echo with "Alas!"

Fearless, I will abandon blood, and limb,
And very soul to the all-changing hours;
In calmness letting the unnumbered powers
Of nature weave my rest into their hymn.

Beneath the sunshine's golden tent uplift
Mine eyes shall watch the upper blue unfurled,
Till its deep joy into my heart shall sift

Through lashes linked; and, dreaming on the world,
Its love and hate, or memories far of these,
Shall lull me like the sound of distant seas.

ÉTHÉR.

Quand on est sur la terre étendu sans bouger,
Le ciel paraît plus haut, sa splendeur plus sereine;
On aime à voir, au gré d'une insensible haleine,
Dans l'air sublime fuir un nuage léger;

Il est tout ce qu'on veut : la neige d'un verger,
Un archange qui plane, une écharpe qui traîne,
Ou le lait bouillonnant d'une coupe trop pleine;
On le voit différent sans l'avoir vu changer.

Puis un vague lambeau lentement s'en détache,
S'efface, puis un autre, et l'azur luit sans tache,
Plus vif, comme l'acier qu'un souffle avait terni.

Tel change incessamment mon être avec mon âge;
Je ne suis qu'un soupir animant un nuage,
Et je vais disparaître, épars dans l'infini.

THE CLOUD.

Couched on the turf, and lying mute and still,
While the deep heaven lifts higher and more pure,
I love to watch, as if some hidden lure
It followed, one light cloud above the hill.

The flitting film takes many an aspect strange:
An orchard's snow; a far-off, sunlit sail;
A fleck of foam; a seraph's floating veil.
We see it altered, never see it change.

Now a soft shred detaches, fades from sight;
Another comes, melts, and the blue is clear
And clearer, as when breath has dimmed the steel.

Such is my changeful spirit, year by year:
A sigh, the soul of such a cloud, as light
And vanishing, lost in the infinite.

DE LOIN.

Du bonheur qu'ils rêvaient toujours pur et nou-
veau

Les couples exaucés ne jouissent qu'une heure.
Moins ému leur baiser ne sourit ni ne pleure;
Le nid de leur tendresse endevient le tombeau.

Puisque l'œil assouvi se fatigue du beau,
Que la lèvre en jurant un long culte se leurre,
Que des printemps d'amour le lis dès qu'on
l'effleure,

Où vont les autres lis va lambeau par lambeau,

J'accepte le tourment de vivre éloigné d'elle.
Mon hommage muet, mais aussi plus fidèle,
D'aucune lassitude en mon cœur n'est puni;

Posant sur sa beauté mon respect comme un voile
Je l'aime sans désir, comme on aime une étoile,
Avec le sentiment qu'elle est à l'infini.

IN SEPARATION.

The bliss that happy lovers dream will bloom
Forever new shall scarce outlast the year:
Their calmer kisses wake nor smile nor tear;
Love's nesting-place already is its tomb.

Since sated eyes grow weary of their prey,
And constant vows their own best hopes betray,
And love's June lily, marred but by a breath,
Falls where the other lilies lie in death,

Therefore the doom of land and sea that bar
My life from hers I do accept. At least
No passion will rise jaded from the feast,

My pure respect no passing fires can stain;
So without hope I love her, without pain,
Without desire, as one might love a star.

— It appears that the admirers of Balzac are not few in America, and I take it for granted that most of them have read Mr. Edgar Saltus's charming little book, in which the great novelist and coffee-drinker is so cleverly sketched. Cleverly sketched, I say, but I must hasten to add that Mr. Saltus gives us something better than mere cleverness in his study. True enthusiasm is always infectious, and it is also a prime ingredient of genius; moreover, along with this enthusiasm, when our receptivity has been well fortified by a generous foretaste, there comes a faith in the genuineness of what is offered us. There is a zestful Franco-American flavor to Mr. Saltus's style, and a peculiar, albeit at times rather elusive, freshness in his suggestions. Balzac is no babe to handle. One who comes upon him for the first time recoils from his mere bulk, as from an elephant; and the longer one studies him the huger he appears. Mr. Saltus is sincere, and well aware of the difficulties in his task, but, like David with the chosen stone in his sling, he goes to the venture enthusiastically and confidently. The result is something well worth careful reading. It condenses, to a degree, the chaotic profusion of the great Frenchman's creations, and offers us something like a strong impressionistic sketch of a genius at once the greatest in some respects, and the most provokingly unsatisfactory in all respects, given to modern times. Upon reading Mr. Saltus's book I asked myself the question, What would a Balzac do in America? Where would he make his literary lair? How would he go about collecting the materials for his American *Comédie Humaine*? How, in some dingy Boston or New York loft,

with his old wrap around him, would he so brew his coffee as to draw from it the Contes Drolatiques of neologistic Young America? What street would be the Rue Lesdiguières, out of whose cobwebbed garret should issue the strange stream whose current, blended of all the constants, the variables, and the increments of American life, would break down every barrier, and flood the whole field of fiction? We have long been talking about the great American novel. Balzac's colossal idea, the *Comédie Humaine*, would have been, could he have reduced it to shape, the great French novel; but, on the same scale, what would the American *comédie* be, and what man has the nerve to undertake to write it? Novelists of to-day think they are treading in Balzac's tracks when they spin their slender story and draw it through a hundred eyelets of analysis, but they are as widely erring as are the linnet-voiced poets who fancy they resemble Shakespeare! A novelist of Balzac's breadth, depth, strength, and fearlessness, if he should suddenly appear in America, would be at once a joy and a terror; for he would run the gamut of our social, religious, commercial, and political sins and virtues, with a voice whose volume would be overwhelming, and whose compass would not be strained by the furthest extremities of exertion.

Théophile Gautier, in his brilliant preface to the *Fleurs du Mal* of Charles Baudelaire, gives a curiously forcible suggestion of Balzac's nerve power. At one of the meetings of *le club des haschichins* the members attempted to prevail on Balzac to taste the *dawamesk*. Says Gautier, "In returning the spoonful of dawamesk (hasheesh) offered him, Balzac said that the experiment was not worth while, and that the hasheesh, he was quite sure, would have no effect on his brain. It was, perhaps, possible that this powerful brain, where reason sat enthroned, fortified by study, satura-

ted with the subtle aroma of Mocha,— a brain that three bottles of the best wine of Vouvray could not in the least becloud,— would have been capable of resisting the fleeting intoxication of Indian hemp."

We know with how many grains of salt we are permitted to take M. Gautier's praise of his contemporaries when he gets it pitched in a high key, but there must have been a gigantesque personality to call forth all that has been written of Balzac. Born at Tours, he drifted into Parisian life by the same channel that has since known so many provincial waifs, and found his way to novel-writing by the hardest and meanest turns. His methods were not those of M. Alphonse Daudet and the present realistic school of Parisian fiction-writers; yet, notwithstanding his prolixity, his coarse sensuality, and his singular liking for hideously abandoned people, one cannot help regretting that some of his masterly strength and virility has not descended to the novelists of to-day. I have often thought that a careful study of Balzac, not to imitate him, but to profit by his courage, his faithfulness, and his respect for details, would turn our younger novelists into a more desirable field with a wider horizon before them. Analysis is a great thing, but there is a very appreciable difference between the analysis that involves a deep and broad human interest and that which keeps us quibbling over what I should like to call psychal infinitesimals. It may be, however, that, after all, too much study of Balzac has led certain of our American analysts into the extremes of that hair-splitting dissection of motives of which we are all quite tired. I can readily see how this might be the case. A thorough-going admirer easily becomes an imitator, and an imitator, as a rule, gathers to himself, with provoking care, all the faults and but few of the excellences of his model. Conceding the fact that Balzac is the model,

and admitting that certain American novelists are the imitators, why should we wonder that we are called upon by the latter to hold our breath while they cover a dozen pages with a description

of the mental process by which an impecunious foreign nobleman screws his courage up to the point of proposing marriage to a "vulgar American heiress, you know!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature. A very pretty edition of Walton's *The Complete Angler* is published by T. Y. Crowell. It is noted as from the fourth London edition, and is the well-known Major's edition. The page and type are good; the woodcuts are apparently reproductions of somewhat worn plates, but they are printed with care, and in its neat binding the book is very acceptable. — A complete edition of George Eliot's poems (Crowell) is accompanied by a number of fair full-page pictures, and preceded by an essay from the *Contemporary Review* written by the English critic who signs himself Matthew Browne. Besides the Spanish Gypsy, *The Legend of Jubal*, *Agatha*, *Armgarth*, and *How Lisa Loved the King*, there are but ten minor poems. The binding is rather tasteless. — *The Home in Poetry*, compiled by Laura C. Holloway (Funk & Wagnalls), is a collection of domestic poems of greater or less notoriety. The English and American muse always was a house-keeper. There is no special judgment shown in the compilation. Every one must make from it his own selection. — *Red-Letter Poems by English Men and Women* (Crowell) is another selection, ranging from Chaucer to the Miss Robinson who alternates names and initials. The attempt is made simply to register the verdict already passed by multitudes of readers and many compilers. It seems to us unwise, however, to give selections from short poems. The weakness of the editor's taste appears when it is exercised on contemporary verse. — *Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne*, edited by R. H. Stoddard (Crowell), consist of *Atalanta in Calydon*, *Erechtheus*, *Chastelard*, *Bothwell*, *Mary Stuart*, and the least erotic of Poems and Ballads, together with a score of sonnets. The selection is abundant enough to stand as a complete edition of Swinburne, with those poems omitted which the judicious parent would skip if reading aloud. — *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature* is a collection of stories chiefly from oriental sources, retold by Lafcadio Hearn. (Osgood.) Mr. Hearn has selected those subjects which trench on the marvelous, and is himself evidently in love with the fantastic and the bizarre. He has relied upon translators, but has touched his material with his own art. — *Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Jean Paul Richter*, edited by Giles P. Hawley (Funk & Wagnalls) is prefaced by extracts from Carlyle's essay and

Longfellow's Hyperion. The editor has classified his extracts, and Richter stands excerpting so well that one may take the book up with confidence. — Henry James's *A Little Tour in France* (Osgood & Co.) is a volume that requires no introduction to readers of this magazine, in whose pages the contents were originally printed under the title of *En Province*. These delightful sketches of travel are of a kind that bears reprinting. — The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman* tells the quaint, domestic tale of *Miss Tommy*; a little overcharged, possibly, with sentiment, but with so substantial a foundation of fact that one submits cheerfully to the draft on one's emotion. With the story is the little sketch *In a House-Boat*, which makes one wish to read over again *Rudder Grange*. (Harpers.) — *The Adventures of a Widow*, by Edgar Fawcett (Osgood), is a social novel. We wonder sometimes if it is because people are becoming used to the style that they do not stare when they come across such a sentence as this: "Mrs. Poughkeepsie rose. It always meant something when this lady rose. It meant a flutter of raiment, a deliberation of readjustment, a kind of superb massive dislocation." Our modern novels are getting to be too heavily weighted with stuff like this. — *The House on the Marsh* (Appleton) is a damp, gruesome sort of story, told with an unwholesome power. — *An-nouchka*, a tale by Turgenev, is translated by Franklin Abbott from the French of the author's own translation (Cupples, Upham & Co.). Mr. Abbott's version strikes us as very good, — at least it is good English. — *The King's Men*, a tale of to-morrow (Scribners), is the joint production of four gentlemen, who cast a fictitious horseshoe for Great Britain. — *The Story of a Country Town*, by E. W. Howe (Osgood), is a novel, reprinted from its first form in a Kansas publication, which has just attracted attention. It is worth while to put up with the author's melodrama and his ineffectual close, to discover the delicious cynicism of Lytle Biggs and the strong portrait of Rev. John Westlock. — In the *Transatlantic Series* (Putnam's), *The World we Live In*, by Oswald Crawford, will satisfy those who like to see a stage villain choked in a spectacular fashion at the end of a melodramatic story. Mr. Crawford's world is a watering-place sort of a world. Nobody in it does anything for a living.

— *Ten Years a Police Court Judge*, by Judge Wiglittle, of a country circuit (Funk & Wagnalls), has the form of fiction, but professes also to record the experience of a New England justice. The book has much to interest one, but it reads as if too close contact with petty crime had rendered Judge Wiglittle a trifle careless about his own manners in literature. — '49, the Gold-Seeker of the Sierras, by Joaquin Miller. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Mr. Miller succeeds in casting such an air of unreality over his story that we have great doubts whether it will be placed in the archives at Washington as a veracious chronicle of California. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Series are *Curiosities of the Search-Room*, a collection of serious and whimsical wills, which is rather material for fiction, than fiction, and *Smedley's* well-known novel of Frank Fairleigh.

Current Poetry. *Songs and Lyrics*, by George Ambrose Dennison (Putnams), is an agreeable little volume in its outward form; the verse is that of a man who has an admiration for poetry abstractly considered, and deals chiefly with the elemental sources of inspiration, — the sea, the night, the pine-tree, the stars. The result is an impression of sincerity, though not of singular power or insight. — *Verses*, by Herbert Wolcott Bowen (Cupples, Upham & Co.), have the merit of simplicity, but it is simplicity which is not always to be distinguished from commonplace. — *Lays from Over Sea*, by William H. Babcock (W. Stewart & Co., London), is principally occupied with three narrative poems or ballads and two or three sonnets. There is a certain freedom of movement, but no singular art. — *Alexander the Priest* is a libretto for an opera, by William A. Swank (Randolph & English, Richmond, Va.) — *Seven Hundred Album Verses*, compiled by J. S. Ogilvie (J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York), is for the benefit of people who are asked to write in albums. "Great care," the author says, "has been taken to procure as many *original pieces* as possible." That will be convenient, for the persons who ask one to write in albums always prefer original pieces. — *A California Pilgrimage*, by one of the Pilgrims (S. Carson & Co., San Francisco), is a series of rhymed lines which turn out to be crippled Alexandrines. They cover a number of visits to various missions, and have some interest as descriptions, but one cannot help thinking that sturdy, walking prose would have answered the author's purpose better. — *The Confessions of Hermes and Other Poems* (David McKay, Philadelphia) bears upon its title-page the name of Paul Hermes as author. There is a frankness and thoughtfulness in the longest poem — which is in the nature of a spiritual autobiography — quite sure to carry to its conclusion any reader who is persuaded into beginning it. It will not be found a complete interpretation of the mystery of life, — Hermes suggests hermetical as well as hermeneutics, — but it puts well some searching questions. Several of the shorter poems have melody in them, but it is clear that the poet has not escaped from the mesh of speculation. He does not yet sing outside of his cage. — *Katie*, by

Henry Timrod (E. J. Hale Son, New York), is a graceful little poem, with passable illustrations. One cannot read it without regret that a poet so simple and honest as Timrod should not be living to share in the literary spirit of his section, and to give the example of his reserve and good taste to verse-writers in general.

History and Politics. *Universal History*, the Oldest Historical Group of Nations and the Greeks, by Leopold von Ranke; edited by G. W. Prothero. (Harpers.) Mr. Prothero claims for the work that no similar attempt has been made to present a connected view of universal history in the English language. If completed, the work will occupy six or seven volumes more, the author's intention being to bring the subject to date. "A collection of national histories," says Von Ranke, "whether on a larger or a smaller scale, is not what we mean by universal history, for in such a work the general connection of things is liable to be obscured. To recognize this connection, to trace the sequence of those great events which link all nations together and control their destinies, is the task which the science of universal history undertakes." — *Speeches, Arguments, and Miscellaneous Papers of David Dudley Field*, edited by A. P. Sprague. (Appleton.) The contents extend over a period from 1839 to 1884, and embraces chiefly legal, international, and political subjects. — *The Discoveries of America to the year 1525*, by Arthur James Weise. (Putnams.) Mr. Weise has given the reader who knows how to use his book much convenient material.

Biography. *Life and Public Services of Grover Cleveland*, by Pendleton King (Putnams), has the merit that it confines itself to the actual public life of the Democratic candidate, and supplies the reader with the evidence, drawn from Mr. Cleveland's own words and acts, for a confidence in him. The writer rarely intrudes his own opinions.

Books for Young People. *Little Arthur's History of England*, by Lady Calcott (Crowell), is, we believe, a popular book in England. It is adapted to young noblemen and gentlemen, but the writer, who deals chiefly with persons in her history, and very little with laws and institutions, tries hard to be fair in her treatment of those whom she instinctively dislikes. — *Captain Phil, a Boy's Experience in the Western Army during the War of the Rebellion*, by M. M. Thomas (Holt); a tale in which the incidents of the war are real, the author using but little invention, apparently. The style is one of earnestness, and there is a fervor of patriotism which ought to take boys captive. It is adapted to the country north of Mason and Dixon's line. — *The Voyage of the Vivian to the North Pole and Beyond*, by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers), is an ingenious narrative based upon the voyages of Arctic travelers, and carrying a ship into the problematical open Polar Sea. Mr. Knox helps himself judiciously to the works of travelers, and while he has not much freedom of style his material is so good that boys, with their cast-iron digestive powers, will have no difficulty in bolting the book.